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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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The Despairing Optimist . . . . . .

RENÉ DUBOS

At the end of my column in the preceding issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR (Spring, 1974), I stated that environmental concern should go beyond the problems of overpopulation, pollution, and depletion of natural resources, and should emphasize the creative aspects of the interplay between man and nature. By bringing to light the hidden potentialities of natural systems and of human beings, this creative interplay generates the "spirit" of the place and makes it come alive.

Scientific technology is international, and to a large extent environmental problems are fundamentally the same in all countries that have adopted the ways of Western civilization, but one has to be deaf and blind not to perceive that the spirit of place is different when one arrives anywhere in the United States from anywhere else in the world. The differences are obvious also when one travels from one part of the United States to another, for example from New York to southern California, to Vermont, and to South Carolina, as I did during this January. I believe, as everyone does, that the man-made physical world and the ways of life are becoming increasingly uniform over the whole continent. On the other hand, I also believe that, contrary to general opinion, regionalism is gaining new strength because people are becoming increasingly interested in the physical and human peculiarities of the place where they live.

As commonly used, the word environment refers to the conditions that play a role in the sustenance of our bodies and that keep the economic machine going. The whole earth and its atmosphere constitute the life support system—the environment—on which we all depend for our biological and economic survival. But as human beings, we demand more of the environment than just providing health and economic prosperity; the quality of life includes emotional and spiritual values. These values come from our contacts with the people and the physical setting among which we live, which together constitute the spirit of the place.

At first sight, it seems incongruous to speak of spirit of place in a country like the United States where the mobility of people is so great, and the surroundings change so rapidly, that identification of a particular person with a particular place appears all but impossible. Environmental uniformity is one of the unfortunate consequences of technological standardization. We can move with speed and ease from one geographical area to another, but when we get there we commonly find ourselves in a man-made situation much like the one we have left. In fact, we seem to move by preference through a repetitive network of airlines and motorways to reach motels or hotels with essentially the same maze of lobbies, elevators, bedrooms, restaurants, snackbars and meeting rooms where we hardly ever find a really new atmosphere. All human beings are somewhat depressed

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✪ RENÉ DUBOS's new book, *Beast or Angel? Choices That Make Us Human,* will be published this autumn by Scribner's. Dr. Dubos wrote the book in French *(Choisir d'Etre Humain)* and translated it into English himself.

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in spirit, whether they realize it or not, by the increasing uniformity in the ways of life and in the humanized environments. But there is another side to the story.

While environmental standardization has unquestionably made travel less exciting and interesting than it used to be, we are wrong in assuming that uniformity in architectural styles or in restaurant menus emerged only in our times. The trend toward standardization began thousands of years ago; it is linked to the biological and psychological unity of mankind. At any time in the past, in any given region, there was great uniformity of styles and of conveniences (or lack of them). Just think of the rows of brownstones in New York, of the miles of uniform stoops in Baltimore—let alone the endless streets of tenements in all industrial cities. In fact, the temples of the Greco-Roman world, the mansard-roofed palaces of seventeenth-century Europe and the buildings of bourgeois society during the *belle epoque* or Bauhaus periods illustrate just as well the uniformity of style during any given period. Such uniformity has always been influenced by local topography, climate and resources, but even more by the prevailing fashions.

Modes of travel too have always had elements of uniformity in the past. Stagecoaches remained much the same for several centuries. The medieval Benedictine monasteries on the pilgrimage routes to Saint James of Compostela, as well as the Franciscan monasteries along El Camino Real from San Francisco to San Diego, were for their times the equivalent of our present-day motel chains. Wherever they came from, pilgrims and travelers knew how to behave when they reached the guest houses of the monasteries, just as we do when we register at the Hilton or Holiday Inn in a strange part of the world.

Like everything else in our times, the trend toward uniformity has increased in magnitude and speed. Whereas any given style in the past did not extend much beyond the limits of a natural or political region, it is now spreading to the world as a whole. The more general availability of technological and natural resources, and the rapid acceptance of cosmopolitan styles, have made uniformity extend from region to nation and within a few years to all countries that become industrialized. Uniformity has also begun reaching into all economic classes. We can feel at home everywhere in this modular world because the things in it are everywhere essentially the same. They are designed to fit the needs shared by all human beings, and therefore they fit each one of us at least approximately. It should be mentioned in passing that, while life styles and other fashions spread rapidly over the whole globe, they change just as rapidly with time. It is as embarrassing now to register at a motel without a credit card as it would have been ten years ago to face a cashier without dollar bills.

At any given time, standardization of architecture, communication techniques, and ways of life makes for a somewhat boring environment, but it has the merit of helping the traveler and the newcomer to orient himself in a new place and to function in it comfortably. It thus liberates his time and energy to discover, if he so wishes, the unique aspects of the place he visits or in which he intends to settle. Uniformity with regard to those conditions of life that are common to all human beings may thus facilitate the enjoyment and development of cultural and environmental diversity.

Despite the forces for change that are obviously at work everywhere on earth, most places continue to exhibit certain distinctive characteristics that differentiate them from others. Even in areas that have been plowed, bulldozed, built upon, there persist some stubborn peculiarities of the place that enable it to retain its identity—some local characteristics of the air and of the light despite the smog; a relationship between soil, rock, water and slopes despite manipulation by real estate developers; an overpowering seasonal rhythm despite the promiscuous use of air conditioning; an awareness of the past despite the disappearance of landmarks and monuments. This persistence of topographical, climatic, and historical evidences of uniqueness—faint as they may be—affects the attitude of people

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toward life and helps them in maintaining traditions that are reflected in social behavior and even in mannerisms of speech.

Spirit of place implies fitness between man and nature. But this fitness does not just happen. It depends on active human participation. The catalyst that converts a physical locality into a "place" is the process of experiencing it deeply, and of engaging with it in a symbiotic relationship. This process calls to mind the attitude expressed by the Moslem word *baraka*—namely the sense of blessedness that attaches itself to objects, buildings and places after years of loving associations, use and care. To be deeply rooted in a place may be the best gift a child can receive because it remains with him in adulthood and may suggest to him unawares that sense of identity with the external world that serves as a compass for the guidance of his entire life.

The trend to cosmopolitan homogenization is obvious throughout modern life, but there is simultaneously an opposite trend toward regionalism. In Europe as well as in the United States, provinces and regions try to affirm their respective identities through the revival of folklore and by creating local historical societies and museums. It is worth noting in this regard that Frederick Jackson Turner had predicted this trend half a century ago. After having emphasized that the frontier spirit —identified with constant mobility and rapid change—had been responsible for shaping American psychology, he recognized later in his life that the era of the frontier was coming to an end and that it would be followed by a period during which the "section"—a word Turner used to designate the region—would occupy a role of increasing importance in national life. He stated in *The Significance of Sections in American History* (1932):

> Sectional self-consciousness and sensitiveness is likely to be increased as time goes on and crystallized sections feel the full influence of their geographic peculiarities, their special interests, and their developed ideals, in a closed and static nation. . . . Sections are more important than states in shaping the underlying forces in American history.

The attitudes associated with regionalism have a long historical tradition and may in fact be more natural to man than is rootless drifting. From the beginning of time, man has been rather sedentary. There have been, of course, immense migrations beginning with the dispersals of the Old Stone Age. It has been said that the worst privation for the medieval monks was to be confined in their monastery; many of them found this confinement so unbearable that they were permitted to move about from abbey to abbey. But monks, as well as raiding tribes and migrants, eventually settled down. The Vikings and other Norsemen, the Franks, the Visigoths and other Germanic people who moved into western and southern Europe at the end of the Roman Empire established permanent homesteads after they had cleared the forests and drained the swamps. They became the stable local peasantry and local aristocracy, and these have their equivalents in all parts of the world. Mass movements still occur of course, but they do not last long. Most people come to feel, as did Voltaire's Candide at the end of his tumultuous life, that the wiser course is to cultivate one's own garden. Even in the United States, a period of restless mobility may be followed by a period of regionalist culture.

Who settles where is a question to which no valid answer can be given, for lack of information. Most people are of course compelled by economic necessities either to stay where they have been placed by the accidents of life, or to go where opportunities are available; however, differences of taste also play a role in the selection of a place. Some people prefer the temperate but humid Pacific Northwest to the dry but scorching Arizona desert; some the ruggedness of the Maine coast to the softness of southern California; some the excitement of a metropolis to the sleepiness of a small town—and vice versa. Fortunately, there is increasing latitude in the modern world with regard to the selection of a place.

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We search naturally for a place that agrees with our physical and emotional temperament. We are even more eager to find a place that suits us as a stage for action. While we select the place on the basis of its potentialities, wherever we go, we try to render it more suitable to our needs and aspirations. Instead of being only place-seekers, we are at heart place-makers.

Throughout history, place making has given many different forms to the surface of the earth—from the Sumerian settlements in the marshes of Mesopotamia to the polders of Holland; from Venice to Boston Back Bay; from the pineta of Ravenna to those of the San Francisco Presidio. The villages of Tuscany and Umbria on their hilltops, the pueblo settlements along the Rio Grande, the Vermont towns cozily located in their valleys, are successful places because they represent a state of fitness between the human creations and the natural forces and materials used to create them. The fitness between the natural conditions and the ways of life of a locality results from a symbiosis between physical nature and human nature. As suggested earlier, it is this symbiosis that generates the spirit of place.

But fitness does not imply *status quo;* in fact it almost requires continuous change. Since the worlds of men and things are never completely stable, the maintenance of successful symbiotic relationships requires a continuous process of reciprocal adaptations. In our time the increase in the cost of energy will soon impose drastic environmental and economic readjustments everywhere on earth—especially in the United States.

Change there must be and change there will be, because it is an essential condition of life. But change can be successful only if it occurs within the constraints imposed by the physical nature of the locality and the local conditioning of human nature.

In our times, changes occur continuously in natural conditions, agricultural practices and technological procedures; also in man's social structures, his tastes and his artifacts. But short of ecological disasters, some characteristics of external nature and of human nature have a stubborn persistence—a spirit that makes the part of the world in which they occur retain its identity despite all changes. It is this persistent spirit that the person immediately perceives as a part of himself when he returns after a long absence to his village, his city, his region—a familiar atmosphere that makes him exclaim with the joy of instant recognition, "This is the place."

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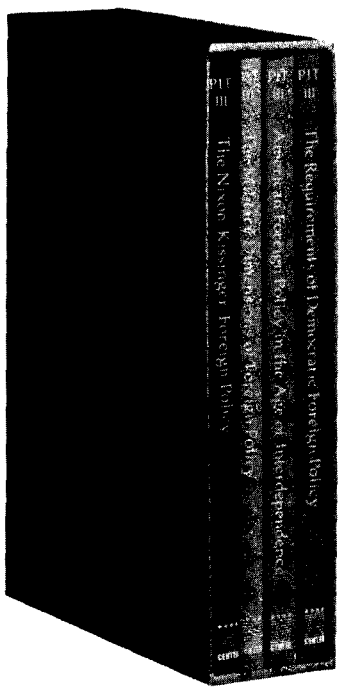

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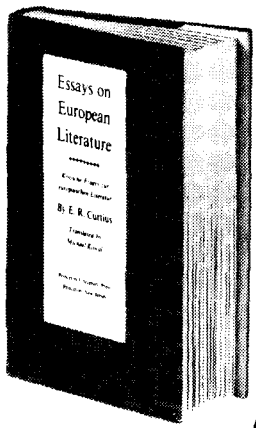

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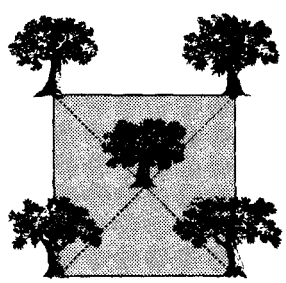

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Hiram Haydn
(1907-1973)

As most of our readers undoubtedly know, Hiram Haydn died December 2, 1973, at his home on Martha's Vineyard. He had been editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *for almost thirty years, and in addition, had a distinguished career in publishing and teaching. Many of the people who knew Mr. Haydn—friends, colleagues, students—have expressed their feelings about him, and we are pleased to present their tributes in these pages.*

Hiram Haydn and I were friends and colleagues for more than thirty years. Some historical preamble is necessary to these reflections. Our association began when I, as editor at Crown Publishers, and Hiram, as general secretary of Phi Beta Kappa, worked on the publication of the official history of the United Chapters. An immediate rapport and my recognition of his great gifts for editing led me to the initiatives in bringing him to Crown as my co-equal editorial associate, around 1945 or 1946. In 1948 I left publishing to go to Vermont as a freelance. But for years after that beginning we worked at such mutual tasks as getting out a list and co-editing some books. I served him as editor for his large novel, *The Time Is Noon,* at Crown. After I had left, he asked me to edit the Leo Stein papers and journals which he published there. He edited a novel of mine at Bobbs-Merrill, a work of criticism at Random House, and the book on G. B. Shaw in the Twentieth Century Library, which he edited on the side for Scribner's. At his invitation I wrote numerous articles for the SCHOLAR, sharing with another mutual friend, the late Stewart Holbrook, the minority status of being the SCHOLAR's totally nonacademic contributor, virginal of any degrees.

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Over all these years, we were shaping professional lives and private, family lives, trying to find out how to live and for what. It was an intimate bond and even as geography and the deepening absorptions of separate professional developments made our contacts less frequent, letter or phone would link us again and again.

We had often debated questions of religion—I as reconvert, Hiram as secular-humanist skeptic, partly in reaction to clerical father and grandfather. A uniquely memorable encounter was in Philadelphia, in 1971, where I had come to address his writing class at the Annenberg School of the University of Pennsylvania. He took me to lunch at the Faculty Club. As we ate, he told me about a remarkable vision he had experienced at the threshold of death, at the time of his heart attack, in Santa Fé, in 1967. He said, "Ever since then, I've thought of myself as a religious man." (Not, one hastens to add, in any orthodox sense.) We sat in the crowded dining room, unabashed, with tears running down our faces, oblivious of waiters and other diners, touched by the emotions of our years of friendship.

In the few days before his death, he wrote an account of this vision, as part of some thirty moving, autobiographical, self-examining pages which, in due course, one trusts, will find their way into print. More remarkable still, his "visitor" returned at the hour of his death, was greeted by him, and addressed in his last audible words: "Teach me."

As always, various ones among those who knew him saw and remember a different man. My Hiram was the doubter and sufferer who, as Reinhold Niebuhr once said to me about a certain aggressive atheist, was a deeply religious nature. In his first novel, *By Nature Free,* he spoke of man as "the angel beating his wings within the ape." His most imaginative novel, *Report from the Red Windmill* (1967) is a latter-day Dantean journey of the soul, which closes with the watching of a flight of wild geese, the beatings of whose great wings "were like blows of peace from God."

Like all true questers he never quite found what he sought; like all who have had the impulse to be "a good man" (also the title of a novel by Jefferson Young, one of Hiram's favorites among books he published) he never mastered as much virtue as he longed

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for. His beloved Montaigne understood such matters. His deep impulse was always kind, as many students, young writers, and editors knew with gratitude, yet there were times when pain of his own made him hurt others, in the "lacerations" so graphically captured by one of our mutually favorite authors, Dostoevsky.

His last years were a ripening, a gentling. His death was too early—yet I have a deep feeling that he sensed its onset and that his last writing was his tranquil process of composing himself for it. He left a mark on the intellectual life of his time, in his extraordinarily long editorship of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR; in his years as teacher, publisher, editor, with the diverse talented writers that he was first to recognize and help to develop, and in his own writings. He was loved, and is missed, by many.

EDMUND FULLER

* * *

We seemed to have had a friendship always—Hiram Haydn, myself, and Martha's Vineyard, the Island that called deeply to him as it did to me. I met him first when he and Mary were at Cedar Tree Neck on their wedding trip, and the memory of his remarkable presence as we sat talking in the *Vineyard Gazette* office stayed with me always.

My good fortune was to come together with him on one book and then on others, two or three of which he suggested. He knew what a writer could do and would want to do. When he was first my editor in 1956 he wrote to raise some questions about the manuscript he had just read:

> I hope this doesn't scare you. Remember what I told you when we talked here in New York: that I honestly always think of every book as finally the author's and whatever changes I can't achieve by persuasion I give up on.

He meant this, and its truth lay in the fact that he was by nature a teacher, and could embrace a writer's purpose and effort

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within his own astonishingly deep understanding. He taught me through the warmth of his humanity and the wide range of his scholarship and perception, and for all this I am deeply in his debt.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

* * *

The Changing Scenery: In Memoriam, Hiram Haydn

> Polish wolves are migrating southward sooner than usual this year suggesting a very severe winter, according to experts in animal migratory habits.
>
> —Item in German newspaper, December 3, 1973

Shivering wolves press
restlessly southward
From Polish woodlands
bleak and bare

Cold as the underside
of raw ground
In the secret heart
of the Black Forest

A chilling absence
of space occurs
Where a majestic redwood
stood before the axe fell

A northeastern wind
rips into the Vineyard
Of a rare man vanishing
like a magnificent Cape Cod dune.

WILLIAM F. CLAIRE

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I think of Hiram, first, as the smiling welcoming editor—host at the dinner meetings of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR at the Biltmore during my time on the editorial board—the 1960s. Those were happy evenings, and Hiram certainly helped to keep them happy, even when the scholars got a bit too lit up before the business hour called for more solemn attention to editorial business.

Hiram was a truly warm, magnetic presence at those evenings. There was marvelous presence, wit, a pleasantly ironic sense of what each of us prima donnas was not doing for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

But God knows that Hiram had his share of troubles. And I suppose what I liked so much about him was that one could sense the trouble as well as the disciplined mind and gracious manner that went beyond it. He seemed to me so intensely human, so human! I was not surprised to learn that he had been something of a prodigy. There were abysmal hurts in this man. I somehow appreciated the vulnerability as much as I admired his sense of scholarship, everywhere, as a society.

Hard to believe that he is dead. I seem to see him still standing at the entrance to one of the Biltmore private dining rooms. He is waiting to greet us, confident and smiling. It will be a great evening. They often were great evenings, thanks to Hiram.

ALFRED KAZIN

* * *

I should explain straight away that my first real conversation with Hiram Haydn was in a hallway at the Annenberg School of Communications where we both taught. He had asked me if I wanted to remain at the school. Indeed, Hiram, a member of the executive committee, was expected in a meeting at that moment to help ruminate over an agenda of administrative minutiae that included dealing with my refusal to attend any more meetings except those in which I felt I could honestly participate.

After the executive session, beaming, he said, "They're con-

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vinced that we need you and that we should hire a dancer too."

Dear, great Hiram. So humane. So aware. We had many many conversations after that and we grew very close. We talked in his kitchen and in mine, and in his several hospital rooms in gray Philadelphia.

Once, with the courage of a bit of alcohol (I never recovered fully of awe for Hiram), I blurted, "Hiram! I've heard about you as a scholar, as the benevolent supreme editor and as a prince of a publisher. But, goddamn it, Hiram, for better or worse, you are really only an artist, like me, and you're stuck with it. And you know that everything else is not so important as that."

Hiram stopped then and looked at me hard. "You've found me out," he said. "That's all I've ever wanted to be. Bless you, boy."

Hiram Haydn the artist. I think that from the beginning that is all Hiram ever wanted to be. But he was a giant in so many areas —the writer, the teacher, the editor, the publisher—that most of his friends in those fields may confine him within their own limitations. Perhaps I am guilty of the same tendency, but I don't think so. Because the word "artist" implies the opposite of impositions, of firm confines. Hiram's limits were much further out, to points too indistinct for many of us to discern. To understand his basic simplicity as an artist is to at least allow all of us whose lives he touched deeply to understand that great human beings like Hiram have a right not to be totally understood by anyone of us. Then, beyond our own limits, we pass into the area where Hiram took us all. That is, love.

SAM MAITIN

* * *

There is an unwritten law that one does not speak of a man who has died except in praise, but no concordant assumption that he was sufficiently recognized during his lifetime. As a teacher, editor, scholar and novelist, Hiram Haydn steadily enriched our

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awareness by contributing to our store of eminent fiction and nonfiction. Throughout his life, he was dedicated to the belief that imagination must be continually expanded if the individual is to retain his humanity.

Now that Hiram Haydn's relentless personal energy has ceased, it is important that all of us who have known him and his work make a particular effort to support his projects, to keep his books published and read, and to sustain his concern for intellectual expression.

Perhaps in the coming years, when his achievements are considered as a whole, the scope of his devotion, wisdom and insight will be fully measured.

JERZY KOSINSKI

* * *

Like all those who knew Hiram well, I am still under the shock of his death; it is for me the loss of a friend and a working companionship of more than a quarter century; and missing as I do both the actuality of our exchanges and the always agreeable expectation of our periodic meetings, I know that nothing and no one will fill the place in my thoughts that he has left so prematurely.

What this association meant to me, I tried to put into words a few years ago, in answer to a request for a contribution to a collection of brief portraits. As I am sure I could not find now any better words to express my feelings, I repeat them here.

It is rare that a first-rate scholar, who is also capable of writing fiction and who has tested his business sense as a successful publisher, should want to devote himself to editing a magazine as well —as well (I may go on) as Hiram Haydn edited THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

He was all the things I have enumerated above and he brought this singular assembly of talents to bear on the task of holding together a succession of supercharged editorial boards—what might

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be called collectively a *tantrum* of prima donnas—for almost thirty years. And while earning their respect, gratitude, and affection, he lifted the magazine upwards from an academic circulation measured in hundreds to an ecumenical one measured in thousands.

This extraordinary performance should have been taped for TV; a few board dinners would disclose his methods—first forcing the board members to think of subjects and authors (and their current addresses) when the board only wanted to eat and flirt with the attractive staff; repressing them later when, flown with insolence and wine, they wanted to change the design of the cover; finally, extracting from all the incoherence of genius the handful of first-rate ideas and adapting them to the possibilities of the moment.

Such were the leading features of Hiram's generalship in the field. Under the tent, an Achilles never sulking, the great Editor edited, persuaded, ventured, and produced. It must have been—for him—wonderfully easy, considering everything else he did which was unrelated to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR and which included, beyond conviviality, the fine cultivation of friendship.

JACQUES BARZUN

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* * *

Dear Hiram Haydn,
this is a letter to the sun
and proof that all my questions
count as one.
King—this is a venture
of the mind;
Brother—this, a journey
kin in kind;
Friend—I am not alone
nor left behind.

ELLIOT ABHAU

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It was the energy—the first thing I noticed and now the strongest memory. And the height—that was part of it. He seemed to loom—but gently.

He was a teacher and I learned from him—less from his classes than from his presence. I recall that once, in speaking of a mutual acquaintance, I said, "His head's in a good place." To which Hiram replied, "But what about his heart?" It was a distinction I hadn't made.

I could trust him at a time in my life when there were few who were trustworthy. In an environment characterized by expediency and compromise, I could count on him to act in accord with my best interests. And although we ultimately lost the struggle in which we were engaged, it was *we* who lost. He made my cause his own. I won't forget that.

For a year I was his research assistant. But being caught up in many concerns of my own, I'm afraid I didn't do a very good job. He never mentioned this to me. That was typical of him. Finally, however, my conscience got the better of me, and I felt obliged to confess my dereliction. Yes, he had noticed it. He acknowledged it without rancor. He was honest—but gently.

At a time when others seemed to have a way of interjecting into their conversations with me such locutions as "Wearing the chairman's hat. . . ." or "As the dean. . . ." Hiram had no use for such masks. He was—as we used to say—out front.

Whether we were playing croquet (at which he demolished me) or tiddly winks (where we were more evenly matched), he had a way of putting all of himself into it. He accepted with genuine pleasure an honorary membership in the North Atlantic Tiddly Wink Association.

He was always working on something and would keep his manuscripts in the refrigerator—a safe place, he figured, in case of fire. But there was no way to prepare for the bullet shot through his kitchen window by a random crazy. It was frightening and must have added to Hiram's already strong desire to get out of Philadelphia and back to Martha's Vineyard.

He was happiest there, I think, up early and writing on the porch, entertaining the seemingly endless array of houseguests,

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harvesting the small vegetable garden. It was there that I photographed him—casually dressed, with pad and sharpened pencils lined up before him. And it is there that I prefer to remember him—relaxed, productive, doing the work he liked best.

Now this is the hard part, and I don't know if I can say it without having it sound maudlin or inflated. But Hiram was to me more than a teacher and a friend. He represented a set of values that can be summed up in the word *integrity*. So when I heard of his death, my sense of loss was at once more poignant and more bearable than it might otherwise have been. Something tremendously important had been lost to the world.

Hiram. I shall miss him.

MARC ROSENBERG

* * *

My only associations with Hiram Haydn have been in academic environments, beginning at Wesleyan University some fifteen years ago. He asked me then for detailed information concerning my statements that: human nature has not changed in the past 100,000 years; there is no scientific evidence that human races differ genetically in any significant manner with regard to their biological or psychological endowment; the differences that have been observed between races have their origin in environmental influences, especially during early life; the claim that man is a "killer" by temperament is biologically unjustified; altruism is more likely to be a distinctive human characteristic. When I became better acquainted with Hiram Haydn during the board meetings of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, I realized that his interest in my views came more from his human warmth than from the quality of my arguments. Unconsciously, he had used me as a professional voice to strengthen and document the generous feelings he had toward all his fellowmen.

RENÉ DUBOS

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HIRAM HAYDN (1907-1973)

Hiram Haydn and I were friends for thirty-five years, and in all that time, through many exchanges of visits and countless conversations alone and in the company of others, I never once knew him to compromise either his "spiritual" or intellectual integrity, nor to condescend to others who did. His friendship ennobled all who were privileged to share it.

SAUNDERS REDDING

* * *

Happily, the flight out of San Francisco was a bit late, so I had just enough time to pick up the *New York Times* before boarding. I was en route to Washington for the annual meeting of the senate of Phi Beta Kappa, over which I was to preside for the first time. As I settled into my seat I began to go over the agenda for the meeting and to think through the many things I planned to do in Washington and Greenville, South Carolina (where a new chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was being installed at Furman University) before the meeting of the senate the following weekend. Then I turned to the newspaper. Slowly, I made my way through the mass of depressing news. Finally, I reached the obituary page, which I always read with great care; and there it was—the kind of shocking news of an unexpected death about which I never want to read but always fear that I shall. This time it was Hiram Haydn.

I did not know that Hiram had not planned to be at the meeting, and I had so looked forward to seeing him there. We all needed him, but more than any of the others I needed him. I needed his acute and sensitive observations, his critical judgment, and, indeed, his refreshing, creative insights. I had looked forward to his warm greeting, his infectious wit, and his sympathetic understanding. During a coffee break or at luncheon, Hiram and I always exchanged cigars, and this time I was well prepared—with some excellent ones that I had picked up in the Philippines. But he would not be there—ever.

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As I thought of my personal loss, I became suddenly aware of the great void that his passing would leave in American letters, American scholarship, and THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It was as editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR that he would have been attending the meeting of the senate. It was as editor of this our major publication that he had done so much to place it in the front rank of American journals. Phi Beta Kappa is known to many people only because of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR; and no one has been more responsible for this surfeit of good will and good fortune than Hiram Haydn.

Perhaps the most fitting memorial that the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa can erect to Hiram Haydn is the maintenance of the high quality of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. If we do not do this, we would not be worthy of the great legacy he has left us. We therefore offer as our solemn pledge that we shall work without stint to make every page of every issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR a living memorial to this great and good man.

JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN

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I Tell Myself: Too Much Beauty Cloys

MARGARET SHONBRUN

A picture of a sunset painted
with the blood of angels who are mad and paint with
their own rose and gilt blood
and clouds like angels hair if angels
were dark with dark blue hair
and parted their hair with perfect mad
blue hands tossing it from north to south
and one star like a crazed bright nova angel
who recedes so far he/she seems
but "a twinkle in the eye of God":
o yeah
I tell myself: too much beauty cloys

But what I mean is: too much
beauty
drives one mad along with
the angels of madness
God's sanity even is strained
in such circumstances
Imagine: a mote in One's eye
and it is
a planet or an angel Well
too much beauty isn't observed
too often fortunately One picks
out to observe
a trash can
tipped by a bear foraging
hunting for stars in there

✪ MARGARET SHONBRUN lives and writes in Brooklyn.

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The Benediction

Carol Baker Hansen

1

I didn't mean to wake you,
Father. They caught me out
past curfew by the river. One
to an arm they dropped me
into your sleep. We sat
an hour apart. I said *Weltschmerz,*
you said *faith*. We went to bed.

Later I declared
a major you couldn't see
what I saw in. Up late again
on Saturday night scratching
ink in your scars for the Women's
Fellowship you wondered
what I was looking for.

You, Father, you.
A balm for your eyes.

2

I brought home a mountain
that spoke in Bach. You married it.
I gave you Happy Birthday in your
favorite hieroglyphics, Christmas

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in Hebrew. I faithfully renewed
The National Geographic.

By the time I got to Sanskrit
we were both skeptical. Gilead
lay on my tongue like a limp
crust I couldn't swallow
or spit back. You still weren't
smiling. Now I do this:

Haggle with the seraphim
you never saw; barter your browblood
for water; ask the Fool's one question
for the healing of your loins:
Oeheim, was wirret dier?
"Uncle, what ails thee?"

Ministering to you
in His name
I can give you nothing.

✪ CAROL BAKER HANSEN, a graduate of Oberlin College and the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop, lives in Maine with her husband and daughter.

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Science, Poetry and "Human Specificity"

An Interview with J. Bronowski

GEORGE DERFER

At a recent meeting of The American Scholar's *editorial board, it was proposed that we make an effort to publish interviews with scientists about the work that they are doing, how they began it, and the direction that they see that work taking. This interview was taped at the Salk Institute, whose Council for Biology in Human Affairs J. Bronowski directs. George Derfer, a philosopher at the University of Redlands, has been a Visiting Fellow at the Salk Institute.*

George Derfer: Dr. Bronowski, over the years I have followed your thinking and as you know I am writing a book that includes your work as one of the major chapters. It is a privilege for me to interview you now because I would like to clarify some themes. So let me start with this first question. What is it that you are doing now?

J. Bronowski: I have been forming a new topic in biology and behavior during the ten years that I have spent at the Salk Institute in America. And since it does not have a name, I have called it *human specificity*. I mean by that an attempt to characterize the human species by those biological and behavioral expressions which are unique, or almost unique, to human beings.

Derfer: Can you give me some examples of this?

Bronowski: The moment you pose the question, what makes any animal unique? you get a variety of answers. The primates, by and large, are unique mammals in not being able to oxidize uric acid in the individual cells; and one could go through a spec-

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trum of such examples. The traits that are specialized in human beings are fairly straightforward. There are special biological peculiarities of the human brain, such as the great development of the frontal lobes, the fact that the two halves of the brain have separate functions in many details, the fact that the human brain has special speech centers. Other specifically human traits are the upright gait; the face-to-face attitude in communication (which we are using now), and in sexual intercourse (which is a human cultural universal).

DERFER: When did you get interested in *human specificity*?

BRONOWSKI: I can put the particular moment precisely. On a day in 1950 I happened to run into an old friend of mine in Oxford—the great physical anthropologist, Wilfred Le Gros Clark. At that time a dispute was raging between classical anthropologists and those who were using statistical methods. The dispute centered on new finds in South Africa of a fossil skull called *Australopithecus*. Were the teeth that had been found more like human teeth or more like ape teeth? The moment I looked at them I realized that the statistical methods used were foolish, because they took account of the measurements of the teeth without inserting the additional subtleties that were required to estimate differences in shape. So I asked Le Gros Clark to measure some human and some ape teeth; and a colleague of mine, William Long, and I published quite short papers in *Nature* and in American journals, and the issue was settled. From that day we have known that *Australopithecus* is either an ancestor of man or a closely related species which has become extinct; but that the line of man had begun by that time.

I was carried away by this. It was exciting for someone who had done only abstract geometry until then—whose first practical use of mathematics had been during the war—to see this wonderful illumination of the past history of man. These teeth have since turned out to be well over two million years old.

So I never turned back. That is the incident which made me aware that there is something in individual animals—what animal behaviorists call "species-specific" characters—which one should

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look for in human beings in order to understand their uniqueness. Hence my *human specificity*.

DERFER: But surely that single incident in 1950 could not have been responsible for changing your whole career. There must already have been some connections in your own mind which were fused on that day?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. It is easy to remember a spectacular occasion like that dark November afternoon in Oxford. But when I search my mind, I realize that there had been two catastrophes that had prepared me for this change into the human field.

Almost twenty years before that day, Hitler had come to power in Germany in 1933. And that entirely changed our conception of what constitutes a sufficient function of new knowledge. People immersed in scholarship, like me, realized that scholarship is not enough. We realized that a great, culturally advanced people like the Germans could not have been hoodwinked and brutalized by a man like Hitler if we had done our share in making new knowledge familiar and homely to them.

The second catastrophe which had also prepared me arose directly out of that: the dropping of the atomic bombs in Japan. I happened to be intimately connected with that because I was the scientific deputy on the British Chiefs of Staff Mission which went out to Japan to survey the damage at the end of 1945.

DERFER: You are saying that it is not simply the nature of knowledge—its contents—but the human context out of which particular contents are created, that you were exploring. I would ask, what was the preparation before Hitler? For instance, you were already exploring the context of knowledge in *The Poet's Defence;* you were talking about the nature of criticism. It seems to me right there you were already concerned with anthropology.

BRONOWSKI: That is very subtle; I had not thought of that. It is perfectly true that two things about the nature of knowledge had been much in my mind. If your first book is about poetry, as mine was, then you are not inclined to mistake knowledge for the ability to solve problems. And secondly, if you have grown up, as I had, in a time when the gossamer nature of scientific connections

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became more and more apparent (the great time of quantum physics around the year 1930), then you also realize that knowledge does not mean simply what can be written down in a table of facts.

So it would be quite right to say that all my life I have been preoccupied with the special character of knowledge. (I mean human knowledge—in our sense there is no other kind.) And I have been closing in more and more in the last ten years on the constituents of the human being that give the capacity to create knowledge.

Two hundred years ago, when Immanuel Kant in Königsberg first proposed something on these lines, it could only be lip service to the intangible. But now we know a great deal about both the biological and functional connections of the mind. And I think we stand nearer to an understanding of knowledge, and ultimately to human self-knowledge, than we could ever have done until almost the last generation.

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DERFER: As I hear you link knowledge to *human specificity*, I realize why you speak of two catastrophes. Not only were the Germans guilty of a misunderstanding; but also, in creating the bomb, we did not appreciate the context out of which knowledge is created. This introduces an outstanding book you wrote called *Science and Human Values*. Would you comment on that?

BRONOWSKI: As you know from the opening page, it was exactly my riding into Nagasaki that turned my thought to *Science and Human Values*. I saw the reality which hitherto I had only seen in aerial photographs, and it made me conscious of the gap that existed between the practice of science and the demands to which we allowed it to be a servant.

Science and Human Values has had a great influence. It is responsible, for instance, for my being in this country at all, and so for my being able to work at the things I want to do, instead of things that are already written in university programs. I will say something about it and the position we have reached.

Science and Human Values was delivered as a series of lectures

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twenty-one years ago, so it has a historical patina by now. At that time it was supposed that science could be exhibited as an operational calculus in which the symbols were simply defined by their actions, and that nothing else was scientific knowledge. In the dreadful phrase then current, everybody talked of "value free" science. "Value free" is a ghastly translation of the German *wertfrei,* meaning "devoid of values" or "unloaded by values." That was how science was thought of then. Going to Japan, thinking over the years that had passed before that, made me conscious that that was a misconception.

DERFER: Was this when you realized that it was important for you to establish a functional relationship between science and human values?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. You see, "value free" is a particularly comic phrase since the least valuable freedom in the world, and the greatest slavery, is "value freedom."

DERFER: What had gone wrong, then, with the understanding of science and the nature of values? And how did you refute the misconception?

BRONOWSKI: It was a misconception on two grounds. First, it confused the exposition of science with the way in which it is actually invented. That is an old fallacy. Ever since Euclid formalized Greek geometry, people have behaved as if science is really discovered as a set of axioms and formal propositions. But, of course, the process of discovery is exactly the opposite. Francis Bacon knew that, and has been misunderstood ever since as a result. We were at it again.

So in the early part of *Science and Human Values* I talk about "imagination"; and I make what are now obvious remarks. I say that inventing a scientific hypothesis is as imaginative an act, as inexplicable an act, as inventing the theme and the personae of, let us say, John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

The second point is that I take issue with the "value free" idea. In particular I take issue in *Science and Human Values* with what I think used to be called "the resolution of the naturalistic fallacy." Namely, the insistence that there is no relation between the

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"is's" that science finds—the facts—and the "oughts" that our conscience demands. My first proposition about the imaginative character of scientific invention has generally been accepted now. But my second point has not been grasped.

DERFER: Tell me more about your second point. Didn't G. E. Moore say that from an "is" you cannot derive an "ought"?

BRONOWSKI: Yes, and it is nonsense. There is an intimate relation, not between what "is" and what "ought to be," but between what we regard as knowledge and how we ought to behave to obtain it. No amount of philosophic sleight of hand can get rid of this relation.

DERFER: Will you elaborate on that? How does our search for knowledge shape our conduct?

BRONOWSKI: It is very simple. There are no such things as "is's"; there are no such things as complete facts. I look at my hand. It seems to me pink, and the cuff of my shirt at the edge of it is purple. Is that true? Ask a bee or a dog or a giraffe to look at them, look at them under X-rays or infrared light, and a multitude of different realities emerges from the facts. You may wish to delude me by saying, "But that is all right. It is explained if you put the atoms in." What atoms? Am I to take something which is only a partial view of reality—namely, how I see my hand and my shirt cuff—and be persuaded that the whole of reality can be constructed from it by inventing an entirely new set of entities called "atoms"? That is just a trick.

Yes, a constituent of our world is now the atomic structure of matter. And we believe in that constituent because it unifies the ways of looking at my hand. And that is knowledge. But it will turn out to be wrong in a hundred years' time, because knowledge is in a constant state of re-creation and flux. Knowledge is a systematization of those aspects of reality which we catch at the edge of our vision so that they form a coherent set of explanations.

How do we do that? How do we get this knowledge? By behaving in a certain way; by adopting an ethic for science that makes knowledge possible. Therefore, the very activity of trying to refine and enhance knowledge—of discovering "what is"—imposes on

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us certain norms of conduct. The prime condition for its success is a scrupulous rectitude of behavior, based on a set of values like truth, trust, dignity, dissent, and so on. As I say in the book, "In societies where these values did not exist, science has had to create them, to make the practice of science possible."

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DERFER: You perceived that values are an inherent condition for working in the field of science. I know from my own studies of your life and writings that you are also very much involved in poetry and literary criticism. How were you affected in this by the general mood about the nature of science, the underlying need for value, the procedures that were viable and not viable?

BRONOWSKI: That is a crucial question. It is pointless to think about knowledge and keep on talking all the time about science. The activities of the arts are just as profoundly ("characteristically," in the professional word), as specifically human, as the activities of the sciences. Let me begin that with a word about language, which is appropriate if we are going to talk about poetry.

Human language is, among other things, a record of knowledge. It is characterized by a number of peculiarities, which represent special faculties of the human mind. I will pick out three.

Firstly, ours is the only system of communication in which we make up new sentences by manipulating parts of old sentences as if they were either parts of the real world outside us, or its images in our heads, which we are arranging in new patterns. Linguists call this the "productivity" of language. I call it *reconstitution*. It is unique, yet universal, in our languages, and it characterizes scientific language just as well as poetic language.

Secondly, we use language so that it predicates—that is, it makes neutral statements about either real or imaginary states of affairs. That is not possible in the symbolisms of animal languages, which unite command with emotion. But when my father said to me, "If somebody makes you angry, count to ten before you answer," he was asking me to separate my emotion from the predicative content of the sentences.

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Predication is the clue to scientific language, and one is inclined to stop there. But we have a third feature of language which is also unique to humans, so far as we know. We have a vocabulary of synonyms that enables us to make what appears to be the same statement, but to give it a different emotional tone. In other words, we can color the predication—and I use the word "color" in the best and most beautiful sense, the sense of the arts.

This third feature of language makes poetry possible, just as my second feature makes science possible. And as soon as you have said that, you realize that poetry is as species-specific an activity as science. Moreover, they are inseparable because of this link between the two facets of language.

DERFER: You also linked poetry and science at another level in *The Identity of Man,* which was the sequel to *Science and Human Values.* There you characterized them both as modes of knowledge.

BRONOWSKI: Yes. There are two modes in which human beings understand what goes on outside themselves. First there is the poetic mode by which we know what other people feel because we have shared these feelings. The excitement of literature is that we can share a hundred and one emotions of which we have, in ourselves, the makings but not the development. Literature is the unfolding in each of us, when we relive it, of the potential—good and bad—which has not come to fruition.

Science is the other part of human consciousness. It is the pleasure that we derive from unfolding the impersonal processes of nature. Magic, anthropomorphic science, tried to think of nature as a great human creature; and current mysticism does, too. But science is a more humble enterprise, of saying: How does *nature* work? How does *nature* do it?

Knowledge is a creative endeavor by which we constantly see the world afresh and make more complex, more subtle analogies using the two facets of human imagination. And imagination is tied to the will to knowledge, to the belief that by knowing we are fulfilling our place in the world.

DERFER: You are saying, then, that our two modes of knowl-

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edge—science and poetry—are specifically human attributes?

BRONOWSKI: Yes, and both modes of knowledge owe their beginning to the gift of imagination. I want to define "imagination" quite exactly here because it was an unfashionable concept until recently.

The human animal is distinguished from others in being able to remember what is out of sight much longer than even such very able animals as the chimpanzee or the gorilla; and incomparably longer than lower animals. This ability to hold the past in mind—not by habit, but literally in mind—has an obvious correlative, which is that there must be an apparatus for the manipulation of imprints or images in the mind. So an apparatus which serves to reconstruct a past from the present must also be able to reconstruct other imaginary situations—in particular, the future. Both of those abilities I define as "imagination."

DERFER: I am led to ask another question now that comes immediately to mind. Are there biological foundations for imagining?

BRONOWSKI: As I said, the idea that we actually manipulate images in the mind has been unfashionable in psychology for the past generation, when operationism and functionalism and behaviorism have taken over. The current mode of behaviorism wants to disregard everything between stimulus and response.

However, we have experimental evidence that whatever symbols or images the mind operates with are powerful. And they are operated with in ways which are indistinguishable from those that we would require if the images really were concrete objects. For instance, Roger Shepard at Berkeley has measured the time that it takes a person to rotate an unsymmetrical object in his mind so as to confirm whether or not it is a mirror image of another object that is shown to him. The time is directly proportional to the angle of rotation that is required; and is therefore directly proportional to the time taken if he actually held the object in his hand and moved it around.

DERFER: I am fascinated by what you are saying. Which leads me to say that in your life I have never seen you separate poetry and science as most people seem to. How do you account for that?

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BRONOWSKI: I think I have been fortunate in two ways. I have had two endowments which are in no way miraculous but whose combination has meant a great deal to me.

One is an environmental one. At the age of three, I was taken from Poland as a small boy speaking Polish and learned German. At the age of twelve, I was taken from Germany to England and learned to speak English. I have forgotten all the Polish I knew, though I speak German and some other languages very well. But the fact is that I had to change my mother tongue twice before I became a writer. And I think that act of struggling to learn about Goethe as a boy, and then struggling to learn about Dickens as an adolescent, had a great effect on me. It has made me very happy whenever I read a good piece of thinking and writing.

The other gift is that I have a vivid pictorial imagination. That is, I work by manipulating complicated symbols in my head. When I used to do geometry, I had no problem visualizing multidimensional figures and manipulating them mentally in ways it is impossible to do in a three-dimensional space. I see even statistical problems in graphic and, so to say, active configurations.

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DERFER: I am interested in your own exploration of the biological foundation of knowing and of valuing. I see it historically: you have been antivitalistic, and you have also been antireductionistic. What are the implications for you—as a man who is involved in science and poetry?

BRONOWSKI: You are quite right. What does all this detail about biological and behavioral features of the mind amount to when one thinks about grand themes like "vitalism" or "reductionism"?

Let me begin with a simple definition. "Reductionism" supposes that all intellectual activity is mechanical, like problem solving. I think that is wrong. At the other extreme, "vitalism" supposes that it is impossible to explain anything rationally for which we cannot set up equations. In other words, I interpret "vitalism" as a claim that if something cannot be reduced, then

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it must be magic. You only have to look at these two sides of the coin to see that they share the same fundamental fallacy, which is that rational thought consists only of problem solving.

Poetry is a wonderful topic constantly to bear in mind when talking about scientific ideas, because it reminds you that you can communicate truth in a way which carries intellectual conviction without setting up equations about it.

DERFER: And you are saying that both modes of knowledge stem from man's ability to use his imagination?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. Remember, I mean by "imagination" the holding of images in the mind, identifying them with constituents of reality, and rearranging them into imaginary situations. On that *projection* all human intellectual activities depend—poetry as much as science.

In that sense man is "a foreseeing animal." There have been many definitions: man as a speaking animal, a tool-making animal. What we need to focus on now, in asking about knowledge and values, is man as the animal that can project imaginary choices—the planning animal. We are the creature that forms plans.

DERFER: As I understand you then, the essence of *planning* is the imagination anticipating, whereby it begins new knowledge? But how does it create values?

BRONOWSKI: The gift of foresight implies that we are interested in how we should conduct ourselves in the future. But the future is not fixed, and some of the possible choices that we must allow for cannot be measured now.

For instance, if you build a bridge, you calculate what loads and wind factors to allow for, and you set up equations from which you can fix certain dimensions. But it is *not* possible to foresee all the forces which will bring quite different pressures to bear—unheard-of earth and wind pressures, and also the imponderables of risk in lives, needs and costs, and future concerns with what you now hold light. So you must be content to say, "Let's throw in a safety factor of ten." But that very phrase means that you wish to formulate a policy which, as it were, will fail to safety—moral safety as well as physical safety.

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We conduct our lives with the aim of satisfying not only the criteria of today and tomorrow, but those of five, ten and twenty years' time. And whether you are playing the stock market, or on the emotional market of yourself and your wife, you would be foolish to think that calculating for tomorrow will make a policy for twenty years. You must have a moral imagination.

DERFER: How do you then conceive the nature of ethical conduct?

BRONOWSKI: I call calculations "tactics." But I call the general ways in which one shapes one's conduct "strategies." And strategies for one's long-term conduct are intended in advance to mute the conflict of loyalties which every step in life will bring.

Values are not commensurable. The value of saving your children instead of your wife, if faced with sudden disaster, is something which you will have to decide on the spur of the moment. No amount of premeditation will cope with it. If you are actually faced with a clash of loyalty between your family and your country, or loyalty to your principles as against your country, you go through agonies. Value systems are strategies in which one tries to build in advance a general mode of conduct that will lead to a satisfactory overall life, by forestalling such irresolvable conflicts of loyalties.

DERFER: You believe in scientific humanism, and you offer a real alternative to the way we have previously looked on the nature of man, and the nature of society, modes of knowledge, and values. But I see all around me now a revolt against the rational values. How do you see the place of a rational ethic in your own life and work?

BRONOWSKI: In my own experience, when I have lived a purely professional life (as I did before 1933), I found it not enough. And this although I lived a rich life as a research mathematician at Cambridge, where I was also the editor of a literary magazine called *Experiment*. I did not feel that I was close enough to what at that time it became fashionable to call "social responsibility."

If I look back now on the forty years that have passed since then, I would say that I have been wrestling with the problem

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of discovering how *social* responsibility arises from a much deeper ideal: *human* responsibility. "Social responsibility" means responsibility to society. "Human responsibility" means responsibility to the human race or, as a collective idea, to the human personality —the *human specificity*.

That is why I began this interview by saying that we are entering a phase of human self-knowledge. And the examples of *human specificity* I gave are all means by which man has found a home in a world for which he was fitted by nothing but his adaptability.

Man has found a home by nesting in knowledge. That is humanism, or what I tend now to call "scientific existentialism." It is a patient search to avoid all such shortcuts as saying, "Immutable laws were laid down"—in the Bible, or in psychological or social prescriptions. I want to answer the question "How should human beings behave?" without saying "I can give you no support for my answers except the Hammurabi code or some modern dogma."

I do not think that the religion of Moses, the religion of Freud, or the religion of Marx are without force. I think they were all made by men of great imagination. But I think that they are all attempts to take dogmatic shortcuts to the evolution of knowledge which is still going on in man.

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DERFER: I am interested that you account for the human sense of self against the background of the species. It seems to me in your book, *Nature and Knowledge,* you rely very much on your understanding of evolution. What is evolution? Does it have a plan or a purpose? What alternatives can one give to the answers given by older institutions, for instance the church?

BRONOWSKI: I cannot think about *human specificity* without constantly having an evolutionary picture in mind. What characters distinguish each animal species? How has its evolution mediated these characters? And was evolution designed to reach what appears to be its present apex—the human species?

I do not think that evolution can be conceived as having been

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designed for anything. Does it have a purpose? Does it follow a master plan? These are anthropomorphic questions which derive from our self-recognition of man as a planning animal. They go with a picture of God in the image of man that dates at least from the Old Testament, and so is over three thousand years old.

DERFER: Are you holding its age against it?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. Pictures as old as that cannot be right now because they are too simple, rudimentary and undeveloped. Let me explain that with an easier example.

I think that, say, the *Iliad* is a marvelous poem. If I had to choose whether the *Iliad* should survive or whether D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* should survive, I would plump for the *Iliad*. But *Women in Love* is a much more subtle analysis of human relations than the *Iliad* is. And it could not have been written when the *Iliad* was written, because the explicit awareness of those relations—the self-awareness of people in it—was not a part of literature or, so far as we know, a part of explicit thought in the Greece of Homer. New cultures are able to interweave themes which once were held apart, and thereby to make them more sensitive and deeper.

DERFER: So you see both cultural and biological evolution inextricably woven into the fabric of human knowledge?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. Evolution is the great creator of novelty. And evolution has taken place in the natural process of time. To suppose it following a plan, supposes a planner; I see no way out of that. Instead, evolution follows a statistical pattern. It is a strange statistical pattern, because it runs counter to what is usually called the second law of thermodynamics. But it is explicable. The complexity and richness that evolution produces are explicable.

DERFER: You must elaborate on the relation between evolution, statistics and the question of accidents. If you appeal to statistics, are you not reducing *human specificity* itself merely to an accident?

BRONOWSKI: On the contrary, it is those who appeal to God and special creation who reduce everything to accident. They assign to man a unique status on the ground that there was some

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act of special creation which made the world the way it is. But that explains nothing, because it would explain anything: it is an explanation for *any* conceivable world. If we had the color vision of the bee combined with the neck of the giraffe and the feet of the elephant, that would equally be explained by the "theory" of special creation.

Yet we do not have those features, and we do not believe that they are biologically compatible. Therefore, our criterion of what is compatible sets a limitation on an acceptable explanation. That is why I say that to call in a special or miraculous act of creation reduces every conceivable world to accident.

DERFER: Then how does your new statistical pattern substitute for God?

BRONOWSKI: The puzzle of evolution is not that things change, but that living things and their products become more complex. There is nothing to explain nowadays except *the evolution of complexity*.* What does a theory of evolution have to explain? That by and large, natural processes destroy any order that they meet—like breaking an egg. By contrast, the egg in evolving grew more complex in time—it has the arrow of time written on the eggshell. All I provide, therefore, is a statistical theory to show how such a structure can become more complex in time.

DERFER: Are you not still using "statistics" as another name for "accident"? You cannot persuade me that the eggshell was made by accident!

BRONOWSKI: We need to understand the word "accident" correctly. Nonliving matter has a hidden potential for forming many combinations. Some of these combinations in their turn can combine to form entities which can copy or reproduce themselves—that is, which can begin life. The accident happens when some of this hidden potential is realized and the combinations become actual. But it was there, unrealized, in hiding, from the beginning.

It would be an inconceivable accident if the structures we

* Dr. Bronowski's "New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity" appeared in the SCHOLAR in two parts, the first in the Autumn, 1972 issue and the second in the Winter, 1972-73 issue.

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know, the eggshell say, had been created in one leap from a handful of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, and so on. Evolution works by a different statistics. It builds up complexity as it were in strata, one after the other. It starts when the encounter of atoms makes small molecules. Some of these naturally are more stable than their separate parts. They in turn begin to assemble other chemicals, some of which are more stable than their constituents. And so it goes up a ladder of strata in which the structure at each level is more stable than its constituent parts in the level below.

And "stable" simply means that it is less likely to break down under environmental disturbances. This is, of course, exactly where the direction of evolution aims. It is what life is about: an organization of matter which is less likely to break down under environmental disturbances than its parts are. And that is how it runs against the second law of thermodynamics, which is a constant breaking down under environmental disturbances.

I call that *the evolution of complexity*, and it works by what I call *stratified stability*. As a statistical concept it holds water, and I am confident that it will become the fundamental account of evolution.

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DERFER: You have discovered, it seems to me, a principle or strategy that is in nature herself. What is the relation, Dr. Bronowski, between your act of discovery and that which is discovered? Does it not suggest that there is some kind of anthropomorphic or plan-like strategy in evolution as a creator?

BRONOWSKI: I will illustrate how I interpret the achievement of evolution in shaping the human mind to seek for knowledge and creative ideas. Supposing, as Arthur Eddington suggested, that we really did set down a battery of monkeys at typewriters in the hope that they might type, not the works of Shakespeare, but a single couplet—say, the sonnet which begins, "Shall I compare thee to a summers day?/Thou art more lovely and more temperate." Then I once calculated that in the fifteen thousand million

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years that the universe has existed, the monkeys, even with considerable mechanical aid, would not yet have typed by chance the sequence of words, "Shall I compare thee to a sum"—which, you observe, fall far short of Shakespeare.

The fact is that the evolution of man is the quickest way to write a sonnet. The human mind is a new step, which has opened up a new wealth of creation.

DERFER: You have shown that when the mind turns creatively and critically on itself, it discovers why knowledge is species-specific to man. And are you saying that with knowledge begins a new level of creation?

BRONOWSKI: Yes, there lies the deep question: What is the place of knowledge in the future? And there it is crucial to understand the unique status of knowledge.

Knowledge is *our* element. Our ability to turn knowledge into action has made us able to cope with the hostile environments of the past, starting with the first Ice Age. And more than that, knowledge is what we take pleasure in. Insofar as poetry gives us pleasure, it is a pleasure in that *mode of knowledge*—in the identification with aspects of the personality of others which are only dimly represented in ourselves. Insofar as science gives us pleasure, it is in finding the way that nature can be rationally decoded, like solving the impersonal plot of a detective story.

DERFER: Yet rational and impersonal knowledge do not command respect now. There is a revolt against science, and a return to mystical experience. You must have met it among students as I have.

BRONOWSKI: Criticism of science that I hear comes from people who have really made no attempt to grapple with it. So I think as little of it as I think of Jeremy Bentham's disdain for poetry, since I know that, though he was a great man, he did not understand what poetry is about. If a man criticizes science, and it turns out that he does not know a quantum from a quantifier, I am bound to say, "When your guru has taught you how to solve linear differential equations, I will listen to you." I am sorry if that sounds high-handed. But man did not get where he is by cutting out the

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hard intellectual work, and drawing his judgments from the pit of his stomach.

If I make a generalization about man's place among the primates, I do not support it by merely asserting that "I do my thing, and the chimpanzee does his thing, what more is there to say?" (as a student once said to me). Why is that not enough? Because it is exactly what Hitler asserted when he shouted, *Blut und Boden*. Hitler also "knew" in the pit of his stomach that the student and I (he was a Negro, and I am a Jew) were both to be classed not with humans but only with chimpanzees.

And yet, and yet, whenever the words "rational argument" are uttered, there is a feeling that *there* is a limited way of looking at the world: where is the imagination? This is the primordial misconception about knowledge that raises its head at least once in every century. The misconception is that science or any intellectual activity is done—or understood—by rational thought without imagination. That is just not true.

DERFER: You are returning to the first theme of your work, which is the role of the imagination as a foundation for knowledge.

BRONOWSKI: Yes, exactly. Whenever in the past I have proved a new theorem in geometry, I always had a good idea—an intuition, if you like—how the theorem would go. Sometimes I was right. Sometimes I was wrong, and I proved a more interesting result: the opposite theorem. And sometimes I was neither right nor wrong, but it turned out that no such theorem could be proved. And that was the most searching result of all, because that is where the frontiers of knowledge lie.

Progress is made in any intellectual field by starting with intuitive hypotheses. Such a hypothesis was Tolstoy's idea that you could make a vivid story of the unity of the Russian people by putting together the Napoleonic war and the mishaps of several aristocratic families. Tolstoy did not write by a constant miracle of inspiration, from page to page, from day to day. He conceived how such a novel would go, then he made drafts; he tried out how the parts would fit, and he changed things. And that is exactly how you prove a theorem.

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Then where does rational thought come in? The rational process is the verification of the intuition by steps which can be communicated to others. That is what distinguishes science from nonsense, philosophy from mysticism, and the inspired work of Watson and Crick on the double helix from Hitler raving at Nuremberg.

DERFER: So rational procedures are the means by which we confirm and communicate the working of our imagination?

BRONOWSKI: Yes. Human knowledge consists of the casting into rational form of the proof or disproof of what one may call intuitions—that is, hypotheses—in such a way that they can be shared with other people. That is the new discovery by nature. Indeed, I want to guess something rather outrageous about that.

In the evolutionary picture of, say, ten million years from now, I believe that we shall find that the coming of man was a new turning point. Before man (or, at any rate, the primates) evolution had invented only one way to make an animal fit its environment: natural selection, which simply kills off those that do not have the right automatic responses.

We are the first creatures in whom automatic adaptation to the environment has been largely replaced by a process of planned response. And "planned response" means precisely imagination tested by rational examination. That has worked brilliantly; we have evolved at a fantastic pace, and dominate all other creatures.

I do not think that evolution is going to stop with us. I think that over the next ten million years, the animals that continue to rely on automatic accommodation to the environment will not be able to cope with other new species in which the element of plan and rational verification begins to develop as in us and to override the stock response. We are not the climax of evolution, except for a moment. But we are, I think, a new gate into evolution, and a turning point.

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Entropy and Transformation: Two Types of American Humor

ARLEN J. HANSEN

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, American humor found new expression in two contrasting kinds of media—silent movies (picture without sound) and radio (sound without picture). That American humor could adapt itself readily and brilliantly to both media bespeaks its dual nature. A glance at nineteenth-century literature confirms the presence of two general tendencies in American humor, one to show someone doing some funny thing, and a second to show someone saying something funny. Almost as if in anticipation of film and radio, the literature of the last century encouraged its reader to visualize funny action and to "hear" funny talk. In the nineteenth century, these two modes were seldom separated; Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke) in the lecture hall and Huckleberry Finn in print both *did* and *said* funny things. For that matter, only if one looks back from the perspective afforded by subsequent developments can the two tendencies be recognized as distinct modes of humor. When the technology of the twentieth century developed silent movies and radio, the two modes became more discrete and exploitable. The funny talkers gravitated toward radio; the actors, to film. And the American audience was equally fascinated with both. The same person who saw Laurel and Hardy on Friday night listened to Amos and Andy on Saturday.

The distinct characteristics of oral and visual humor in America reveal a fundamental difference in vision and attitude between the two kinds of humorists. This is not, for example, the same kind

✪ ARLEN J. HANSEN is an associate professor of English at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California. His essays on narrative theory and American literature have appeared in various scholarly periodicals.

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of difference proposed and explored by Constance Rourke in her seminal study, *American Humor*. Rourke discerns two lines of humor, one originating in the Yankee's understatement and the other in the backwoodsman's exaggeration. Eiron and Alazon, however, can be recognized by either their actions or their talk. That is, American visual humor can easily accommodate both the Yankee and the backwoodsman (or their descendants), and so can oral humor. The assumptions and values of the oral humorist, whether he understates or exaggerates, tend to differ as a rule from those of the visual humorist.

In general the active, visual humor appeals to the American's fondness for breaking up systems. It is a humor of entropy. Perhaps an extension of the spirit of democracy, this humor presupposes an innate attraction to anarchy, iconoclasm and—to an extent—chaos. It feeds the hunger for chase and activity, and its usual effect is the breaking down of an established, "normal" system, causing both the matter and the structure of that system to deteriorate. Seen from Bergson's position, this humor dramatizes the collapse of mechanical and habitual behavior when such behavior is confronted with new, unexpected and vitalizing challenges. In contrast, oral humor exploits properties of language rather than the dynamics of physical activity. Although Americans may share the English fondness for witty retorts and clever sayings, American oral humor typically is of another sort. It is founded upon the transforming and creative power of language. Unlike entropy, which describes a system in disintegration, transformation describes the process of synthesis, the creation of a new and other totality. The humor of transformation is achieved usually by an imaginative persona who generates and sustains fantasies through his powers of language. He is a storymaker. Growing out of the American's fondness for dreams and fantasy, the humor of transformation involves creative, unmalicious fabrication—the magnificent lie.

Imagine a large estate, such a one as might be found in a 1920 Hollywood two-reeler. Isolated by acres of neatly manicured lawn, the hilltop mansion is accessible only by means of a sidewalk and

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steps. Two figures, their backs to us, are working their way up the path. The house itself is virtually a closed, self-contained system. Inside are chandeliers, thick carpets, a piano, highly polished banisters, swinging doors that lead off to the kitchen. A dinner party is about to begin. The petite French maid hangs up shawls and coats; men in starched collars and boiled shirts escort buxom and bejeweled *grandes dames* into the sparkling dining room. Everything suggests control and order; the system is functioning nearly perfectly. Only the two waiters have yet to arrive—waiters who had to be hired at the last minute from the Acme Employment Agency. In fact, it is the two waiters, one fat and one skinny, who have just now made their way up the walk. With the best of intentions in mind and reflecting happily on the prospect of associating with the upper class, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy reach the door of the manor. Stanley raises his hand to knock, but Ollie stops him. *I* will knock, Ollie's gestures suggest; he gives the act the flourish proper for such a promising occasion. The butler comes, and they are hastily pulled inside—the heavy door closing behind them. They have entered the system. The camera's eye need no longer follow them; it may simply fix on the exterior of the house, for everyone can readily imagine what is happening inside. The system is breaking down. Matter is converting to energy, energy to heat; heat is virtually radiating from the vibrating walls. Twenty minutes later only the outer shell remains; inside, all has been leveled. The chesty matrons have been dematronized; collars have been torn; mirrors, pianos and conventions all reduced to rubble. When the door opens, Ollie and Stanley emerge, disheveled but undaunted. Quickly dusting off their gloves and brushing a fleck or two from their jackets, they adjust their bowlers and walk merrily off—this time across the lawn. The system has deteriorated. Sterile, artificial and solemn order has given way to the fun of chaos. And not a word need have been spoken; it is visual humor, for entropy of this sort is a visible phenomenon. Language could have been included: Ollie's remarks to Stanley when they knock on the door, or Stanley's remark to a society lady inside, might well contribute to the fun of the picture; but at base, this humor is a result of physical, visible activity.

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The Marx Brothers frequently build their material out of entropic situations, Groucho's wit notwithstanding. In *A Night at the Opera* Groucho attempts to smuggle three stowaways (Alan Jones, Chico and Harpo) into the United States disguised as foreign pilots. Complete with baggy pants and long beards, the obviously phony pilots are led to a speakers' platform for an elaborate welcoming ceremony. The imposters dutifully stand in front of the large crowd listening to themselves being celebrated as courageous and exemplary men. Then, following the testaments to their bravery, the frauds are invited to address the crowd. In his transparent Italian accent, Chico speaks first. "The first time-a we start-a to fly to the U.S. we get-a half-a way across when we run out of gasoline and we gotta go back. . . ." Chico's jokes are funny to be sure, but the mute Harpo comes next and with him (surely!) a culminating hysteria. The game is up, one suspects—it's time to cut and run. But there they stand, content to watch Harpo drink what seems to be gallons of water in an attempt to stall. Groucho quips, "We're all right as long as the water supply holds out." Anyone else, it seems, would have run long before. Eventually the breaking point is reached; the system collapses. Harpo's beard falls, people begin shouting and shoving, and the imposters are exposed. Among the noise and chaos, Groucho gets in one last wisecrack: "You realize, of course, that this means war!" And the chase is on. The dynamics are virtually consistent with the law of the conservation of energy: as the situation becomes unstable and begins to disintegrate, tempers and temperatures rise, and the dissolution accelerates in a geometric progression. Chico's and Groucho's jokes only add to the basically visual humor of the scene in disintegration.

As these illustrations suggest, the humor of entropy is, or pretends to be, spontaneous. The Marx brothers have no master plan for accomplishing their ends. Indeed, they have only a vague notion, if any notion at all, of what their goals are. They improvise their way through the dilemmas of their collective life. While Harpo drinks glass after glass of water, the others simply wait to see what will happen. As they wait, the tensions build. Groucho's tiny stateroom becomes packed with plumbers, janitors, mani-

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curists, waiters, brothers, *ad absurdum,* precisely because Groucho chooses not to anticipate the future. He keeps hauling them into his quarters until the equilibrium of the system breaks. The only plan, if it can be called a plan, is to extemporize once the system can tolerate no more and begins to disintegrate. In their hotel, the brothers let a policeman pursue them around and around their rooms—even though they seem to have several chances to escape —until they all are on the verge of collapse from fatigue. Similarly, on the night of the opera, they do not leave, no matter what opportunities are afforded, until the potentials of the entire system are virtually exhausted. Groucho's dissemblances, puns and witticisms contribute either to his attempts to ride out the situation until it breaks, or to the accelerating dissolution of the situation after the equilibrium has broken. But Groucho's language augments, rather than sustains, the picture. Years later, a context for exploiting Groucho's witty oral humor was created in the format of a quiz show, "You Bet Your Life." The medium, of course, was radio.

A word should be said about Charlie Chaplin, whose prominence and importance make him impossible to ignore. One could argue, perhaps, that Chaplin's work fits well into the category of entropic humor, for the Chaplin character seems frequently to be breaking down established systems and formalized postures. On the other hand, Chaplin's own description of his humor points to its transformational aspects. Emphasizing his persona's determination to maintain his illusions of himself, Chaplin wrote in *American Magazine* (1918):

> All my pictures are built around the idea of getting me into trouble and so giving me the chance to be desperately serious in my attempt to appear as a normal little gentleman. That is why, no matter how desperate the predicament is, I am always very much in earnest about clutching my cane, straightening my derby hat, and fixing my tie, even though I have just landed on my head.

It may be that Chaplin's especially rich humor comes from a fruitful synthesis of both transformational and entropic tendencies. I suggest, however, that Chaplin's humor partakes *only slightly* of

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any antecedent American tradition. Trained in the British music halls, Chaplin developed a humor that was substantially English. Given his skills at pantomime and ballet, his humor seems to be indebted also to continental tradition. At any rate, he did not learn his humorous techniques only in America or only from Americans. In the book *Comedy Films,* John Montgomery argues persuasively that when Essanay began to produce such Chaplin films as "His New Job," "The Champion" and "The Tramp"—which are "all titles Fred Karno might have given to his famous [British] music-hall sketches, . . . English humor had conquered the American screen." Chaplin is not, strictly speaking, representative of *American* humor.

The sources of American entropic humor can be found in the sketches of the nineteenth-century backwoodsman and riverboatman. A common beginning for these sketches depicts a "gamecock of the wilderness" insulting or threatening a "dandy," and thereby precipitating a fight or a verbal exchange, which disrupts the composure of the scene. As one such ring-tailed roarer claims in a sketch popular in the 1830s:

> I was ridin along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I came acrost a feller floating down stream, settin in the starn of his boat fast asleep. Well, I hadn't had a fight for ten days; felt as tho' I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel, to keep so wolfy about the shoulders. So says I, hallo stranger, if you don't mind your boat will run off and leave you. . . .

Even though what ensues is an extended boast, which calls forth a vivid and imaginative use of language and thereby appeals to the other, the transformational, mode of humor, this first act—the confrontation—appeals to a sense of humorous entropy. Perhaps what Americans enjoy about roughhouse brawls is the prospect of well-composed systems being challenged, whether it is the squatter confronting the dandy or Groucho accepting the test that Margaret Dumont and her wealth pose. Entropy is a natural and humorous result of that challenge as it comes to fruition.

One figure in particular out of the nineteenth century repre-

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sents this line of humor at its most compelling: G. W. Harris's Rabelaisian character, Sut Lovingood. As with the Marx brothers or Laurel and Hardy, Sut's presence and conduct is usually the catalytic agent that begins the funny entropic process. Consistently finding himself excluded from the systems around him, Sut attempts innocently to remedy or puckishly to revenge his alienation. Like Groucho's, his is not a grand plan, but rather a series of extemporaneous gestures. On his way to Bill Carr's farm one day, Sut recounts in "Sicily Burns's Wedding," he sees a crowd gathered at the Burns place. Sicily Burns and Clapshaw, the circuit rider, are to be married that day. Perhaps partially motivated by a desire for revenge for Sicily's soda trick on him (as related in an earlier story), Sut is also motivated by a thinly disguised erotic fascination for Sicily. She is, after all, the woman whose "pint am tu drive men folks plum crazy" and whose "buzzim [is like] two snow balls wif a strawberry stuck but-ainded into bof on em." Sut also feels slighted by the family: "I wur slunging round the outside ove the house, fur they hedn't had the manners to axe me in, when they sot down tu dinner." While momentarily considering his revenge (shaving the tails off the horses in the barn), Sut sees that ol' Sock, Burns's bull, "wer a-nosing 'round, an' cum up ontu a big baskit what hilt a littil shattered co'n; he dipp'd in his head tu git hit, an' I slipp'd up an' jerked the handil over his ho'ns." This impromptu and relatively innocent act proves to be far-reaching and devastating. Pulling the bucket over Sock's head is merely the first in a seemingly irrevocable series of chain reactions that generate a chaos of chases, bellows, bee-stings, shattered glass and broken walls. Significantly, Sut's act is one of convenience rather than contrivance, and it is the first and only act in the chain of events over which a human has any control. In a story following up the wedding, Sut comments:

> Well, the vardick ove the neighborhood wer, that I wer the cause ove all the hole thing. Greater injestice wer never dun; fur all that I did in the worild, wer jist tu help ole Sock git a few grains ove shatter'd co'n, by liftin the baskit over his ho'ns; an' when I did hit, the fuss warn't begun at all. Arter'ards, I did nuffin but stan clear ove danger, an' watch things happen.

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It is almost as if the system that Sut encounters is in such a delicate balance that the slightest jostling initiates an inexorable process of disintegration. The suggestion seems to be that in Sut's world, at least, the ultimate consequence of any initial act is unknowable—chaos lies so near the surface. Who would think, for example, that Sut's impulsive act would culminate in keeping Sicily and her new husband from sleeping together "fur ni ontu a week"? Even in his wildest dreams Sut could not have designed a plan more commensurate with his secret wishes than this.

Since Harris's stories are recounted in dialect, the reader is clearly aware of their oral qualities. Nevertheless, the humor lies principally in the *activity* of the stories. Sut's descriptions are vivid, to be sure, but they are not transforming descriptions. His language attempts to indicate, not remake, what has happened; his use of metaphor and analogy serve him the better to describe the action. In a detailed study of Harris's imagery, Milton Rickels has observed that "the first effect of [the] imagery is speed and intensity. The reader is whirled into the illusion of sheer delight in motion and wild action." Sut's stories—like the antics of the Marx brothers or Laurel and Hardy—must be visualized to be funny, for they present the activity of a system in disintegration.

The humor of entropy had its counterpart on radio in the 1930s and 1940s. Although the success of Fanny Brice's "Baby Snooks" and Red Skelton's "mean little kid" indicates that entropic humor was not precluded by the medium of radio, most of the radio humor was different. There was the clever wit of Fred Allen, the folksy talk of Lum and Abner, and the funny sounds and mispronounciations of Baron Munchausen. But, above and beyond these, there was another kind of humor, one that was built upon an American tradition perhaps even older and more highly developed than the tradition behind entropic humor. Whereas Sut's and Groucho's humor is visual and basically active, this humor relies primarily on language. It speaks to the American characteristic of transforming reality through creative and inventive talk. Richard Poirier and Tony Tanner, in their studies of American literature, have addressed the serious writers' efforts along this line—efforts, that is, to create by means of language

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"worlds elsewhere." The transformational humorist usually develops a speaking persona who attempts to disguise his (the persona's) nature or to fantasize away his actual lot in life. The humor arises naturally from the discrepancy between his actual condition and his transformed version of it—between, that is, the persona as the audience sees him and as he represents himself in language. Jack Benny's radio persona, for example, transparently tried to hide his stinginess; he spoke of himself as a brilliant violinist, and yet he played atrociously; and he maintained firmly that he was thirty-nine years old—year after year. Through an exaggerated recounting of some past event, Fibber McGee frequently attempted to make himself out to be a person of consequence, of some effect, in his "Wistful Vista" neighborhood. Trying to make himself appear clever and witty, McGee was often merely corny, as Molly's "t'ain't funny, McGee" warmly reminded him. Significantly, Benny and McGee attempted to break down no systems; indeed, they manufactured their own. They constructed fantasies through talk which their very talk betrayed. Radio was therefore well suited to these transforming personae, including Benny and McGee, as well as The Great Gildersleeve, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Andy and the Kingfish, Jane Sherwood and Charlie McCarthy.

It should not be supposed that the medium of radio prevented the transformational humorist from encouraging his audience to visualize his dilemma. Just as entropic humor could be augmented by clever language, transformational humor could be augmented by the audience's visualizing imagination. When Jack Benny was accosted by a thief who demanded, "Your money or your life," Benny's subsequent pause invited the radio audience to picture the stingy Benny's predicament. When he finally capped the silence with "I'm thinking! I'm thinking!" Benny's voice most likely confirmed the listener's speculation. A visual imagination, however, was not so essential for responding to Benny's humor as it was for, say, Baby Snooks's humor, wherein one needed to imagine specific scenes of breaking vases, chases around sofas and other entropic activities. The subordinate relationship of picture to talk in the humor of transformation is well illustrated by the achievement of perhaps the outstanding transforming persona of the

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twentieth century—W. C. Fields. The hat and gloves he wears in a poker game in a western saloon in *My Little Chickadee* give a visual correlative of his more fundamental verbal behavior. By substituting the mellifluous "Godfrey Daniel" for "godammit," Fields reveals his penchant for prettifying his world, the same characteristic that dictates his wearing gloves, top hat and braces in the saloon. The picture strengthens and extends to a visual level the transformation that Fields usually accomplishes through language. Fields was eminently successful in both film and radio, but his humor virtually required sound. It was in the "talkies," not the silent movies, that Fields scored his greatest successes.

As Sheriff Cuthbert J. Twillie, in *My Little Chickadee,* Fields at one point faces a hostile mob ready to lynch him. In accordance with filmic tradition, Twillie is asked if he has any final requests. "Yes," the sheriff pronounces, oblivious to his predicament, "I'd like to see Paris before I die." Then, as the snarls of the mob increase and the noose is set around his neck, the sheriff raises his hand and says, "Vote for Cuthbert J. Twillie!" Cuthbert J. Twillie, in a world all his own, is politician to the very end. He does not hang, of course; but neither does the system collapse. He is saved, innocence and fantasy intact, by a masked bandit, *deus ex machina.* Blind to the nature of his actual situation because of his grand fantasy, Twillie occupies another, a larger and more grandiose, world. "My little chickadee"—that's what he calls the brazen and libidinous Mae West, who is neither his, little, nor by any stretch of the ordinary imagination a chickadee. Condemned to walk the earth with names like Cuthbert Twillie or Larson E. Whipsnade (mispronounced as "Larceny Whipsnake"), it is perhaps hardly surprising that the Fields persona is eager to remake, if only in his own mind, the conditions of his life. It's a better world the Fields persona lives in, a world made by language—and he loves language. With his gift for transforming, who can blame him? He is a rhapsodic storyteller. While lining up a three-cushion bank shot, addressing a golf ball, or drying a whiskey glass, the Fields persona drifts off into story. If he seems to pause to rechalk his cue, to reexamine the golf ball, or to buff a spot off the glass, very likely he is actually pausing so as not to hurry through the verbal construct

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he is bringing into being. He savors his fantasies. "Did I ever tell you of the time me and Shorty here was tending bar in the Bowery?" One can still hear the nasal drawl, the strung-out and slowly paced words as Fields catches up pieces of fancy and fact and weaves them into a new reality. Language is his natural medium.

The humor of transformation was exceptionally popular and richly developed in the nineteenth century. It appeared in its most primitive form perhaps as the splendid boast of the boatman or backwoodsman and as the tall tale recounted at campfire. The humor of these forms usually stemmed from the inventiveness and vividness of the hyperboles employed. One such exaggerator is T.B. Thorpe's Jim Doggett. Asked to tell his fellow riverboat passengers about bear hunting, Doggett—the self-proclaimed "big bar of Arkansas"—admits that "it is told in two sentences—a bar is started, and he is killed. The thing is somewhat monotonous now. . . ." When pressed for a "description of a particular hunt," Doggett responds by saying, "Yes, I have it! I will give you *an idea* of a hunt. . . ." Doggett's ensuing narrative therefore has basically an expressive function. He tries to articulate a sense, an "idea," of life in the lush backcountry of Arkansas. To describe the natural opulence and solitary existence, which must have been alternately monotonous and exhilarating, may well defy ordinary descriptive language. In order to suggest truthfully some of the qualities of fear, pride and loneliness that lay near to the surface of his existence, Doggett needs to transform the routine of his life by means of vivid and hyperbolic language.

Transformational humor was not restricted to backwoods bravado; indeed, this humor was artistically cultivated by such writers as A. B. Longstreet, Joseph Baldwin and Mark Twain. "The Dance" illustrates the relatively innocent humor that Longstreet elicits from a transforming persona. This story is described as "a personal experience of the author," even though the narrating persona is called "Abram Baldwin," and not Augustus Baldwin Longstreet. While attending a country dance, the middle-aged Abram Baldwin is moved to recollect his adolescence, specifically his first romance with Polly Jackson. As the dance progresses he begins to see in the young dancers before him various character-

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istics of his own friends from his youth: "Jim Johnson kept up the double shuffle from the beginning to the end of the reel: and here was Jim over again in Sammy Tant." The more the narrator sees of Polly Gibson, the more certain he is that she is the Polly Jackson of his youth. And so he discovers her to be. Before he confronts her with the happy news of his own identity, he reminisces: "I thought of the sad history of many of her companions and mine. . . . I compared my after life with the cloudless days of my attachment to Polly." Abram Baldwin recalls further that he had abandoned this state of youthful bliss "in pursuit of those imaginary joys which seemed to encircle the seat of fame." His joy warmed by memory, he approaches Polly and asks her to dance, hinting broadly that she "surely will dance with an old friend and sweetheart." Her puzzled response provokes his affectionate jest, "Have you forgot your old sweetheart, Abram Baldwin?" She has indeed. What is worse, she *does* remember others from their mutual past—Jim Johnson, Bill Martin, Becky Lewis. The story ends with the narrator having returned to his city life. There he receives a note from Polly's husband, who writes somewhat apologetically, "Since you left here, Polly has been thinking about old times, and she says, to save her life, she can't recollect you." Faced with Polly's version of their mutual past, which her memory has apparently severely edited, the narrator is forced to recognize that he has also transformed the past, endowing it with a special texture and preciousness. Another author might have employed a narrator bitter with disillusionment, but not Longstreet. The warm tone throughout the story precludes any sense of bitterness. The narrator, for example, does not assign to Polly any blame for forgetting him; moreover, the methodical construction of his story suggests that the narrator is well aware that he is retelling a joke on himself. In effect, the narrator has suffered a poignant embarrassment, and he willingly shares it with the reader. Although he remains in the end somewhat bewildered, uncertain as to what his true relationship with Polly Jackson had been those many years ago, he has forgiven himself for distorting the past and for thereby making himself vulnerable to embarrassment. He has recognized and accepted his innocent transformation with humor.

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Longstreet's narrator is in a situation similar to the narrator in Washington Irving's story "The Stout Gentleman." Destined to spend some time in a gloomy and uninteresting country inn, Irving's narrator unwittingly generates an intriguing story to occupy himself. Overhearing several references to a "stout gentleman" who occupies an upstairs room in the inn, the narrator begins to imagine what the stout gentleman must be like. Circumstances encourage the narrator to envision him as unyieldingly aristocratic and openly lascivious (both characteristics may well be projections of the narrator's own latent nature). In the end, as the stout gentleman boards a carriage, the narrator gets only a glimpse of the man's expansive posterior. In essence the story involves the narrator's abilities to turn the tedium of the inn into a mildly exciting and speculative adventure. Like Longstreet's narrating persona, Irving's is given naturally to transforming aspects of his experience into events and relationships that are considerably more enjoyable and stimulating. Longstreet's narrator, however, is forced to face and acknowledge his alteration of the past, whereas the broad breeches of the stout gentleman do not necessarily compel Irving's narrator to abandon or repudiate his imaginary construct. Both authors suggest with fundamental compassion that such acts of transformation are innately and spontaneously natural to man.

This type of humor reached a new stage of development in the work of Joseph Baldwin, a well-known lawyer-politician in Mississippi and Alabama during and after the "flush times" of the late 1830s. It became the humor of the magnificent liar. Baldwin's Ovid Bolus, Esq., was a "natural liar," who did not lie from commercial interest, from a personal vanity, from ignorance, or from temptation. Far above such mundane concerns, Ovid Bolus apparently lied for the same inexplicable reason artists create their art. He "lied with a relish: he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative." That is to say, Bolus lied consciously and with care: "The truth was too small for him." To be sure, Bolus used his natural skills on occasion to earn a living and to nurture his own ego, as might anyone, poet or plumber. But his affection for transformation had its selfless side as well:

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"There was something sublime in the idea—this elevating the spirit of man to its true and primeval dominion over things of sense and grosser matter." By enveloping the things of matter in language, particularly in *his* language, Bolus achieved a control over them; he restored man to his rightful role as controller of the materiality of the world. His use of language, like that of W. C. Fields, altered the very nature of his existence. But in the end Bolus's language could not save him from the wrath of his fellowmen whom he had duped. If Fields's Twillie is rescued by a masked bandit at the last minute, Baldwin's Bolus is not; he is driven into exile—run out of town, to state it in its untransformed form. His genius, however, is not the less for his exile.

As the careers of Ovid Bolus and Cuthbert Twillie illustrate, the magnificent liar. Huck Finn, whose detestation of the King and their fellowmen. They can dream and transform all they want, it seems, when it comes to inanimate nature. They can regard themselves as refined gentlemen with souls as spotless and genteel as the white gloves they wear. But when a fellowman points out "realistically" that the gloves are frayed and ludicrously out of place, the liar's transformation is directly challenged. Either his dream or he himself must go—if, that is, the "realist's" view is to obtain. The liar can fool some of the people some of the time, perhaps, but when enough of them object and carry him off to the gallows or demand their money back, well, it is time for facing reality. The humor of the situation often lies in the confrontation of the dreamer and his lie with the nondreamer and his facts. But tragedy also lies nearby, ever threatening to injure, if not destroy, the magnificent liar. Huck Finn, whose detestation of the King and the Duke borders at times on downright contempt, is moved to sorrow when he sees the two exemplary liars tarred and feathered by an outraged mob. It would seem that the safest transformation —the one most purely humorous and least potentially tragic—is achieved by the hermit, in private and away from the exposure and ridicule of his fellowman. When Bolus is run out of town, he does not flee to another society: "With a hermit's disgust at the degradation of the world, . . . he pitched his tabernacle amidst the smiling prairies that sleep in vernal beauty. . . . There let his

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mighty genius rest. It has earned repose. We leave Themistocles to his voluntary exile." Bolus, safely away, can dream on.

Mark Twain's imaginative liars are loners, if not hermits. As solitary figures they are allowed to keep their lies, and as lonely men they are perhaps moved further to cultivate and refine them. Jim Baker, for example, is "a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner who had lived in a lonely corner of California . . . and had studied the ways of his only neighbors, the beasts and the birds. . . ." As Baker drifts into his narrative of the blue jay, he reveals that "seven year ago the last man in this region but me, moved away." When Baker says—in regard to the jay's chatter and appearance of befuddlement as it flits about the hole in the roof—that he "never [saw] a bird take on so about a little thing," the reader may well be tempted to make the same observation with regard to Baker himself. Jim Baker seems as intrigued and mystified by the fascinating jay as the jay is by the apparently bottomless hole in the roof. They both are moved to expressive and vivid interpolation by the enigmas with which they are faced. In effect, both Baker and the jay are filling an emptiness—with language and acorns respectively. But the futility of the jay's efforts becomes clear when a fellow bluejay investigates and "the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home and he fell over backward suffocating with laughter. . . ." Baker, fortunately, has no one to point out the futility of his attempt to render his existence less empty and solitary. Baker succeeds in creating meaning, fellowship and delight where little, if any, had existed; and his language embodies, makes manifest, this new life. Meanwhile, over in Calaveras County, in another of Twain's tales, Simon Wheeler sits alone by a "bar-room stove of [a] dilapidated tavern in [a] decayed mining camp." Like Jim Baker, Wheeler transforms the nature of his existence through his imaginative and creative use of language. And, his linguistic re-creation rivals the most splendid things of the corporeal world. The celebrated jumping frog must surely have been a sight to behold. A most remarkable frog it was which, in response to Smiley's call of "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" would "spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratch-

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ing the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do." As remarkable as the frog's feats of skill, it might be said that Simon Wheeler's achievements outshine them. Wheeler's language, in this and virtually every other sentence, is little short of amazing. "*Snake* a fly off'n the counter," "solid as a *gob of mud,*" and the picture of the indifferent frog scratching his head—all show Wheeler's ability to treat experience, real or imagined, with a genius's touch. I, for one, would rather *hear* Simon Wheeler describe a frog "whirling through the air like a doughnut," than *see* the frog do it, impressive though the sight would be. Language does wonders for these men's experiences. So much does language improve even the most celebrated of events that it is hardly surprising that they are reluctant to ever stop talking. In fact, Twain's yarn spinners seldom stop of their own choosing. Just as Fields's Cuthbert J. Twillie is about to make a final speech as his noose tightens, Twain's Simon Wheeler is about to launch into a story about a "yaller one-eyed cow" with "jest a short stump like a bannanner" for a tail, when the narrator takes his leave.

Unlike the visual humor of entropy, transformational humor does not necessarily involve physical activity. When compared with Groucho, who can swing Tarzan-like from opera curtains or whisk shapely ladies across dance floors, W. C. Fields seems virtually inert. One gets the impression that excessive physical motion is repugnant to Fields, who never walks when he can ride—even if it means being dragged behind an Indian pony. Similarly, Jim Baker and Simon Wheeler, two other talkers, seem never to leave their rocking chairs. But not Sut and Groucho. Participating in the general entropy of things, they expend energy, disrupt equilibrium, and bring about the deterioration of nearly all proximate systems. In distinct contrast to the sense of frenzy and chaos generated by the Lovingoods and the Marxes, Fields and Clemens, in the guises of their respective transforming personae, seem to lean back and weave new and fantastic wholes with the colorful yarn of narrative.

American humor depicts dreamers and levelers, both of which the culture seems to cherish. The transformers have an overarch-

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ing vision, and all things and events are made to conform to or reinforce that vision. Bolus, Wheeler and Twillie are quasi artists, whose creative imaginations add dignity and coherence to their worlds and make their lives less vulgar and less lonely. It is a personal matter. The dream is made manifest, kept intact, and perpetuated by an individual's language; it is also exposed by the very language that gives it existence. To recognize and enjoy the creations of the fantasizing transformer requires a high level of sympathetic tolerance and an appreciation of linguistic feats of skill. To enjoy the humor generated by the levelers, those who set established systems into irreversible entropy, requires a different disposition, one which is unsympathetic to artificial or mechanical order. Entropic humor concerns social matters. The subject and object are distinct: it is Groucho Marx who exposes Margaret Dumont (as opposed to Cuthbert Twillie who exposes Cuthbert Twillie). Two forces are pictured in energetic contention, and the audience welcomes the contest, for it is given that the established, artificial system will decompose. Groucho and Sut are the American democratic warriors, fighting the "good" fight against established systems that undemocratically exclude them (and "us"). The entropist, that is, has action to perform, something to do—something for the audience to see; he has little to tell, other than, perhaps, to recount his battles. In contrast, the transformer has his dream, his magnificent lie, to make and relate in language. The one relies on being seen; the other, on being heard.

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The American Family in Past Time

JOHN DEMOS

TO STUDY THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY is to conduct a rescue mission into the dreamland of our national self-concept. No subject is more closely bound up with our sense of a difficult present—and our nostalgia for a happier past. How often, in reference to contemporary problems, does the diagnostic finger point in the direction of family life. Significantly, this emphasis comes from both the right and the left. Conservatives detect a loosening of the bonds of family, a poisonous infiltration of permissiveness. Time was, they contend, when domestic life established sound patterns of authority that served to guarantee an orderly society. On the other side, counterculture spokesmen decry a damaging trend toward rigid—and alienating—nuclear households. It is their aim to recapture the spirit, if not the exact forms, of an "extended-family" system allegedly typical of the premodern era. These perspectives differ greatly as to substance, but there is a common pejorative thrust. In both cases the story of the family through time is a story of decline and decay.

But the *reality* of family life in the past is something else again. To capture that reality is an extraordinarily difficult task. Source materials are scattered and fragmentary. The pertinent methodologies are highly complex. And, in truth, professional historians have only recently become concerned with such seemingly private and personal subjects. For precisely the same reasons, however, the field presents a fascinating challenge to scholars. Moreover, since there is such an overlay of myth and misconception here,

✪ JOHN DEMOS, professor of history at Brandeis University, has been a fellow at the Center for Psychosocial Studies in Chicago during this academic year. He is the author of various books and articles on the history of American family life. This essay will also appear in a volume to be published by Little, Brown and Company, tentatively entitled *Marriage,* and edited by Henry Grunebaum, M.D. and Jacob Christ, M.D.

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the outcome may have some sociological importance. If the family in contemporary America warrants special consideration—perhaps even a major overhaul—then this must be based insofar as possible on an accurate understanding of its previous history.

The first Americans were, of course, post-Elizabethan Englishmen and heirs of a traditional culture with roots far back in the medieval past. This culture was imported whole when they crossed the ocean to begin the settlement of a new world. Prominent among their mental baggage were deeply held beliefs and values about family life—its proper shape and substance, and its place in that larger scheme of things that has sometimes been characterized as the "great chain of being."

There was, to begin with, the unquestioned assumption of a tight link between the family and the community at large. The individual household was the basic unit of everyday living, the irreducible cell from which all human society was fashioned. It formed, indeed, the model for every larger structure of authority; as one seventeenth-century author declared, "a family is a little church, and a little commonwealth . . . a school, wherein the first principles and grounds of government and subjection are learned, whereby men are fitted to greater matters in church or commonwealth." Or—to reverse the metaphor—religious and political communities were only families writ large. The head of the family, normally the father, was also an agent of the state. In fact, the principle of fatherhood lay right at the heart of most political thinking in this period. The higher ranks of men—gentry, noblemen, bishops—were all pictured as fathers to those who fell within their various jurisdictions. The king was simply the grandest and most powerful of these patriarchal figures. Of course, the Puritans—prominent among the colonial settlers—came to exclude the king from their scheme of authority, but this was a substantive, not a structural, difference. Like all men of their time, they assumed the fusion of family and community in the preservation of order.

But what did this mean in detail? It meant, first of all, that a man was not free to do entirely as he pleased within his own

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family. The larger community—the state—felt concerned in all his behavior toward his wife and children, and acted accordingly. Thus, for example, a disobedient child was not only punished with a thrashing at the hands of his father; he was also liable to action by the courts. Or—another example—colonial magistrates might remove a child from the care of "unseemly" parents and place it in some other family. Or, again, a local court could order the reunion of a husband and wife who had decided to live apart. Occasionally, this obliged a man (or a woman) to leave the colonies altogether, in order to search for a long-lost spouse in England. In general, individuals who lived by themselves were regarded as potential sources of disorder, and court records are full of directives to such people to find families in which to locate themselves. In all these ways the state might interfere in the sphere of family life. The word "interfere" expresses, of course, our own view of the matter, and the point is that people in the seventeenth century felt quite differently. They regarded such activity as a natural and vital prerogative of the state.

This pattern seemed appropriate because the premodern family performed a wide range of practical functions—both for its own members and for society at large. The household was, for example, the primary unit of economic production and exchange. The vast majority of the American colonists were farmers, and, as in most agricultural communities, there was ample work for everyone, right down to the very young. These families possessed a kind of occupational cohesion not even approximated in our own day. Moreover, the family was also the chief agency of education in colonial America. Schools were limited both in their number and in the character of their facilities, and colleges were for the wealthy few. It was, therefore, from parents that most children learned what they knew of the three Rs. And it was parents (or parental surrogates) who transmitted the vocational skills that would be essential to adult life, whether in farming or (less often) in some one of the skilled trades. In this connection the apprenticeship system precisely epitomized the larger significance of family life.

The family also provided a variety of social services that are

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now the prerogatives of other institutions. It was the usual place of recourse for sick persons and the elderly. (Old people no longer able to care for themselves would sometimes move in with the family of a grown son, in exchange for a gift of money or land.) Orphans and the indigent were "placed," by local magistrates, in particular households. Even criminals were occasionally handled in this way—implying the effectiveness of the family both as an agency of restraint and as a setting for personal reform.

This range of activity and function, so different from that which obtains today, has encouraged the belief that the colonial family was different in its *composition* as well. Scholars have long thought that premodern society was organized into "extended households"—large kin-groups, including several conjugal pairs, and spanning three or four generations. A corollary assumption has connected our own "nuclear" pattern with the coming of the Industrial Revolution little more than a century ago. But recent demographic research has shown these notions to be quite unfounded. It is now clear that nuclear households have been the norm in America since the time of the first settlements, and in England for as far back as evidence survives. The fundamental unit, then as now, was husband, wife, and their natural children. Occasionally, to be sure, this group was modified through the temporary residence of an elderly grandparent (as mentioned above), or of an apprentice, or of some charge on the community; but such arrangements were of limited impact overall.

The most compelling evidence of this nuclear orientation relates to the process of marriage-making. It was the firm expectation of all concerned that a newly wed couple would establish their own separate *ménage*. The families of both bride and groom joined together to provide the necessary means, contributing land, housing, money and personal effects in amounts stipulated by formal "deeds of gift." Usually such agreements involved painstaking discussion—and often some rather tough bargaining. The fathers of the intended exercised a powerful hand here, by virtue of their control over property; but it should not be thought that these were arranged marriages in some total sense. Affection took precedence—in the literal sense of coming first in time—and

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practical considerations followed. Life in these communities presented regular opportunities for courtship, and some for sexual dalliance (witness the long sequence of "fornication" cases in the court records). In practice, the range of potential partners was limited by factors of geography and social class. Most colonial settlements were small (less than one hundred families), and there was little chance for courting between towns. Moreover, it was expected that a man and woman planning marriage would evince an overall equality of material—and spiritual—estate. But love must be present, to begin with, and would remain strong, it was hoped, as the couple waxed in years. The letters of John and Margaret Winthrop are a moving testimony to marital devotion ("I kiss my sweet wife, and think of thee long. Farewell, thy John"), and it seems reasonable to infer similar feelings among humbler folk who did not leave written records behind.

As in all societies, however, some marriages worked less well than others. In a few cases, a *very* few, the local courts might sanction divorce. The acceptable grounds were limited to desertion (for a period of no less than seven years), adultery and impotence. (The third of these grounds reflects the important assumption that marriage should provide sexual companionship and yield children.) Incompatibility was recognized as a significant problem—an occasion sometimes for outside intervention, but not for divorce. Legal records reveal a variety of domestic troubles in frequently pungent detail: a man punished for "abusing his wife by kicking her off from a stool into the fire"; a woman charged with "beating and reviling her husband, and egging her children to help her, bidding them knock him in the head, and wishing his victuals might choke him"; a couple "severely reproved for their most ungodly living in contention with the other." In all such cases the courts stood ready to declare their interest—and to exert their authority.

For the colonists, as for people everywhere, family life was influenced by profound beliefs as to differences of age and gender. Concerning women, the thinking of this period was clear enough: in virtually every important respect theirs was the weaker, the inferior, sex. Their position in marriage was distinctly subordinate,

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their chief duty being obedience to their husbands. Their mental and moral capacities were rated well below those of men. Governor Winthrop's journal records the sad tale of a lady who went insane "by giving herself largely to reading and writing"; in short, intellectual activities were simply unsuited to women's character. There is one other element in the colonial view of women that is hard to specify and even harder to analyze: an implicit, but unmistakable, undercurrent of suspicion and fear. Femininity was linked to deep and mysterious dangers—a special potentiality for evil and corruption. There was a sense that women were less than trustworthy. Thus one finds in legal and personal documents a comment like the following: "If you would believe a woman, believe me. . . ." Thus, too, witchcraft was attributed far more often to women than to men. (There are cultures where the reverse is true.) Still, one must not overemphasize these alleged sex-differences. Colonial women were never truly set apart. Women's lives and characters overlapped with men's at many points; a whole world of thought and feeling and practical circumstance was effectively shared. Their experience from day to day was too similar, their partnership too profound, to support the more radical forms of sex typing that would develop in a later era.

And what of the young in colonial America? There remain from the period various books and essays on the proper deportment of children, which convey some impression at least of what was expected. A central theme in these works—especially, but not exclusively, in the writings of the Puritans—is the need to impose strict discipline on the child virtually from the beginning of life. Here is the advice of the Reverend John Robinson, a leading preacher among the Pilgrims just prior to their departure for America: "Surely there is in all children . . . a stubborness and stoutness of mind arising from natural pride which must in the first place be broken and beaten down, that so the foundation of their education being laid in humility and tractableness, other virtues may in their time be built thereon." The key terms are "broken" and "beaten down." The child was regarded as coming into the world with an inherently corrupted and selfish nature, and this created *the* central problem for parents. Another urgent

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concern was the inculcation of religious principles—again, from an extremely early age. Cotton Mather's diary contains the following description of a conference with his four-year-old daughter:

> I took my little daughter Katy into my study and then I told my child I am to die shortly and she must, when I am dead, remember everything I now said unto her. I set before her the sinful condition of her nature, and charged her to pray in secret places every day that God for the sake of Jesus Christ would give her a new heart. I gave her to understand that when I am taken from her she must look to meet with more humbling afflictions than she does now [that] she has a tender father to care for her.

A tender father indeed! This passage startles us; the calculated appeal to fear affronts our sense of the needs and sensibilities of children. But there is a vital issue of context here. *Colonial society barely recognized childhood as we know and understand it today.* Consider, for example, the matter of dress: in virtually all seventeenth-century portraiture, children appear in the same sort of clothing that was normal for adults. In fact, this accords nicely with what we know of other aspects of the child's life. His work, much of his recreation, and his closest personal contacts were encompassed within the world of adults. From the age of six or seven he was set to a regular round of tasks about the house or farm (or, in the case of a craftsman's family, the shop or store). When the family went to church, or when they went visiting, he went along. In short, from his earliest years he was expected to be—or to try to be—a miniature adult.

This description has blurred somewhat the distinction between theory and practice, between norms and actual behavior, in the settlers' approach to family life. It is necessary, therefore, to consider more directly the ways in which their ideals and expectations were modified, and in some cases transformed, by various factors inherent in the American environment.

There was, first of all, the simple factor of space. Most of the colonists assumed that the proper way to live was in compact, little village-communities, such as their forebears in England had known for centuries. But in the New World, of course, the ecological

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context was wildly different. Out beyond the fringes of settlement there was land for the taking, seemingly limitless in extent and empty of "civilized" use or habitation. (Thus was the presence of Indians discounted.) For many people this presented an overpowering temptation—to move, and to live for and by oneself. Thus, by the early eighteenth century, the typical pattern of settlement was not a checkerboard of well-spaced villages, but rather a straggling, jumbled mosaic with houses strung out willy-nilly into the wilderness.

But the lure of empty land fragmented not only villages; families, too, were significantly affected. Movement away from the older centers of settlement was often accomplished in terms of successive generations. Young people, as they approached adulthood, began to consider the possibilities of settling new land near the frontier. The usual alternative was to accept a "portion" in their home village, that would come from their parents on the occasion of marriage, but often this portion was simply much *less* than what they could hope to gain for themselves elsewhere. And so they would leave. There is a passage in William Bradford's famous history of Plymouth that vividly lays bare this dimension of colonial experience. Bradford deplored the process whereby settlers moved steadily away from Plymouth to take up new lands elsewhere, leaving the original site "like an ancient mother grown old and forsaken of her children, though not in their affections, yet in regard of their bodily presence and personal helpfulness; her ancient members being most of them worn away by death, and she like a widow left only to trust in God." The metaphor is poignant enough in its own right, but it must have rung doubly true to many of Bradford's readers. For it was part of the New World experience that families should be continually divided, and that at least some elderly people should be left behind to fend for themselves after their children had moved on.

This altered balance between men and their environment would, in the long run, affect authority relations within the family. There are many scraps of evidence to suggest that the position of the young was measurably strengthened. If a child—an older child—felt unduly constrained by his family situation, he could

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simply leave. Better still, he could use the threat of leaving as leverage in struggles or quarrels that might arise with his parents. There was also the fact that younger persons were often the most flexible and resourceful in meeting the challenges of the new land. Here, indeed, is the start of a central theme in the lives of immigrant families through the whole course of American history: parental authority is progressively undermined as the child discovers that he is more *effective* in the new setting than his foreign-born father and mother.

It also seems evident that the American environment worked to improve significantly the status of women. This process is most easily traced with respect to a woman's legal standing; her right to hold property, for instance, was extended well beyond the traditional limits of the Old World. Moreover, by the eighteenth century many women were active in business and professional pursuits. They ran inns and taverns; they managed a wide variety of stores and shops; and, at least occasionally, they worked in careers like publishing, journalism and medicine. More broadly, they seem to have interacted easily and informally with men, in all sorts of everyday encounters. There are, in the records of colonial America, no grounds for inferring a pervasive system of deference based on sex.

And what accounts for this rise in woman's status? First, there was her sheer functional necessity, given the special circumstances of colonial life. Her area of responsibility included those basic domestic chores with which we are still familiar today, and much, much more. The average household was also a miniature factory—producing clothing, furniture, bedding, candles and other such accessories—and in all this the woman's role was central. There were some occasions when she joined the menfolk for work in the fields. Finally, it was very much to her advantage that she was relatively scarce. Recent studies suggest that men outnumbered women by a ratio of roughly three-to-two during most of the colonial period.

One more topic, highly germane to family life, deserves special mention here—namely, the prevalent attitudes and behavior in regard to sexuality. The traditional view is tediously familiar:

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Puritans were nothing if not "puritannical"; thus colonial culture was characterized by sexual repressiveness of an extreme kind, and the trend ever since has been slowly but steadily in the direction of greater freedom. But this picture is seriously misleading, for the reason (among others) that it obscures important changes even within the colonial period. It is true enough that the earliest settlers, especially in New England, maintained a firm moral code, which proscribed all sexual contacts outside of marriage. However, this code was directly violated by at least some individuals from the very start, and in the eighteenth century it was widely compromised. Gradually "fornication" ceased to be a crime that was taken into court; instead, legal dockets became filled with cases of "bastardy." In short, there was a growing tolerance for premarital sexual experience; the main problem was the disposition of those illegitimate children brought into the world as a result of this tolerance. There is other evidence bearing out the same trends. It is possible, for example, to obtain rates of bridal pregnancy by comparing the dates on which given couples were married with the dates of birth of their first children. (A "positive" case is recorded whenever the interval is eight months or less.) The results for colonial America are most interesting. Positive cases appear only rarely until the very end of the seventeenth century. In the early eighteenth century, however, the rate rises markedly. And by 1750 as many as one-third to one-half of the brides in some communities were going to the altar pregnant.

By the end of the eighteenth century it was clear that American family life had been considerably transformed. Some elements of the transformation have been sketched in the preceding pages: the break in the tight web of connections between the family and the larger community; the dispersion of the household group, with the young increasingly inclined to seek their fortune in a new setting; the improvement in the status of women; the erosion of parental authority; and a growing permissiveness in the area of sex. These changes were experienced by many people at the time as a kind of decline, and there is a nonpejorative sense, too, in which they represented a loosening of old commitments and

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standards. It is important to see the tendency whole, because the early nineteenth century marks a crucial transition point in the history of American family life—which, to some extent, entailed an effort to turn back the clock. This does not mean that the pattern of the settlement era was revived in any specific terms, but, broadly speaking, some of the trends discussed above were now reversed. Thus, for example, women's status began to decline again in certain respects; new attempts were made to subject children to stern discipline; and sexual mores swung back into a more restrictive mold. Above all, there developed a powerful movement to endow the family *as such* with new and deeper meaning.

The process was evident, first of all, in the growth after 1800 of a new literary genre, extolling the blessings of home and hearth in rapturous detail. Books of "domestic advice" fairly gushed from the presses, and their readership expanded dramatically. Trite and sentimental as they seem today, one can hardly doubt their salience for their own time. Their simple message, endlessly repeated, was the transcendent importance of family life as the fount of all the tender virtues in life. Love, kindliness, altruism, self-sacrifice, peace, harmony, good order: all reposed here behind the sacred portals of home. Here, and nowhere else—for it was widely agreed that the same virtues were severely threatened in the world at large. Indeed, if the home should give way, human life would be reduced to the level of the jungle. We should note well this assumed disjunction between home and the life of the individual family on the one hand, and the "outside world" on the other, for it was truly fundamental to many aspects of nineteenth-century culture. Hitherto perceived as complementary to one another, the two spheres were increasingly presented in the light of adversaries.

All this was related to a new, anxious and dichotomous view of the present quality and future prospects of American society. There was a mood of expansiveness abroad in the country, a sense of unlimited opportunities for individual enterprise, an impatience with institutions, a readiness to challenge all forms of traditional restraint. Americans of every sort believed that they were carrying out a uniquely wonderful experiment in human improvement, which would one day yield "perfectionist"—not to say, "millen-

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nial"—results. But there was also a darker side. Careful analysis of the popular culture of this period reveals deep undercurrents of fear, a sense that all meaningful bearings were slipping away.

Right here the family would play a pivotal role. The vision of worldly gain, the cultivation of the "go-ahead" spirit (a favorite period phrase), was enormously invigorating, to be sure; but it also raised a specter of chaos, of individual men devouring each other in the struggle for success. Somewhere, the old values—especially the *social* values—had to be safely enshrined. One needed some traditional moorings, some emblem of softness and selflessness to counter the intense thrust of personal striving that characterized the age. There had to be a place to come in out of the storm occasionally, a place that assured both repose and renewal. That place, lavishly affirmed from all sides, was Home.

Rooted at the center of Home stood the highly sentimentalized figure of Woman. It was she who represented and maintained the tender virtues. Men, of course, had to be out in the world, getting their hands dirty in all sorts of ways; indeed, it was precisely because of this that their women must remain free of contamination. The literature of the time shows a consistent preoccupation with the career of the well-meaning but sorely pressed male, deeply involved in the work of the world, yet holding ever before his eyes the saintly image of the lady in his life. It was she—to quote from a popular sermon—"who, like a guardian angel, watches over his interests, warns him against dangers, comforts him under trial; and by her pious, assiduous, and attractive deportment, constantly endeavors to render him more virtuous, more useful, more honourable, and more happy." Such a creature was "a pearl beyond price," a fit centerpiece in what has been called "the cult of True Womanhood."

This posture of admiration—almost of reverence—contrasts sharply with the imputations of deviousness and inconstancy found in most earlier assessments of women. But it would be quite erroneous to infer from such flattering rhetoric any genuine improvement in women's status. In fact, the nineteeth-century American woman, when compared to her grandmothers in colonial times, had given up a great deal. For example, women could no

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longer be permitted to work outside the home (except among the poorest classes where the issue was simple survival). Their position in life was defined in terms of a purity directly opposed to everything characteristic of the larger world. Thus the domestic hearth was both their altar, and, from another perspective, their prison. As one scholar has aptly written, nineteenth-century American woman was "a hostage to the old values held so dear and treated so lightly . . . the hostage in the home." And, like all hostages, she was not free to come and go as she pleased.

But there is more still. Even within the home her influence was sharply circumscribed. A husband's authority was supposed to be absolute in all major family decisions. By contrast, a wife's authority was exerted entirely by way of symbolism. Indeed, her great virtue was submissiveness and obedience to the will of her spouse, and her central role was that of comforter. (Here is a random sampling of titles of contemporary essays on the subject: "Woman, Man's Best Friend," "Woman, the Greatest Social Benefit," "Woman, a Being to Come Home To," "The Wife, Source of Comfort and Spring of Joy.") In all this one absolutely basic assumption seems clear: women would not live for themselves. Their function was to provide moral uplift for everyone else with whom they came in contact—chiefly their husbands and children. Meanwhile no one wished to consider what they might do on their own account and for their own reasons.

There was a single exception to the rule that women must not be active outside their homes. The churches of this era had launched a vast program of humanitarian reforms, and looked to their female membership for day-to-day support. Few people could object when women involved themselves in distributing Bibles or encouraging missionary work or planning orphanages and almshouses, for here was a plausible extension of their inherent moral role and influence. But problems arose when they crossed a critical boundary and began to participate in more patently political branches of reform.

It was one thing for women to go about their neighborhoods raising money to send clergymen to convert the heathen in India or Africa; it was quite another thing to have them making speeches

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before antislavery conventions. The latter was too much a public activity; it was verging on the "outside world" that could only sully a woman's purity. Yet for some women, the lines drawn between these various forms of humanitarian work did not seem altogether clear. And, for at least a few of them, there were disturbing parallels between the slavery of the Negro and the position of their own sex. It was no coincidence that the first important advocates for women's rights were closely associated with abolitionism.

In its beginnings organized feminism was very much a nineteenth-century phenomenon; and its end, of course, is not yet in sight. This complex and important movement cannot be described here, but certain of its general characteristics deserve at least brief notice. It was not, at first, primarily about the right to vote; it was much more centrally about the right of women to work outside the home. The early feminists despised all the adoring rhetoric on woman-in-the-home; they sought to expose this myth of domesticity for what it really was. But so entrenched was the pattern against which they fought that it was many years before they could make significant headway. Thus the initial phases of feminism are best seen not as a sign of improving status for women, but rather as a cry of protest against intolerable confinement. It is a striking symbol of all this that the so-called "bloomer" fashion was a matter of some importance in the eyes of the early feminists. Their attempt to free women from the literally suffocating network of stays, corsets and hoop skirts that formed the conventional dress of the time directly paralleled their attack on the figuratively suffocating environment of Home.

And yet the relation of feminism to the cult of true womanhood was not entirely antipodal. In fact, in some ways cultural stereotypes nourished the growth of the movement. The idea of feminine purity was distinctly two-edged; in the hands of conventional moralists, it helped to rationalize the confinement of women to a domestic role, but it could also serve an opposite purpose. If women were inherently more virtuous than men, should they not use their influence to purify politics, business, the world of public affairs? This question was resolved, for particular indi-

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viduals, on a variety of different grounds; much depended on one's view of politics, reform, religion and history. Here lay the origins of a dilemma that has pervaded the growth of feminism ever since. Are women to have equal status because they are similar to men (in all essential particulars), or because they are generically different (and in some ways superior)? Is their full participation in public life to be justified on the basis of a humanity shared with men, or of some sex-defined "specialness" (that might enable them to contribute to society in distinctive ways)? Many of the early feminists were logically tied to the former position, but emotionally inclined toward the latter. To this extent, one can regard them as True Women—dressed in bloomers.

The True Woman of the nineteenth century was only one-half of the most thoroughgoing system of sex-role differentiation ever seen in American history. It goes without saying that men, too, were typed to the point of caricature. As previously mentioned, they belonged preeminently to the world of affairs. And if this was their sphere, it called forth an appropriate character, which included strength, cunning, inventiveness, endurance—a whole range of traits henceforth defined as exclusively "masculine." The impact of these definitions on family life was truly profound. The man of the family now became the breadwinner in a special sense. Each day he went away to work; each night he returned. His place of work no longer bore any relation to his home environment. What he did at work was something of which other family members knew little or nothing. His position as husband and father was altered, if not compromised; he was now a more distant, less nurturant figure, but he had special authority, too, because he performed those mysterious activities that maintained the entire household.

Among their other attributes, American men of the nineteenth century were saddled with a heavy burden of libido. Sexual desire was regarded as an exclusively male, and mostly unfortunate, phenomenon. Women, in their purity, were supposed to be passionless—not merely chaste, but literally devoid of sexual feelings. This complex of ideas was an invention of the age, with massive behavioral consequences.

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The whole subject of sex was enveloped in a pervasive hush, which remained virtually unbroken until our own century. Polite conversation was protected from "stain" by the use of well-chosen euphemisms: legs, for example, now became "limbs," and pregnancy itself was mentioned only as "a delicate condition." Clothing was designed to cover all parts of the body except the face and hands; and even statues in museums were discreetly draped if their sculptors had failed to provide for "decent attire." Women were examined by male doctors, indeed babies were delivered, behind sheets and blankets—which, by totally blocking vision, ensured virtue but impeded sound medicine. Coitus was sanctioned only within marriage, and only for the purpose of procreation; even then it was viewed as a necessary evil. (Marriage manuals advised that frequent "congress" might lead to poor health, and recommended once a month as a reasonable standard.) Masturbation became *the* phobia of the times; to practice this secret sin was to risk intemperance, insanity and death. Adolescent boys went to sleep strapped in elaborate devices intended to stifle even involuntary desire, and dozens of patent medicines offered a similar promise of "relief."

Still, there was general agreement that male sexuality was finally irrepressible. Although everywhere resisted by polite society, it would continue to flourish in a thousand dark corners. And so it did—witness the growth, in the middle of the nineteenth century, of a vast industry of prostitution. (Regrettable as this was, it preserved certain fundamental distinctions: men indulged their "lowest" instincts with women from the lowest social class.) For many women, of every status, the situation was more tortured still. Recent research on the history of gynecology has uncovered a demand, in an astonishing number of cases, for the surgical procedure of clitoridectomy. Evidently this was the last resort of women who, contrary to expectation, found themselves afflicted with "sensual" wishes.

Given all these conventions, it is hard to imagine that many married couples were gratified in their most intimate relations. But sex was merely an extreme case of a pattern that affected every sort of contact between men and women. When their appropriate

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spheres were so rigorously separated, when character itself appeared to be so gender-specific, what was the likelihood of meaningful communication? Gone was that sense of instinctive sharing, that implicit sexual symmetry, which had suffused the full range of experience in premodern society. Instead there was a new mode of partnership—formal, self-conscious, contrived. Men and women came together from opposite directions, as uncertain allies. Understandably, many of the alliances so formed did not survive. Divorce rates, which rose steadily after mid-century, barely hinted at the true dimensions of the problem. For every marriage that was ended in court, unrecorded others dissolved through tacit agreement between the parties themselves or through simple desertion of one by the other. It is worth noticing, in this connection, the development of the notorious "tramp" phenomenon. Demoralized and destitute wanderers, their numbers mounting into the hundreds of thousands, tramps can be fairly characterized as men who had run away from their wives. (They had, of course, run away from much else besides.) Their presence was mute testimony to the strains that tugged at the very core of American family life.

Many observers noted that the tramps had created a virtual society of their own, based on a principle of single-sex companionship. But in this they followed an important trend in the culture at large. The early decades of the nineteenth century witnessed an extraordinary proliferation of "voluntary associations"—clubs, lodges, unions, "circles" and the like. Men and women, even boys and girls, joined with groups of their peers for reasons that ran a wide gamut from frivolity, to self-improvement, to social reform. In a great many instances, membership was restricted to one sex or the other. The Elks, the Mothers' Association, the volunteer firemen, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, all shared this same characteristic: quite apart from their specific activities, they offered companionship with one's own (sexual) kind. Increasingly, such companionship seemed preferable to what could be found at home. The growth of these organizations was, then, another sign of a deficit in family life, and particularly in the relations of men and women.

Sex-role differentiation was paralleled by an increasing sensi-

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tivity to differences of age. And of all such differences those pertaining to childhood received the greatest attention. Now, for the first time in Western history, the child stood out as a creature inherently different from adults—someone with his own needs, talents and character. This did not, of course, happen all at once, but from a long view the change was unmistakable. Around 1800, for example, children began to appear in clothing that was distinctively their own. They were also spending more and more time at play among groups of their peers. Of similar import was the development, toward mid-century, of a system of Sunday schools. (Here was explicit recognition that the religious needs of the child were special and different, and that it was quite inappropriate to have him sit through regular church services with his parents.)

But perhaps the most telling evidence of this trend was the astonishing growth, and distinctive content, of popular literature on child rearing. To be sure, there had always been some books of this type in circulation, but they were mostly imports from England or France, and were decidedly casual in tone. Their chief concern was manners—how children should behave in a variety of social situations. The nineteenth-century literature, by contrast, dealt with the development of the child's character in a much deeper sense. Moreover, it was an exclusively native production; foreign models no longer seemed appropriate to the American scene. In part, this expressed a new spirit of truculent nationalism, but it was something else as well. For one feels in these works a note of extreme urgency—a reflection, presumably, of the fright and puzzlement of many parents faced with the task of raising children in the brave new world of nineteenth-century America.

What was it that gave to childhood both a more distinctive and a more worrisome aspect than for several generations before? There was, first of all, the factor of massive social and economic change. The nineteenth century spanned the transition from an agrarian, small-town social order to one that was characterized by large-scale industrialism and urbanization. But the view of the child that made him virtually a miniature adult was particularly appropriate—perhaps *only* appropriate—in an agrarian setting.

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On the farm he could, and did, take part in the work of the place from his earliest years; most likely, too, he would grow up to be a farmer himself. Thus it made sense to regard him as a scaled-down version of his father. Consider, by way of contrast, the position of a city-child in the mid-nineteenth century. His father works in an office or factory on the other side of town; the child himself knows hardly any of the details. He has no economic function in the household whatsoever. Moreover, his own future course—including his adult vocation—is shrouded in uncertainty. The diversified economy of the city opens up many possibilities, and there is no reason to assume that what he eventually does will bear any relation at all to what his father presently does. In short, circumstances seem to isolate the child in a profound way, and to create a gulf between the generations that had not been there before.

But there were other reasons, too, for the heightened concern with child rearing. The weakening of traditional institutions appeared to leave the individual family very much on its own. If people failed in their duty as parents, there would be no one else to do the job for them. Everything depends on the child's home environment: this was the message of all the authorities on the subject. Yet on so much else these authorities spoke with a divided voice. What, for example, should be the long-range goals of child rearing? What type of character would a model home foster? Certainly there was much concern with the development of qualities like independence and resourcefulness—a readiness to assert one's own claims and interests. Because America had become an egalitarian society, open to talent, the child should be encouraged in a certain style of expressiveness, which would help him to realize his inner potentialities. It was this that led foreign visitors to regard nineteenth-century American families as unduly child-centered. There was, however, another side. The same writers on child rearing gave great emphasis to the values of order, discipline, control. Children must be hedged about with moral precept from an early age, and must learn implicit obedience to legitimate authority. Thus, and only thus, would they develop the "sound conscience" and "steadfast principles" so necessary to ensure a straight course in the face of all the pitfalls they would

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encounter in later life. These two main criteria of development—expressiveness and control—were logically at odds with one another, and attempts to apply them simultaneously were bound to end in confusion.

This was, moreover, a time of widespread reassessment of the moral standing of children. To some extent old notions of infant depravity were revived, and parents were once again urged to concentrate on "breaking the will" of the very young. But such views never regained overall dominance, and by the middle of the century various countertrends were plainly in evidence. At one extreme was a new and highly idealized picture of childish innocence and inborn purity—as with Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But while many people would have recognized Little Eva as at least a symbolic possibility, their expectations for their own offspring were considerably more modest. Increasingly, the child was viewed as a *neutral* quantity—with potentialities for either good or evil.

If there was one outcome toward which all of the above trends seemed to point, it was a deep intensification of the parent-child bond—or, to be more precise, of the mother-child bond. The careful rearing of children was, after all, the most important activity of the True Woman. From virtuous homes came preachers, philanthropists, presidents ("All that I am I owe to my angel mother"—a favorite period cliché); from disorderly ones came thieves and drunkards. There was no doubting either the impressionable nature of the young or the decisive impact of the domestic environment. Yet if children were so deeply subject to the influence of their parents, there was also an opposite effect. A familiar character in novels from the period was the "errant" or "ungrateful" child. Although raised by solicitous parents in a morally scrupulous home, he yielded in later life to worldly temptation, and filled his days with crime and debauchery. When reports of his conduct filtered back, his parents were stricken with grief, and one (or both) took ill and died. This plot-line lays bare an innermost nerve of family life in nineteenth-century America. Father, mother and children were locked in a circle of mutual responsibility, and the stakes were literally life-and-death.

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Anxiety reached a peak at the moment when a child left home to make his way in the outside world. Here was a test both of his personal integrity and of the family in which he had grown up. Most young men took this momentous step in their late teens or early twenties; for women of about the same age there was a comparable shift—into marriage. Increasingly, as time passed, these events were joined to significant psychological changes, involving nothing less than the shape of the developmental process. Indeed, one can ascribe to this period the addition of a generically new stage of development between childhood and maturity—the stage known ever since as "adolescence." Before the nineteenth century adolescence was not recognized, and, from all indications, was rarely experienced in the forms so familiar today. By 1850 shrewd observers detected new patterns of behavior, and "special problems," among some of the nation's youth; by 1900 these were so widespread as to command an organized social response. (It was then, incidentally, that the term "adolescence" entered into common discourse.)

The sources of this change were variable and complex, but much depended on the widening gap between the generations. When childhood and adulthood had been defined in such sharply different ways, it was harder to move from one to the other. Growth itself came to seem disjunctive and problematic—no longer a smooth ascent gradually accomplished, but a jolting succession of leaps and bumps. Adolescent behavior expressed the reluctance and doubt of young people about to undertake that last and longest leap of all, into adult life and responsibility. From a psychological standpoint, the critical issue was (and remains) "identity." Always, in premodern society, youth had received an adult identity in the natural course of things. The decisive change, in more recent times, has been the presence of so many alternatives—of career, of life-style, of moral and philosophical belief. In ever-growing numbers young people have faced demanding choices, which greatly complicate the preadult years. Thus, as one recent scholar has written, adolescence is "like a waiting period . . . a temporary stopover in which one can muster strength for the next harrowing stage of the trip."

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It was the plan of this essay to carry the story of American family life forward to about the year 1900. There is no space here to deal with our own century, and perhaps that is better left to other branches of social science anyway. Obviously we have witnessed striking changes even within the last two or three decades: the renewed activity of the women's movement and the so-called sexual revolution come readily to mind. At the same time there are profound continuities. Much of what we expect from family life bears the stamp of an earlier time—repose, comfort, a place of refuge from the rigors of the wider social environment. But all this is beyond the scope of the present inquiry.

So, too, are many earlier events and trends that, while highly interesting in themselves, lie outside the historical middle. From the early nineteenth century onward immigrants have flowed in a vast tide to America from all parts of Europe. Differing widely in language, religion and custom, these groups have also presented special variants of family life. (Thus, for example, immigrant families have tended toward more frequent extension than native American ones.) Blacks have played an equally significant role. Black families have, of course, been subject to the most extraordinary pressures—first, of slavery; later, of massive social prejudice and exploitation. (Recent studies have uncovered evidence of great resiliency in the response to these pressures, far more than the fashionable myth of black matriarchy would suggest.) Still another area of special interest is the long and variegated history of utopian communities. Most of these have proposed radical alterations in family structure, ranging from the celibacy of the Shakers, to the polygamy of the early Mormons, to the "complex marriage" of the Oneida Community. (Americans have long believed that the preservation of social order depends on "sound" family life; the utopians simply stood this idea on its head.)

Immigrants, blacks, reformers: here are major sources of the diversity that has attended American life for the past two centuries. Yet there is, after all, a powerful mainstream tradition. The chief minority groups have themselves acknowledged as much, by gradually approximating the cultural norm with the passage of succeeding generations. The alternative models of the utopians have

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been either forcibly suppressed by governmental fiat (for example, the Mormons) or fatally weakened by attrition (for example, the Shakers). Thus a scholar may still claim to speak of "American family life" in general, as if such a thing has actually existed!

The same type of intellectual license is needed to underwrite a set of conclusions about the meaning of the past for the current and future course of the American family. History never provides clear-cut "lessons," except for those who must have them at any price (including truth); but it does lay down the boundaries within which events are likely to develop. Perhaps this is particularly true in the present case, since the family is such a deeply conservative institution—so slow to change, so powerfully interwoven in our personal and collective roots.

First, and definitely foremost: there is no golden age of the family gleaming at us from far back in the historical past. And there is no good reason to construe recent trends in terms of decline and decay. To every point alleged as an adverse reflection on modern family life, one can offer a direct rejoinder. Consider, for example, the matter of divorce. We all know that the rate of legal divorce has been rising enormously in recent years. (In fact, the trend is more than one hundred years old.) But what does this tell us about marital failure? In earlier times countless marriages were ended by simple, and legally unrecognized, desertion. Hence the figures in question are partly an artifact of legal history—a more general access to the courts, and so forth. Even without this effect, troublesome problems of interpretation would remain. Perhaps we seek more from marriage than did our forebears—more intimacy, more openness, more deep-down emotional support.

But surely these comparative judgments, which purport to make one period better than another, are beside the point anyway. Far more important is the effort to understand how family life relates to larger historical processes. For the family continually interacts with other cultural institutions and, more especially, with the variable circumstances of its membership. There is a sense in which every historical era gets the family system it needs and deserves. Thus, in colonial America, the norm was a stable

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"peasant" household, gradually evolving toward looser internal forms to permit full exploitation of a novel environment. Thus, too, the nineteenth-century family experienced a wrenching transformation under the multiple impact of industrialization, urban growth, egalitarian ideology and demographic change. It is hard, in fact, to avoid seeing the nineteenth century as a time of troubles —not to say tragedy—in the history of the family. Sex-role typing, the generation gap, a guilt-laden sense of domestic responsibility, tortured attitudes toward sexuality—the total situation was hardly a benevolent one. And yet we should remember that massive social change always exacts a high price in human suffering. The period from about 1820 to 1920 encompassed a veritable revolution in American life and culture, and the pressures on the family were necessarily extreme. Surely the vast majority of people who experienced all this found something immensely valuable in their domestic life. Perhaps, indeed, it was Home that kept the toll of misery from rising far higher. Who can say that any alternative pattern would have worked better?

But this, in turn, raises further questions. Is the notion of "alternatives" meaningful in any sense? Is the family amenable to planned social intervention? In short, can we hope to influence the shape of our domestic life—let alone to change it? Surely, in individual cases, the answer may be affirmative; but what about larger schemes, for redesigning the family *system*? On this, history enters a caution. As noted previously, Americans have always assigned a primary causal role to family life: good homes will create a good society (or—from the standpoint of reform—change the family, and you will change everything else). To be sure, there is a certain logical plausibility here. But, in practice, it is much easier to trace those processes that move the other way—that is, *from* the society at large, *to* the family in particular. On the checkerboard of social institutions, the family seems to display a markedly reactive character. Time and again, it receives influences from without, rebuffs them, modifies them, adapts to them. There are dynamic and reciprocal aspects in all this; but even so the openings presented to human agents, bent on "social engineering," are extremely small.

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Can we, then, realistically expect a widespread trend toward extended families, as advocated by some critics of contemporary society? Impossible! For nothing has been more durable in the long history of Western family life than its nuclear character. Will we see a new era of restrictive child-rearing, in protest against cultural permissiveness? Most unlikely, for developmental norms depend on much else besides household structure. Careful study of these and related points may suggest the limits within which the family is likely to develop. For the most part, they are modest limits—some will say, confining ones. But this need not be received as a counsel of despair. For if the current patterns of family life are the only ones we have, they are nonetheless variable enough and flexible enough to yield many different outcomes in immediate human terms. *The* family, considered as a species, is molded by history and thus lies beyond our power to control. Not so those *particular* families to which we personally belong. The past lives in us always; but what we make of it, individually, is up to ourselves.

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Three Public Performances: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Mailer

ROBERT F. LUCID

AN ESSAY ON A LARGE SUBJECT bears about the same relationship to a fully developed study as a carefully selected bunch of grapes bears to a bottle of wine, and it would be satisfying to offer a whole book on the subject of how F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and Norman Mailer were transformed into versions of American heroes. The full-scale treatment is in active preparation and, with luck, will yet emerge, but for now the grapes will have to satisfy by providing us with at least a sketch of how each of these three literary artists was given public existence by the cultural imagination.

There will be no attempt here to demonstrate what has been taken to be axiomatic: that in fact a culture does create its own heroes, conferring on them at least the status of celebrity, sometimes the more lasting identity of legend, and, much less often, the permanence of myth. The mass media, of course, deserve attention for the role they play in creating public figures, but it still remains true that the basic visionary activity of the cultural imagination is comparable to the process by which an individual creates his own dreams. Indeed, it has been taken to be close to axiomatic that the media serve the public imagination as much as they shape it, and we got, so the present argument would go, the figures of Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Mailer that we did get, because those were pretty close to the figures we wanted.

What do we want in such figures? It seems fair to suggest that we want something in an artist-hero that we don't get, or at least don't get enough of, in our other kinds of heroes. The American pantheon is full of institutional heroes, presences who help us

✪ ROBERT F. LUCID teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania, has edited *Norman Mailer, the Man and His Work* and *The Long Patrol*, and is writing a book about the American writer as fantasy figure.

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to imagine a certain kind of achievement: through them we can imagine how possible it is to swim successfully in that huge institutional tank in which we are all immersed. To sink into obliteration is the classic danger the individual faces in the institution, and his imagination of course seeks out and fixes upon, if it does not indeed create, heroes who seem to have survived the danger—who have derived their stature precisely through their ability to dominate the institution. In politics the archetype is Lincoln, and the image features him in command of the ship of state, a ship in which most men toil below decks, mortally in doubt as to whether the ship is their vehicle or their tomb. To dream that a Lincoln, or an FDR or, for that matter, a JFK is at the helm is redemptive for those masses of us who need to be reassured that it is men who command the ship, and not the other way around. Redemptive in the same way are our dreams of military command, economic and industrial mastery, great men in the labor movement, the church or, indeed, the educational institution; but the heroes of these dreams take their heroism from their ability to deal with the institution. Another dream is of the hero as he exists dramatically outside the collective realm of institutionality.

The champion athlete, with all due respect to the morality of team effort, is not honored for his teamwork but for his ability utterly to transcend any need for help from anybody or anything. Babe Ruth, Dizzy Dean, Red Grange and Joe Namath are celebrities or legends or myths for the same reason that John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey and Muhammad Ali are: they do the great things that they do in splendid isolation. To derive strength from one's contact with institutions instead of being sapped by that contact is one great goal of the dreamer, but perhaps greater still is his goal of deriving strength from himself. Power generated from within, indifferent to institutionality, is what our athlete-heroes show us, in much the same way as it is shown by our great popular entertainers—one thinks of names like Bogart and Sinatra, Marilyn Monroe and Judy Garland. Obviously it is not necessary that these figures lead conventionally happy lives, and probably it could be argued that one necessary component in the official biography of such culture heroes is that they must, in some way, eventually be brought low, but, winning or losing, they gratify

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a powerful fantasy in their audience. Showered as they always are by institutional rewards of wealth, luxury, fame and adulation, they prove that one need not serve the institution in order to be honored by it, that the inner realm truly does exist, and finally that its terrain, if lonely and strange, is also rich and creative.

If figures such as these help us to imagine independence from institutionality, the supreme individualist at the center of such dreams must necessarily be the artist. Not only does he create in a maximally isolated realm, but what he creates remains, solid as any industrial product is solid, finer than the most delicate machinery is fine. Precisely for this reason, however, the envisioning of an artist-hero is more demanding for the audience, requiring that the imagination move from a response to the work of art to a contemplation of its creator. What is he like? Has his association with art made him stronger or weaker than the institutional man? How is he different? To explain why a particular athlete or entertainer arrests the public imagination, one examines the aura his personality exudes. To explain why a particular artist is sought after in the same way, one must first examine his work.

The work of Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Mailer, each in a different way, gives off the crucial quality. It is not the quality simply of formal excellence—although genuine excellence in the work is a prerequisite for the kind of hero-creation being discussed—but is rather an element of personal presence. Major artists like James and Faulkner and, say, Saul Bellow don't have it in their work—one way of putting it would be to say that their work is enough, and the reader feels no particular need to go past it and get to its creator. But the work of the artist-hero must have the quality that Salinger was talking about when he had Holden Caulfield say:

> What really knocks me out is a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it.

Fitzgerald's first book had that magic. In 1920 *This Side of Paradise* made members of at least two generations want to call

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the author up on the phone, and the magic never faded from the series of increasingly more sophisticated and aesthetically realized fictions that followed it. He thought, as did most of his critics, that the spell was broken with the publication of *Tender Is the Night* in 1934—it seemed then that nobody wanted him or his book, and that the long love affair with his audience was ended. His bitter "crack-up" essays claimed to close the file. But the incredible revival of his work in the postwar years made it clear that *Tender Is the Night* not only had the power to draw the reader into seeking after its author, but that this power had developed massively in the years between 1920 and 1934. People who took up Fitzgerald's work in the 1950s were fascinated by the man behind the early books, but the creator of the later works all but obsessed them. In the early work, *Paradise* and *The Beautiful and Damned,* what beckoned seemed to be a kind of delightful autobiographical acrostic, a suggestion that meeting the author would be an experience—rather like the reading of the books themselves—which would be impressively amusing. But as the work matured, so the implicit authorial presence deepened and was transformed. To the gorgeous imaginative possibilities of the early work was linked, even by 1925 and *The Great Gatsby,* a vision of the shattered ends to which those possibilities would come. To search the works for the hidden invitation would be like decoding a message, and surely the message would need to contain a promise. Search for me carefully enough, the promise would go, find me and fix your imagination upon me, and you will have discovered a thing commensurate with your need for wonder.

In the case of Fitzgerald our need to wonder has terribly to do with our need to be strong enough to survive the experience of personal failure. To hazard the world within is to enter a territory where one may fail, may finally exhaust the resources that allowed one to make the journey without discovering in the inner world new sources of power. The fiction hinted that Fitzgerald could claim the strength that came with such experience. Stories like "Crazy Sunday," and "Babylon Revisited," *Tender Is the Night* and the unfinished *The Last Tycoon* invite a rendezvous with a creator who, in some undestroyed and even nutri-

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tive way, is a specialist in defeat. Who would question our need for a hero capable of helping us to imagine such redemption? So armed we might find nerve to hazard our own inner journey. Small wonder that the culture crowded past his books into his presence, anxious to see if in his person he could fulfill the promise those books had offered.

If Fitzgerald's work hinted that he could give us a personal demonstration of how to fail, Hemingway's implied the opposite, and from the start his readers sought him out to learn the secret of how to win. You could hear it in the tone of his first widely read fiction, *The Sun Also Rises:* the reader was begrudged entrance into the novel at all, was made aware that there was a secret to the special knowledge of the narrator-hero, Jake Barnes, a secret that the reader would have to wait for, as a pupil waits for pedagogic instruction. The tone was *knowing,* but it was not the knowledge one sensed in Fitzgerald. Knowledge of failure, after all, is available to everyone, and those who have experienced it constitute the most unexclusive fraternity in the world. But knowledge of success, Hemingway's work implied, was not such common coin, and he who sought it could expect to undergo some prior instruction, as well as to experience some evaluatory testing. In the midst of the actions in his fiction, as Hemingway reluctantly unfolded them, there was a steady, if sometimes subliminal barrage of questions bombarding the reader. Do you know how to take an evening's walk in Paris? To order a drink? To eat a meal? To allude to such painful experience as might be undergone in war, or in love? Do you know how to behave in a hotel? Talk with a waiter or a bartender? Can you ski? Can you appreciate a bullfight? Can you *learn* to appreciate a bullfight?

Encountering these and a hundred more questions like them is the substrata of the experience of reading *The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, In Our Time, Men without Women, Winner Take Nothing* ("nothing," that is, but the knowledge of having won)—it goes on throughout the fictional canon. Quite properly, and one can say in a sense also quite by design, the reader is brought to answer with a question in return: What do you know that gives you such authority? Who are you?

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To ask in such a way is to initiate the process by which, eventually, a public artist is created. More proximately, however, such questioning on the part of the reader reveals his concern with the nature of the inward journey, his need for a figure through whom he can imagine that journey's successful completion. What might we dream the fruits of success to be? And what, just as crucially, might we dream the cost of such success to have been? Hemingway's work invited us to conclude that by seeking him out we might find our figure, illuminate our mystery, and seek him out we did. The rush toward the completed Fitzgerald, when he had changed from celebrity to legend, came late, as so often does the conclusion that it is defeat that we must live with and learn from. The surge toward Hemingway, however, as a possible model for a winner-hero, crested very early, giving off an air of youth and vigor and eager hopes for the confrontation. Neither artist nor public could know, and only hindsight could detect that in the dialogue that would emerge were the seeds of the longest and most shattering drama ever to be played out between an American artist and that insatiable culture which apotheosized him.

While the qualities of personal presence and invitation in the work of both Hemingway and Fitzgerald can hardly have been created accidentally, there is some question as to how fully conscious either artist was of the existence of these qualities. Especially at the start, it is probable that at least a measure of what they did in this respect was unconscious, and it is perfectly plain that neither of them had clearly thought through all of what was implied by the phenomenon of the public artist. Much of what they did they did instinctively, and their periodic expressions of bewilderment and dismay at the remarkable complexity of their public situations, particularly at the ferocious possessiveness of the public itself, were doubtless quite genuine. By contrast, when the invitation to personal confrontation appears in the work of Norman Mailer it appears relatively late, and is introduced there by the author with all of the cool deliberation of a master burglar cracking a safe.

When *The Naked and the Dead* appeared in 1948, it was greeted as a novel of impressive power, bringing Mailer close to

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instant fame in literary circles as well as considerable recognition in the country at large. But the book did not have the intrinsic effect of turning the reader's attention toward its author, no more so than had the work of Dos Passos, with whose *U.S.A.*, indeed, the huge war novel was frequently compared. When Mailer followed with *Barbary Shore* and then *The Deer Park,* there was a great controversy among fiction readers concerning the departure of these later novels from what had seemed to be promised by *The Naked and the Dead,* but Mailer himself was afforded no more attention than would be normal for a talented, disputatious young novelist. His fiction didn't make readers feel, as did Hemingway's and Fitzgerald's, that they *needed* to know him. It happens that in a last-minute rewrite of *The Deer Park* Mailer tried to change the narrator's voice, seeking, it could be argued, to superimpose upon the original work a dimension of personal invitation. If this was part of his design, however, it came too late, and it was only in his next book, published a full decade after his first, that the fully realized, three-dimensional authorial presence emerged, not so much inviting as demanding an intimate relationship with the reader: this was *Advertisements for Myself.*

The twofold scheme of the book was, first, to take the reader back over all of Mailer's earlier work, reilluminating it in the light of authorial presence, and, second, to marshal recent and current work in progress as evidence of his ability to write a great new underground novel. In the process Mailer's reader is offered a relationship of absolute vicarious identification: "I suspect," the novelist says, describing the various difficulties of his career, "that what has been true for me has been true for a great many of you." Over and over again he not only compares but identifies his isolated creative situation as an artist with the situation of the individual at large in the culture. Although the "advertisements" in the book are technically nonfiction, the effect they had upon many readers is described in one critic's description of Mailer reading from the book:

> He asked us to think of it as . . . a novel, the voice of a character in a novel, and of course there was hardly another way we could have thought of it.

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The simple enough result was to draw the reader past what seemed to be the fiction to encounter the fact of the author. In his subsequent fiction Mailer has created the element of personal invitation with no less deliberateness, if with slightly more conventional fictional techniques, and *An American Dream* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, not to speak of his shorter fiction, his poetry and his movies, simply cannot be experienced in detachment from the insistent personal presence of their creator. The particular identity that Mailer possesses in his authorial presence, however, differs strikingly from that of either Fitzgerald or Hemingway. He offers the archetype of neither winner nor loser—both writ so much larger than ordinary life—but offers rather the audacious mimic of such archetypes: an artful dodger who has scrutinized and learned the lessons of the Fitzgerald hero and the Hemingway hero and of the whole hero game and who, God help us all, wants to be one too. The presumption, the sheer brass of the move captures the imagination, and the reader moves to seek out Mailer the writer of such work to learn what brass and presumption have made of him. We seek him, that is, because besides needing to know how to lose and how to win, perhaps more than either of these classic and final conclusions, we need to know how to play the game. The lure of Mailer's work is that it tells us that he knows how, and that he will teach us if we ask him to.

It is hardly a coincidence that J. D. Salinger should have been the one to coin the image of a reader wanting to call a certain kind of writer up on the phone, for he was himself literally besieged by readers after publishing *The Catcher in the Rye*. Yet Salinger also demonstrates that when the phone rings the artist has the option of not answering, and he stands as the best recent example of the fact that the creation of a public writer is a cooperative enterprise. For it to work, the writer must respond to the suppliant reader, and the media critic, in one guise or another, must shuttle in between. But Salinger, described by one commentator as the Greta Garbo of American letters, has consistently refused to make himself available outside his fiction, and popular biographical interest in him has gradually dwindled away. It is of course the whole point that the three writers being considered

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here, unlike Salinger, were each quite prepared to receive the public's call.

What has already been said about the situation of Fitzgerald was a generalized comment, made while looking back from the vantage point of the 1970s, but the actual chronology of public reaction to the man and his work breaks into distinct stages, the first of which might well be termed his time of reckless youth. To trace it through and to follow the development of the succeeding stages is to observe the cultural imagination gainfully employed, actively in search of a figure who would, at least at first, serve both as a spokesman for and an example of the new emancipation. In 1920 *This Side of Paradise* produced a swarm of interviewers and editors, all begging Fitzgerald to confirm the brash promise of his book—to testify, that is, that he was in fact a man prepared to live his life reckless of the consequences of violating social and literary convention. It was as if he had launched a trial balloon when he answered that he was as reckless as any timid person in search of a hero could want. Of how many young newsmakers of the moment had the same questions been asked, and the same answers given? But the public believed Fitzgerald and chose him from among the many candidates for celebrity status, just as, at the same time, it was selecting from among a crowd of candidates the names that would be the first Hollywood stars—Pickford and Chaplin and Fairbanks and the rest. As celebrity Fitzgerald pontificated, in interviews and in his own essays, on the widest range of topics: sexual mores (the significance of petting), alcohol (the significance of prohibition), the generation gap (the significance of the flapper), politics (the significance of Warren Harding), the family (the significance of monogamy, birth control, divorce), financial management (the significance of the golden rule) and, to be sure, literature. From the start, he gave what was wanted: adopting a defiantly unconventional position, he assumed the identity of a handsome and successful young artist who, as it happened, had explored sexual pleasure, who drank as he pleased, who was married in such a way as to suggest that he was actually carrying on an illicit, euphemized affair, who spent his money lavishly, and, as a gesture of defiance at the literary establishment, was unashamed of his commercial success as a novelist. A kind of

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lore began to build up around him: newspapers, magazines and finally books chronicled Fitzgerald anecdotes; his own books were often reviewed with as much an eye to his personal life as to their content; and if the prevailing tone among the literary *cognoscenti* was one of amused tolerance, it was possible to detect in the voices of more popular commentators and critics a certain breathlessness. People who had never read his fiction believed that they knew who he was and what his life was like, which was the first major sign that the public imagination had gone to work on him seriously. He was a celebrity-hero.

The key thing to observe about his celebration in the 1920s was that his biography was being used as a blueprint for living in modern society. It was as if his presence constituted proof that precisely those institutional areas that most threatened the freedom of the individual were able to be transcended easily by the use of individual imagination. Of course the spectacle of the individual failing in this attempt, finding the power of the personal dream insufficient against the forces of externality, had been emergent in Fitzgerald's fiction long before the end of the decade, but it is in the nature of this kind of public attention to deal in stereotype, and even the difficulty the writer was having in making his unstable personal life seem glamorous and successful did not readily catch the public eye. The most important thing about a celebrity's relationship to the public, after all, is that the public lives through him, vicariously, and it was obvious that people wanted to hold on to the image of the reckless youth, gambling and winning against the odds. When the inherent bankruptcy of the role finally became apparent, however, he was not to be forgiven, and the 1930s were to become his time of reckoning.

What in the 1920s had been the public performance of a celebrity became, in the retrospect of the 1930s, a genuine legend, and it was most often employed to point the obvious historical moral: recklessness leads to disaster. To the facts of the deterioration of Fitzgerald's health, his marriage and his fortune was added the fiction of the deterioration of his creative imagination, and critics and editors kept his existence alive in the public imagination by periodic notices of its death. In fact, Fitzgerald himself produced much of their copy, largely in the pages of *Esquire*, and

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his posture was, if not really penitential, certainly ruefully retrospective. Transformed from celebrity to ghostly living legend, he carved out in his essays a version of the legend's conclusion, and the conclusion was that he was a failure. Although such essays actually constituted lore for the legend, lore accumulated of two other sorts as well. There was, first, the almost uncanny parallel between the decline of the prosperity of the individual at large in the culture and Fitzgerald's own decline, and, second, there was the fact, unobserved by most people at the time, that the reputedly defeated Fitzgerald was continuing to produce as an artist. That Fitzgerald had virtually personified the historical reversals suffered by the American individual during his time, and that he nevertheless emerged from that broken time as one of its greatest artists, never having been silenced by the adversity he suffered, was to strike like lightning into the imagination of the postwar American culture. The flash of this illumination completed the imaginative process, and the Fitzgerald legend was posthumously transformed by the cultural imagination into a fully realized myth. He was, in this third stage, to become an artist-hero of the *most permanent* sort.

All legends begin as mere celebrations, one supposes, and the celebrity hero is just a celebrity with a little more staying power than most. A legend is what he becomes if he lasts longer still, and his celebration starts to become a story to be pored over, to accumulate satellites, to generate a certain resonance. But the movement from legend to myth is the movement of apotheosis, and once accomplished, the process is probably irreversible. The Fitzgerald apotheosis has of course brought about a rereading of his work and a more insightful appreciation of what he was doing there, but it is still the case that his function as a mythical hero is transcendent of the specific aesthetic power generated by his art. No reevaluation of his excellence as a novelist could alter his basic cultural identity now, any more than the periodic reevaluations of Byron's poetry can remove him from the mythic pantheon where he resides. Fitzgerald has become, if one may say it, the imaginer imagined, and the lore that has accumulated and will continue to accumulate around him comes more and more itself to resemble art. Biographies, highly imaginative and

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emotional, give way to memoirs and personal narratives, and in their turn come novels and poems. From these come plays and movies, all beaming some version of him farther and farther into the outer reaches of the culture. Dependably there will come counterreactions, exercises in debunking, the focus will widen to include his wife and, no doubt, his daughter, but the central fact is that the mythic hero, however intricate the patterns of his postapotheosis mythology may become, is an authentic dream-figure, as permanent a part of our inner life as our very past, and as impossible to escape or discard.

Ernest Hemingway's dialogue with the public, like Fitzgerald's, passed through several stages, the first of which may best be described as Joycean. It was Joyce who laid down the survival formula for the modern artist, "silence, exile and cunning," and Hemingway espoused the idea; espoused it, in fact, so ardently and publicly as, paradoxically, almost to contradict it.

The stage began, in a large way, with the publication in 1926 of *The Sun Also Rises*. It brought Hemingway a rush of public attention comparable to that occasioned by *This Side of Paradise*, but Hemingway's response to the rush was significantly different. Where Fitzgerald had lived in New York, and had made himself readily available for interviews, Hemingway stayed in Paris, granting interviews only to a select few. Fitzgerald had worked actively with the promotional people at Scribner's, and himself was eager to write a number of autobiographical essays, but Hemingway wrote very little nonfiction at this time and evidently had little to do with his publisher's promotional department. Fitzgerald gloried in his rich royalty returns and advertised his irresponsibility, while Hemingway let it be known that he had repeatedly refused offers that would lead to financial security on the grounds that such security might undermine the integrity of his work. His work, indeed, occupied a central position in the somewhat terse interviews that he did grant, and it was with every indication of reluctance that he would agree to discuss his private life at all. Of course Hemingway had worked as a successful journalist for at least four years before turning exclusively to fiction, and it may be that his training in this world made him instinctively aware

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that the best news stories were the ones that were hardest to get. In any case he made it hard for critics and editors to learn that in Hemingway they had not only a writer who beamed out a personal invitation to his readers through his work, but that in person they had a heady mixture of continent-hopping foreign correspondent, romantic expatriate, decorated war casualty, bullfight aficionado, champion athlete, crack shot, prodigious drinker, and the possessor of one of the most handsomely photogenic faces ever to appear in a popular journal. His protests that none of this mattered, his periodic letters to the press denying this or that extravagant story about him, only fed the flame, and by the decade's end it is probably fair to say that Hemingway, protesting the while, had replaced Fitzgerald as the nation's most personally celebrated young writer.

In the klieg lights of such attention Hemingway had been able only to approximate the Joycean prescription, but the American literary community approved the maturity of his devotion to his craft and his evident distress at the efforts of the public to seek him out—in fine he seemed to most commentators to be everything that Fitzgerald had been unable to become. Yet while Fitzgerald worked doggedly on at *Tender Is the Night*, aesthetically oblivious to the historical change wrought by the turn of the decade, it was Hemingway who shocked the literary world by abruptly beginning to address himself directly to the public at large, and his subject, unabashed and unrestrained, was himself. In the 1930s alone he produced *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa*, no less than twenty-six separate essays for *Esquire* and, in the second half of the decade, the equivalent of a volume of feature journalism while covering the Spanish civil war. By the time of his death in 1961 he had produced nearly as much again. What had happened?

In effect Hemingway had begun to respond to an audience much wider than that measured by the literary community, and had capitulated, for whatever tangle of personal reasons, to that audience's demand that he part company with Joyce. The Joycean axiom had been that the work of art was the end, and that the artist's life was simply the means by which that end was reached; any audience that subsequently addressed itself to the completed

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work of art was on its own. This had been Hemingway's avowed position during the 1920s. Its opposite, however, would hold that the work of art was itself only a means to an end, a vehicle which would take the audience on a journey into the realm of the imagination, make the audience aware of that realm, and precipitate, as it were, a union between the individual and his imagination that would generate power—power to enable the individual to encounter adversity and *win*. Hemingway's nonfiction had a hundred subjects but just a single theme: art was the most profound guide to imaginative strength available to the human being. To demonstrate the truth of the theme, he offered a prime example of a human being who had won the battle of life through his command of imaginative resources—he offered the example of himself. Art was not simply an end, in this vision, but a springboard, one that had elevated him to a vantage point from which he commanded life, impervious to the destructive powers of society's institutions, privy to all the secrets of sensual pleasure. Read him carefully, pore over the lore of his legend, and you would learn how to do it—in the bull ring, the battlefield, the African veld, the barroom, the bedroom. For thirty years he swaggeringly offered to fight any institutional man in the house, and exactly because he had the resources of the artistic imagination at his disposal, he promised that he would win. On the personal level he did this, no doubt, because he needed to do it and it fit into his personal fantasies, but on a cultural level he did it because his readers needed him to do it, because his fantasy was their own, and because through him they could aspire to the rich life and prove their freedom to themselves.

In one sense Hemingway never stopped being a celebrity-hero, and right up to his death he was the darling of the gossip columnists, the name-droppers and the anecdote purveyors. But he lasted so long, and played out the role on such a grandiose scale, that as the performance developed it was surely transformed into legend. Reality abrades always at the edge of fantasy, and it may be that the public only half believed the lesson Hemingway sought to teach—at times the scoffers seemed as numerous as the apostles —but no one ever thought to deny the fact, the almost epic fact of the performance itself, and this was the stuff of legend. He

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had been poised so often on the edge of destruction that admirers and critics alike had come to think of him as immortal—immortal in the sense that he would almost surely die as he lived, posing, posturing, roaring out his challenge to the world. What made him a myth was the absolutely Sophoclean reversal created by his suicide. Hemingway the legend was capable of fading quietly away, his music the diminishing fustian of his rhetoric. Hemingway the suicide we can never forget.

The most dramatic element in the public response to the news of his death was the widespread attempt to deny it, to regard it, in his wife's words, as "in some incredible way an accident." When Ray Bradbury wrote what he called a fantasy in *Life*, envisioning Hemingway brought back to life and moved back in time to enjoy a less frightful death, a reader wrote a letter in reply, marvelously reporting that, since the news of Hemingway's suicide, he had regularly seen him fishing the opposite banks of three separate rivers up in Michigan. "To me," the reader replied, "he is not dead, nor will he ever die."

Our imagination refused to desert Hemingway under these conditions, and it has converted the legend of the victor into the terrible myth of the defeated. No less permanent than Fitzgerald's, Hemingway's story plays a different role in our dream-life, and inevitably his career has been reevaluated in terms that stress the elements of poetic justice, exposure of deceit, arrogance brought low. But such commentators beg the question of Hemingway's having been a fantasy figure in the American culture for thirty-five years, ignore, that is, the fact that it was the culture that created Hemingway, gave him his *raison d'être*, and that surely dreamed to transcend the ignominy of self-destruction as much as he ever did himself. In the decade that has passed since his death, the mythical lore has proliferated, and, like Fitzgerald, he has become surrounded by biographies, memoirs, poems, plays and novels. The ghostly appearance of successive posthumous works of his own adds still another dimension, and it has been only recently that we have been able to pull back far enough from the event of his death to see how permanently he has remained a part of us. But after all it was a decade after Fitzgerald's death before we began clearly to see what he meant to us, and in the case of

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Fitzgerald we were embracing a welcome dream, the dream that said we do not fail in vain. Hemingway's myth forces us to a different vision, forces us to mourn the death of an adolescent dream of victory and immortality, and it is only through the pain of that perception that we will gradually come to see that he, and we along with him, may perhaps be said to have won the battle after all. It was just that we had to win it the hard way.

While it has already been established that Norman Mailer began his relationship with the American public in a significantly different way from either Fitzgerald or Hemingway, it should further be made clear that he was facing a significantly different audience. The audience to which the two older writers had initially addressed themselves was by comparison credulous, almost blatantly willing to believe in certain possibilities for itself. But of course credulity was a quality that had necessarily eroded, if indeed it had not altogether disappeared, in the face of such things as a decade of depression and an apocalyptic world war. So if Mailer was slower and more calculating in offering himself as a candidate for public office, his constituency, in turn, had itself grown wary, sensing perhaps how difficult it was going to be to create and sustain needed illusion in the postwar world. It was easier in the 1950s to fall back upon nostalgia, to in fact apotheosize a safely dead Fitzgerald or to comb through the lore of the living Hemingway's legend than it was to believe that a child of the postwar years could bear up under the pressure created by the public's now urgent imaginative needs. Thus, unlike the process of quick embrace that had characterized the creation of the writer-celebrity in the 1920s, Mailer's movement into celebrity status with his public more closely resembled the action of two combatants stalking each other round a ring.

It is much less possible in the case of Mailer to maintain that the public figure was, more or less passively, created by the public imagination, and that his "natural" personality simply fit conveniently into what the public happened to want. Unlike his predecessors, Mailer did not present a clear profile, and at times he moved so fast as to seem almost a blur. Fitzgerald and Hemingway had each a Janus-like identity, Fitzgerald pairing off his

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profile of reckless young wastrel with that of the poignantly broken failure, and Hemingway showing the Joycean aesthete on the one hand, the boisterous bruiser on the other. But Mailer had twenty faces coming at the public from every angle, and, it seemed, almost simultaneously. In his miscellanies, *Advertisements for Myself* (1959), *The Presidential Papers* (1963) and *Cannibals and Christians* (1966), he was, in order, the angry young literary man, the impish political gadfly and the Platonic cultural philosopher, but within each book, precisely because they were miscellanies, he achieved each central identity through a mosaic of dozens of small versions of himself—the whirling moods and tones of the different stories, poems, essays, interviews and dialogues bombarded and disoriented the imagination that tried to take them in. Each part of these collections, after all, had appeared in one or another of the nation's most important journals before being collected, so that even when the public wasn't reading one of his books it couldn't get away from some version of his presence. In the journals, too, one was struck to see how different he was in his pictures. Both Fitzgerald and Hemingway had classic faces, photogenic the way Clark Gable or Tyrone Power were photogenic—they always looked essentially the same. But Mailer photographed as if he were being reflected in a carnival's chamber of mirrors: he was first handsome, then ugly; now sensitive, then boorish; here slender, there fat; once graceful, now clumsy; surprisingly young, and then preposterously old—and all of this, of course, within a period of six or seven years. Like admirers of representational art assigned to cover a showing of surrealists, many critics complained that Mailer was too unreal to serve the public purpose, that he didn't know how to *be* a public figure. But the simple facts contradicted such a conclusion, for by 1966 and the publication of *Cannibals and Christians*, Norman Mailer had become the most talked about, the most prominent, in the frankly blatant sense the most celebrated writer in America.

Blatant was just the word for a personality that moved one prominent writer to say, in declining an invitation to join a program in which Mailer was to appear, that he would as soon appear on a platform with Jayne Mansfield. The key fact is that Mailer was quite aware of the effects created by his performance, that the

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very obviousness of his stealing the limelight was what he wanted centrally to emphasize. The whole first phase of his public performance, lasting up through 1967, was rife with a basic, if somehow friendly, warning: don't believe all this in too simple a way, he was saying—we are all involved in an illusion. The author was pointing toward a second stage in his public career, a stage in which performer and audience together might examine from a special angle this curious relationship between a culture and its heroes. *Why Are We in Vietnam?* in 1967, brought the first major phase of his career, the celebrity phase, to a conclusion. His endless array of faces had by this time marked him the Lon Chaney of American letters, and his celebrity lore, rich in the rhythm of personal disaster counterpointed by victorious recovery, began to take on the resonance of legend. As if to mark a point, he was that year even elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, but the really significant new development took the form of two *cinéma vérité* movies, *Wild 90* and *Beyond the Law*, in both of which he functions simultaneously as director and star. In accepting this duality of role, Mailer introduced into the apparently already completed compound of his public formula a radically new element: he introduced detachment.

The public had, of course, been more or less aware of his role-playing throughout all the first stage of his performance, infinitely more so than the audiences of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, but it was the significance of the audience awareness that had been the mystery. Some solved it by saying that we were aware because he was such an inept actor, others pretended to be unaware, still others wondered openly what he was up to, but with the appearance of the movies it started to make sense. When Mailer, the director, stood back and, as it were, joined the audience in viewing Mailer, the figure on the screen, he established a perspective hitherto unheard-of in the career of an American public figure. It was the detached perspective which identified his central narrative device in *The Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, both published the next year, and of the two nonfiction narratives that followed these: *Of a Fire on the Moon* in 1970 and *The Prisoner of Sex* in 1971. It is again central in the huge third movie, *Maidstone*, shot in 1968 and two years in the

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cutting. In the third-person device we stand back with Mailer and critically analyze the character and actions of the hero, one "Norman Mailer," an artifical construct whose composition invites and promises to repay careful study. It is a construct which, as a matter of record, had mightily stimulated the public imagination over the previous decade, and a detached analysis of how the thing operated would necessarily tell the student much about this matter of the culture's imaginative needs.

Of the many things that differentiate between Mailer and the two public writers who came before him, perhaps the most crucial is that he was trying to make the public do something importantly different—he was not so much trying to establish the importance of art and the artist in the public imagination as he was trying to create self-recognition in that imagination. Consciously or otherwise, Mailer in some way perceived that things had reached the point at which a new set of Great Profiles would no longer serve the imaginative needs of the individual in the culture, perceived that just as the star system in Hollywood had died out, so had the public's capacity to find surcease in simple fantasy. What the imagining individual in the culture needed now was the experience of standing back and watching himself imagine, to become conscious of the needs revealed by his dreams, and to know clearly the significance of those needs. It was hardly the destroying of illusion that Mailer was after—illusion is the artist's gold—but rather a conscious awakening to the fact and function of illusion in our lives, and a consequent sophistication that might keep us from the danger of cultural self-deception. To this end he began disassembling his "self," showing the pretentious clown, the seeking reporter, the bewildered student of technology, the once-confident sexolog lost in the mazes of the mystery, the cop, the crook, the movie maker who wants to be president. All are shown in the detached light of analysis, and the point of the analysis is to teach the audience that all of these figures were created to feed that audience's appetite for fantasy. Mailer has begun disassembling himself, and he is doing it yet, doing it in so intricate a way as to defy a simple prophecy of how it will all turn out. But it is at least clear that it is the process of creation, not the product alone, that he wants to bring into the light, and it is just as clear that

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in so doing he is forging a legend for himself that our imaginations will not easily let die.

To mark the special resonance of the Mailer legend is not, of course, to bridge the great gulf between that legend and the transcendent myths of Fitzgerald and Hemingway. But to point triumphantly at the gulf, as many have done, may be as wrong-headed as to observe that the fame of Prometheus is undeserved because after all he wasn't a god. No god himself, Mailer stole their fire, and stole it for the evident purpose of showing his fellow mortals how it could best be employed to achieve freedom. Whether he will escape the wrathful fate that such impiety traditionally invites is still an open question, but at this stage of the story we can surely say that Mailer has gone far to prove, quite like Prometheus, that you can't keep a good man down.

Summer Day

HELEN THIELEN

On the beach the gulls
Fling a shower of wings
Against the bright drained light.
The shore is white with spent spray,
And the wings of a hundred birds,
Caught in the sudden sun,
Flash gold in the fading day.

✪ HELEN THIELEN was born in Oakland, California, and now lives on two islands—Key West in the winter, and Martha's Vineyard in the summer.

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Films about Film

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

Charles Thomas Samuels died on March 13, 1974, at the age of 38. He was professor of English at Williams College and author of The Ambiguity of Henry James *and* Encountering Directors. *He has been writing film criticism for the* SCHOLAR *since 1967. Mr. Samuels's friends have set up a fund to provide for the education of his two small children. Contributions may be sent to: The Erika and Melissa Samuels Educational Fund, in care of Lawrence Graver, Department of English, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.*

With the general exception of music, most art aims at both representation and self-display. A painting can simultaneously be a perfect likeness and an *Arrangement in Grey and Black;* a poem can sing of love while working out the ingenuities of the sestina. Exclusive attention to form is usually regarded as betraying artistic potential, and terms of abuse for conventionality or formalism are common in evaluating works of art. When people talk of movies, however, such categories of failure are often ignored. Reworked formulas are not called stereotypes but rather "genre films"; cinematic technique becomes an end in itself and people speak enthusiastically of "movie movies." Items like last season's *Don't Look Now* and *Thieves Like Us* show just how badly the vocabulary of film criticism needs terms like "academic" or "decadent."

Decadent in subject and ambience, *Don't Look Now* is also, and more regrettably, decadent in style, for the Daphne du Maurier tale on which it is based is so meager as to make Nicholas Roeg's treatment look preening. John and Laura Baxter are a young couple living in Venice, where the husband works at restoring an old church while his wife tries to forget their daughter's recent drowning. As the first sequence tells us, John foresaw the child's death, without admitting this fact, just as he foresees his own. Mistakenly, however, he believes that it is his wife who is endangered by her involvement with two sisters, one of whom is an avowed clairvoyant. While attempting to rescue Laura, John himself is destroyed by a personification of death.

This anecdote might be made to dramatize either psychology or metaphysics; and, from time to time, the film hints at either possibility. Thus, certain details suggest that the macabre events are metaphors for guilt and retribution. When John advises Laura not to visit the sisters, she chides him by recalling that he also advised her to let their child play near the fatal pond, and in the final scene of his funeral, Julie Christie (as Laura) wears a smile that seems vaguely contented. Perhaps John ignores the clairvoyant's warning to quit Venice because he is guilty enough to want punishment. But one can't push further with such a reading because there is too little other evidence to support it.

Metaphysical implications are no more substantial, although these are pervasively suggested by the film's style. Through elaborate intercutting, Roeg mixes disparate moments in time, thereby implying that the present is imbued with the future. Unfortunately, this presentation of tem-

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poral stasis only calls attention to a lack of development in the story. Because Death strikes at will, *Don't Look Now* is no more than a holding action, hypnotizing the viewer with false clues, until ninety minutes expire and John can have his destined appointment with a dwarf dressed in red. The intercutting saturates the film with fatality, but fatality that is unilluminated and hence susceptible to facetious reduction: we all have to go sometime.

The film is pointless, offering little beyond Roeg's skill at creating disquieting images and disturbing portents. As one might expect in the work of a celebrated former cinematographer, *Don't Look Now* is visually brilliant—with its ominous de Chirico piazzas, its gulls screeching in a livid wintry sky, its sinister onlookers and baleful transitions (as when a lobby of shrouded furniture dissolves shimmeringly into the Venetian lagoon). But the decision to keep us constantly alert, to make every detail portentous, ultimately defeats itself. Baited by so many clues, we watch the film with a mounting puzzlement that blocks feeling. Then, since the ending occurs on a plane of reality above the bizarre but earthly ground of prior events, we feel intellectually cheated.

In Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us* (based on a thirties novel by Edward Anderson), an impressive surface also fails to disguise paucity of content. Atmospherically, the film is precise and convincing: authentic Mississippi locations, exact replication of thirties clothes and decor, a sound track continually dinning with old radio shows and references to contemporary brand-names; however, although it is referred to and presumably motivates the protagonists (a trio of bank-robbers), the depression is scarcely felt. Any connection between history and its fictional representatives must be taken on faith, as must a speech by T-Dub (one of the crooks), in which he offers a defense that has become obligatory, since *Bonnie and Clyde,* for gangster films set in the thirties: "Them capitalist fellows . . . . they are no better than us. They are stealing from the people. So we need money . . . let's steal from the banks. After all, they're thieves like us."

Because the film hardly shows us ordinary people, it cannot develop an ironic similarity between them and crooks. It does not explore an epoch, much less the sociology of crime. *Thieves Like Us* only deglamourizes a genre, attempting to do for the gangster movie what Altman's earlier *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* did for that other Hollywood staple, the western. Crooks are like us it says; they are not more daring or ingenious; their families are not like the enviably loyal clan you loved in *The Godfather*—despite what you have seen in other shoot-em-ups, crooks are dull.

From the first scene, we are warned against expecting thrills. A long tracking shot passes across a lushly verdant field and picks up as well a flatcar transporting prisoners on a railroad. In the foreground, there is a lake with a boat on it, which the shot follows until the docking, barely permitting us to hear what three men in the boat are saying. The men now walk up to a dirt road, onto which an old taxi soon makes its way. Only when the cab stops and a gun is held to the driver's head, do we understand that we have been witnessing a prison break.

Other set pieces typical of the genre are handled with equally unexpected flatness. Whenever the men rob a bank, Altman shows that the job is simple and unlikely to meet resistance. Then, to emphasize the difference between reality and myth, he regularly contrasts the action with the blaring of programs like "Gang Busters" from the radio of the thieves' car. Altman also overturns generic expectations by eliminating violence—except, ironically, when the two other crooks, Bowie and Chickamaw, foolishly engage in a drag race that results in a bloody multiple crash.

Similarly unremarkable, in Altman's treatment, is the crooks' domestic life. While the thieves talk about their next job, T-Dub's sister-in-law tells her children to eat their dinner and polish their table manners, and one scene shows her and the kids going off to visit her imprisoned husband with all the propriety of a Sunday

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visit to church. The burgeoning romance between Bowie and a girl named Keechie, which takes up most of the film, is also its principle act of deglamourization since the two are a pair of homely and ineloquent lovers, utterly lacking either the tragic lyricism or leering wit we are accustomed to from other gangster films in which an "honest woman" teams up with a crook. Here too, Altman makes use of radio programs to impress us with an his antiromantic intention: Lux Radio Theater's condensed *Romeo and Juliet* accompanies the couple's first intercourse.

All too successfully, Altman proves that crime doesn't pay—not even in entertainment for the audience. But in its penultimate moments his film reverts to the most fashionable clichés of the very genre it has spent itself debunking. When Bowie is gunned down in the motel to which he and Keechie had fled, the police launch a fusillade that is witnessed by the heartbroken girl with an anguish, *à la Bonnie and Clyde* (and countless imitators), lyricized by slow motion. So the ending forfeits some of the meager credit due Altman for his academic revision of a fantasy accepted, in the first place, only by movie buffs.

If the sterility of Altman's debunking isn't self-evident, one need only recall the antigenre films of François Truffaut, in which formulas are not merely overturned but turned to higher purposes. In Truffaut, cliché is used to bait the audience, instilling the security of the familiar that, in turn, wears down resistance to new ideas. When Truffaut took on the gangster genre (in *Shoot the Piano Player*), he mocked not only convention but the very fatuous certitude about the real world that conventions rigidify. Equally depreciated when compared to Truffaut's are Roeg's pyrotechnics, for the French director's protean style is never its own excuse but always expresses character and explores theme. Although Truffaut's latest, *Day for Night,* literally concerns the craft of filmmaking, it is, essentially, less about film than *Don't Look Now* or *Thieves Like Us.* Roeg only tells us about his sharp eye and editorial scissors; Altman, that other films on his subject have conned us. Truffaut's virtuosity and deglamourizing join to comprehend a way of life.

Ostensibly a documentary about filmmaking, *Day for Night* both celebrates and demystifies Truffaut's métier. In showing how films are made, he emphasizes what is implicit in the title (a technical term explaining that day scenes become nocturnal through the use of filters): the "magic" of film is arrant trickery. If theater is "two boards and a passion," moviemaking, as Truffaut shows it, is hard work and hokum. Attention is called to the boredom, the long hours, the constant air of petty crisis, as well as to the phoniness involved in the final product. An actress stares with exaggerated wonder into a blazing fireplace, and, by turning up the propane, a technician deprives the flames of their charm. A candle that sheds a romantic glow on the face of another actress is really a lamp with wires strung out under her costume. Snow is foam; buildings, just facades. In a beautifully paced montage of the shooting going well, Truffaut continually alternates striking effects with their mechanical causes and ends by turning the camera on us as if to say, "This is what you fall for. You must want to."

So do the practitioners. Reacting to a personal crisis, the neurotic leading lady pointlessly demands a tub of fresh country butter, which—since none can be found—turns out to be a facsimile pressed by the crew from sticks of store butter. Linking the gullibility of Truffaut's fictive actors to the actual world, the leading man tells an anecdote about Hedy Lamarr, whose nostalgia for the dampness of her native Austria caused her to install a rain machine in her Hollywood garden.

Film gratifies in both audience and filmmaker an infantile romanticism shared by both. And *Day for Night,* no less than Truffaut's other films, is ultimately concerned with the primary expression of romanticism —love. The wife of an assistant on "Meet Pamela," the film-within-the-film, is so jealous that she never leaves his side because, as she says, life on the set permits

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unlimited sexual opportunity. *Day for Night* shows hers to be mostly the error of an overheated puritan imagination. Alexandre, the leading man, comes closer to the truth when he asserts that artists are children needing constant affection; that among them, kissing serves the same need met in nonartists by shaking hands; and that, for example, Mozart would never play his music until first assured that he was loved.

Behind the myth of "swinging stars" lies the reality illustrated by the juvenile lead, who gets his girl friend a job as script girl so she can be near him, loses her to a more self-possessed stunt man, and then walks sulkily off the set. As the girl runs away, she explains to Julie, the leading lady, that Alphonse is too immature to hold a woman. According to her, he wants a combination of mother, lover and housemaid, and is wrong to ask the world constantly to make up for his unhappy childhood.

To catch the full significance of these lines, we must realize that the first observation repeats what Jules says about himself in Truffaut's masterpiece *Jules and Jim*, and that the second alludes to the well-known fact of Truffaut's deprived adolescence. Add to this the casting of Alphonse with Truffaut's longtime alter ego (Jean-Pierre Leaud), who exhibits qualities in common both with his creator and most Truffaut heroes, and you recognize the weight due the advice that the director, Ferrand (played by Truffaut himself), later gives Alphonse. Women, Ferrand says (after a host of Truffaut films celebrating the sex) cannot satisfy unassuaged longings which are essentially juvenile. One must grow up and find his satisfaction in the continuous exercise of one's talents—that is, in work.

Day for Night celebrates filmmaking, despite its puerilities and drawbacks, for the same reason that *The Wild Child* celebrates the act of trying to teach a savage boy how to become civilized. The effort to create, whatever the means; the devotion to work, whatever the odds: these in themselves are the true marks of maturity. Hence Alphonse is made to appear a fool for confusing work and love. When Julie voluntarily sleeps with him in order to keep him on the job, he misunderstands her extreme gesture of professional commitment, calls her husband, and almost precipitates marital disaster and the end of "Meet Pamela."

Day for Night blinks neither at the infantilism of its characters nor at the limits of their craft. Yet Truffaut also wants us to admire both. Whereas Altman's deglamourizing is smug—reminding us simply that he is too smart to fall for Hollywood lies—Truffaut's is aimed at earning for his beloved métier a respect more appropriate to its realities than is indicated by the word "glamour." When Severine, one of the leading actresses, laments that the crew's experience of transient camaraderie both excites and frustrates love, we are not able to discount the poignant truth of what she says just because her manner is histrionic. And Julie may be a neurotic, but she pulls herself together and acts as decently as she can when professional demands must be met. Alexandre, who is killed in a car crash while returning from the airport to the set, is said by Ferrand to have been rushing back so as not to delay shooting and thus to have died out of a kind of generosity.

Just as Truffaut simultaneously exposes and celebrates his colleagues, he exposes the craft while himself providing a triumphant demonstration that he has mastered it. His script, written with the aid of Jean-Louis Richard and Suzanne Schiffman, is wonderfully fluent in moving from nuts-and-bolts demonstration of moviemaking to dramatic revelation of character. One example can serve to indicate both this and his marvelous integration of other cinematic elements. When Ferrand is called to the telephone to hear a recording of the score of his film, a man enters with a package of books that Ferrand spreads on the desk. As these books, all of which are about film directors, are consecutively displayed, the elegant Vivaldiesque score comes onto the soundtrack. In the same moment that we are learning how a director makes so important a decision as choosing a film score,

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the music that accompanies the display of books confers ceremoniousness. This in turn, conveys to us the depth of Ferrand's reverence for his predecessors.

Throughout the film, Truffaut's technical bravado acts in the service of characterization. For example, when Alexandre goes to the airport to meet the lover about whose identity the film crew had been speculating, the camera captures him in a series of freeze frames. These suddenly disclose a senescence previously disguised by the charm of his mercurial gestures. Since Alexandre is a famous ladies' man whose new lover turns out to be a beautiful male, the device is essential to make us understand that self-referring nostalgia makes his attachment more than a case of simple pederasty. Equally eloquent in technique is the first love scene between Alphonse and his girl friend. By concluding with a non-naturalistic fading out of lights around the characters, Truffaut communicates the false staginess of Alphonse's feelings without requiring that this be stated in the dialogue.

A scene in which Valentina Cortese superbly plays an actress doing a take illustrates both the complexity of the film's tone and the perfection of its means. Severine, still glamourous but fading, can hardly remember her lines, so she must pin them up on parts of the set invisible to the camera. At that, she needs to buoy up her confidence with champagne. Ferrand finally gets a perfect line-reading from her, but she continually ruins things by confusing a closet door with the exit. Repeated takes end in the comic explosion of her error, but simultaneously we sympathize with the humiliation she undergoes. Cross cutting between Severine and Alexandre on the set and a progressively disgruntled crew builds into a veritable suspense sequence, exciting in the audience a desire for a successful conclusion to Severine's efforts. But she fails once more, dissolving into a hysterical attempt at self-defense that is both ludicrous and pathetic. Alexandre takes her in his arms and then a black wipe inches across the screen, to the accompaniment of a throbbing chord, as if to hide her from further derision.

Mixing laughter with poignance, mockery with celebration, *Day for Night* is also suave while exposing imperfection and exuberant while showing unhappiness. "No one's private life runs smoothly," Ferrand tells Alphonse when the latter is particularly restive. "That only happens in films. Only in films are there no accidents or dead spots. A film rushes by like an express train." Truffaut's final triumph is to have produced a depiction of the dead spots, accidents and private miseries that are as typical of moviemaking as of any human experience and, nonetheless, to have it run with the speed, continuous excitement, and smoothness of execution that he wryly tells Alphonse are only possible in movies. So, after admitting what might be said against his métier, *Day for Night* ends up as its own best demonstration of the strict sense in which film does improve upon life.

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REAPPRAISALS

The Servitude Theory of Population

EDMOND COCKS

Having based a brilliant career upon a faulty generalization about human populations, Thomas Malthus has, with poetic justice, been the victim of many equally faulty generalizations. Most of these statements credit him (or discredit him) with bringing about a major shift in the attitude toward population growth in his time, a shift away from the prevailing optimism in such matters to one of unrelieved pessimism. This pessimism became the prevailing economic attitude in the nineteenth century, earning for economic studies the title of "the dismal science," the adjective being shared by Malthus.

Professor Peter Gay's comment on Malthus in his recent essay, "The Enlightenment," is an example of this attitude:

> But the eighteenth century found the scanty statistics spectacular and gratifying; they took the growth of population as a good sign, as a sign of rising hopes for all. The pessimism of Thomas Malthus came at the end—in many ways it marked the end of the enlightenment.

"Malthusian pessimism" has become a form of shorthand: the Enlightenment progresses in partnership with science until it meets the Malthusian law and halts. There is an element of truth in this, but the implication that "Malthusian" thought was alien or extraneous to eighteenth-century thought is false. Joseph Schumpeter, J. J. Spengler and others have documented the fact that the so-called "Malthusian" doctrine took its modern form in France during the eighteenth century, with the prize for originality going to François Quesnay long before Malthus was born. Furthermore, Malthusian ideas were not confined to the economic thoughts of the physiocrats, but appear also in the writings of those arbitrarily classified as the *philosophes*.

Malthus was the transitional figure that Peter Gay makes him out to be, not because he ended the Enlightenment with the blight of nineteenth-century pessimism, but because he continued the eighteenth-century tradition of skeptical rationalism and applied it to certain unresolved problems of that age. He brought into scientific focus (or mathematical form) certain internal contradictions of what might be called the Enlightenment's direction of thought, contradictions which the *philosophes* were well aware of and which they wrestled with inconclusively. This was the problem of population growth, the almost universally accepted barometer of institutional success and at the same time the automatic curb upon that success once it had exceeded the environment's ability to support it.

This problem was one the *philosophes* could not resolve, the fatal flaw that threatened to frustrate their best efforts to rationally organize their world. In the words of Claude-Adrien Helvétius, it was "the great moral and political problem."

Malthus' contribution to the solution was to do something the *philosophes* rarely

✪ After graduate study at the University of Gottingen, EDMOND COCKS turned to free-lance writing and magazine editing. He has a persistent interest in the catalytic effects of Malthusian ideas on the thinking of other writers. He is currently assistant professor of history at Virginia State College.

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did: he applied the much admired scientific method to the problem. He belongs to the group that Rupert Hall identifies in his article, "Scholars and Craftsmen in the Scientific Revolution," as the scholars of that age who were raising craft knowledge —in this case, the craft of farming (witness the reference to population "overstocking" by both Wallace and Franklin)—to the level of a scientific theory, thus "rendering all physical science of the same pattern as mechanics and astronomy and to interpret all other phenomena in terms of basic physical laws."

Beyond raising folk knowledge to the level of theory expressed in the favored Enlightenment form of a mathematical formula (Newton was idolized for his success in doing this), his performance was not original and conformed to the spirit of the age. That Malthus quarreled with some attitudes of Enlightenment thought is certain, but it was a family quarrel and it was accepted as such, even by his chief victim, Godwin. The eighteenth-century response to Malthus was generally positive; it was the nineteenth century that made him a model for Ebenezer Scrooge.

The best evidence that Malthus was one of the illuminati comes from his critics, whose most persistent charge against him was that he had stolen his theory from some of the greatest writers of that movement—Adam Smith, Hume, Wallace, Franklin, Price (and even Condorcet).

They were right. Malthus not only admitted his thefts but insisted upon them. Rarely has an offender been more eager to confess his crimes. Those taking the trouble to read his introduction to the first *Essay on Population* found that he had already listed many of the supposed victims named by his critics as sources for that publication. (It is significant that critics who apparently had not read his *Essay* were well aware of the earlier works from which he could have stolen such a theory.)

In his second edition of the *Essay* (1803) he compounded his felony by adding to his list of sources Sir William Petty, Sir James Steuart, Benjamin Franklin, Montesquieu, Arthur Young, M. Townsend and the French *economistes*. Also included were Plato and Aristotle. Malthus made few claims to originality, but wrote to remind Godwin and his readers that his collectivist proposals violated certain then generally accepted natural laws regarding the relationship of food supply to population. By casting his theory in the form of a mathematical formula, he gained widespread attention and at the same time exposed himself to damaging criticism.

At that time William Hazlitt wrote a brilliant criticism of the *Essay*, claiming that its ideas were not original and that they were used only to block social reform. Both charges were at least partly true, and the Hazlitt article became the basis for much of the later criticism of Malthus. However, many of the critics (Marx was one) failed to notice that the Gloomy Don derived his pessimism from the same fountainhead of liberalism from which they derived their philosophy; that is, from the union of science and reason called the Enlightenment.

The problem was that there was no reliable science of demography before 1800. Religious prejudice and fear of the tax collector had prevented the taking of a census in most European countries. Therefore, French and English writers alike had to rely, before that time, on partial surveys, parish records and estimates; their theories necessarily reflected subjective impressions as much as objective evidence. The *philosophes*, lacking reliable data, often turned to classical authors (notoriously unreliable) in the best medieval tradition. They often used population estimates from such sources to illustrate a point or strengthen an argument. Montesquieu made some brilliant new approaches to social analyses but the population figures with which he worked were mostly estimates used to prove a favored theory. Rousseau drew upon both ancient and modern estimates of population; he used the exaggerations of the ancients and the underestimates of contemporaries to support his most important social theories.

This was fairly typical. Peter Gay, in his *Party of Humanity*, states:

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In addition, their moral passion, Roman in its earnestness, drove them to find moral lessons in all things, even in the universe, so the philosophers, champions of science, were on the whole unappreciative of its real methods.

The *economistes,* unlike the literary illuminati, not only admired the scientific method but often practiced it. They were Malthusians long before the younger Malthus quarreled with his father about Rousseau. A severe critic of Malthus, Joseph Schumpeter, claims in *Economic Analyses* that the Malthusian concept can be traced to sixteenth-century Italy. "But the cradle of anti-populationist doctrine was France" in the school of the physiocrats headed by François Quesnay. "His theory of population anticipated that of Malthus in all essentials." Schumpeter attributed Quesnay's pessimism regarding population to the failure of the eighteenth-century French imperial system, a failure that gave rise to the cautious physiocratic policy that opposed

throwing away means of colonial ventures which, even if successful, could only provide prizes for the English fleet, or on financial enterprises that might end as John Laws had ended or military establishments that might produce another Rossbach. This psychology of a thoroughly disappointed nation that Quesnay was addressing must be understood.

The Schumpeter theory has literary symmetry and historical logic. It can be shown that both France and England had an unusual incidence of propopulationist sentiment starting about 1660, at the beginning of their imperial wars and lasting almost until the climax of those wars (1757). This explains the French position but it does not explain why similar negative ideas toward population became popular among English economists of the time (Wallace, Townsend, Price, Sir James Steuart). The English were the big winners in the imperial wars; they had acquired the French empire; their national bank was a success. The mood of England was buoyant, arrogant, a poor basis for such pessimism.

To explain this difference, Schumpeter shifts his ground and states that the population pessimism among the English was based on purely theoretical considerations. This may be true. Certainly it is true that the national experiences of the English and the French during that time were quite different, and the differences were not confined to political, military or financial failures. France, during that century, had serious regional famines as late as 1771 and grain shortages leading to rioting right up to the French Revolution. Recent studies by Yves Lemoigne show that high infant mortality during that period can be directly correlated with years of food shortage.

In developing his ideas Malthus had no such "positive" evidence to draw upon from English experience. The superior living standard of the English working class of the time was frequently a point of comment among French writers. If the French and English population theories had been based on national fortunes, the theories would have been different.

But Schumpeter's efforts to tie French Malthusianism to the political fortunes of France (however plausible) are not necessary, for he points out that attitudes toward population among the early economists of both France and England merely continued a folk attitude toward population increases that was as old as written records —perhaps older. Antipopulationist attitudes and social norms were usual and normal in classical, Western, and most primitive societies. He found exceptions only in the declining period of the Roman Empire and in Germany and Spain during the baroque period (and obviously, although he does not mention it in this context, in France and England during the period of their imperial wars).

Even this seemingly mercantilist exception to the rule that human population is a fixed and unchanging quantity proves, upon examination, not to be an exception at all. While the mercantilists developed the modern concept of the labor theory of value and made strong efforts to increase the populations of laborers in their nations, it is wrong to assume that they thought

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total populations could be increased. Like true children of classical thought, they believed that any idea of increasing the total human populations in the world was unscientific and unreasonable. Such a concept violated the classical idea of the balance of nature; in contemporary language, it would damage the biosphere. Louis XIV's finance minister, Jean Baptiste Colbert, expressed this commonplace truth in his "Dissertation on Two Alliances," 1669:

> From all our knowledge and after a very exact examination it can be stated with certainty that the trade of all Europe is carried on with about 20,000 ships of all sizes; and it is easy to understand that this number cannot be increased, since the populations and the consumption of all the states remains the same. . . .

Since the population of all the states remains the same in total, any increase in the national population must come by subtracting the working population from other nations; by this means the total remains the same. Population is displaced, not increased. This explains Louis XIV's policy of attracting Italian artificers and the bitter criticism directed against his Huguenot policy by the less pious French; every loss to France was a gain to her rivals, the English, the Prussians and the English colonies. Louis XIV's critics saw no "invisible spring" replacing such losses.

Both in England and in France, the economists of the period from 1757 to 1802 expressed in scientific terms a body of traditional and customary beliefs about population, and in doing so opposed the population policies of both their governments, which were propopulationist.

If it can be shown that the *philosophes* were optimistic about "spectacular" population growth, it would suggest that a major difference in attitude had developed between the *philosophes* and the economists of that period.

In *The French Predecessors of Malthus,* Joseph J. Spengler makes clearer the Malthusian position of most French economists and their relationship to other members of the French intellectual community. The economists insisted that increased food supplies should precede any increase in population. Furthermore there should be a food reserve that would be enough to cover seasons of crop shortage. Propopulationists tended to argue that any additional population would create its own food, pointing out that there was untilled land even within the City of Paris. This reasoning ignored the critical periods of infancy and childhood, when the new population was entirely a consuming, not a producing, element of society.

Some converts to Quesnay's views, for example, Victor R. Mirabeau, were able to retain their propopulationist sentiments by calling for a national program to increase the food supply. Quesnay himself, who insisted that population was an economic effect, not a cause, claimed that the adoption of his *laissez-faire* doctrines would increase the population of France fifty to one hundred percent. Such ideas from the man who has been called "the father of Malthusianism" can only be understood when it is realized that Quesnay shared with most other French writers of the mid-eighteenth century the belief that France was suffering from a severe depopulation brought on by mistaken government policies. This curious and symptomatic belief held that France's population, said to have been 24 million in 1650, had fallen to 19.5 million in 1701 and 15.5 million in 1713 (during the last war years of Louis XIV) and had risen to only 16 million by 1750 (it was nearer 20 million). This oblique criticism of Bourbon rule was probably not justified. Although J. J. Spengler concedes the loss of two-thirds of a million men during the wars of Louis XIV, France remained the most populous nation in Europe, so much so that recent authorities have claimed that overpopulation caused the French Revolution. Still, this so-called drop in population remained one of the most persistent and characteristic ideas held by the *philosophes.*

Baron de Montesquieu, whose works lead the parade of the great Enlightenment masterpieces and whose ideas permeate the

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writings of those who followed him, actively urged a propopulationist policy not only for France but for all of Europe. He suggested in *Persian Letters* that "there is hardly upon the earth the tenth part of the people that there was in ancient times." His influence on Rousseau in such matters is apparent and, since these two were giants of the Enlightenment, their opinions go a long way to support Professor Gay's thesis. However, the limits to this argument are indicated when we realize that in the second edition of his *Essay,* Malthus also claimed Montesquieu as one of the sources of his population theory. The truth is that Montesquieu, pioneering the systematic study of both the sociological and the physical factors affecting human populations, offered much more complex ideas than some isolated quotations from his works would suggest.

Montesquieu did say, "Countries are not cultivated in proportion to their fertility, but to their liberty," and "Barren soil makes men vigorous," quotations that have been used against Malthus with telling effect. But that was not all he said on the subject in *The Spirit of the Laws.* Montesquieu, like Rousseau, was a believer in the concept of an optimum population, a view that sets quite rigid limits on population size.

> Regulations on the number of citizens depend greatly on circumstances. There are countries in which nature does all; the legislature has nothing to do. What need is there of inducing men by laws to propagation when a fruitful climate yields a sufficient number of inhabitants? Sometimes the climate is more favorable than the soil; the people multiply, and are destroyed by famine; this is the case with China.

This would indicate that Montesquieu, if not a French Malthusian, was at least a Chinese Malthusian.

Montesquieu's studies showed him that the purposes to which the land was put were reflected in the population density. Hunting lands produced few people, cattle lands more, corn lands many, and so forth. Since most French lands were under the control of those who did not cultivate them—the princes, the church, the king, and the rich bourgeoisie, each with the power to decide whether a given area would be a hunting preserve or a prosperous farming village—Montesquieu stressed the institutional basis of population. In a policy that unites the conservative Montesquieu with the radical Rousseau, he proposed giving fallow land to all the unemployed landless families of France, along with the capital needed to begin farming.

Montesquieu gave priority to the social basis of the state as the creator or destroyer of population—he could point to barren lands that were heavily populated and rich lands that were depopulated by bad (meaning, for him, centralized) political institutions—but he did not ignore the physical limits of nature. He was too much aware of Greek classical history to ignore that aspect of the matter.

> Thus, with the enjoyment of a small territory and great happiness, it was easy for the number of citizens to increase [in Greece] to such a degree as to become burdensome; these oblige them incessantly to send out colonies and, as the Swiss do now, to let their men out to war. Nothing was neglected that could hinder the too great multiplication of children.

Here Montesquieu sounds the note that occurs again and again in the French writers of that period: the achievement of an ideal, free and happy society in the best of states brings about its own limitation through an excessive increase in population. It was a paradox. They meant to make their world a better, happier, and more rational world, a garden dedicated to reason and science. Would their garden be overgrown with people? Certainly not by philosophers—the illuminati could hardly muster a playpen-full among the lot of them. Their own lives offered an example for a few, but only for a few.

Helvétius describes this problem in his *Essay on Man*:

> In every country, the great increase of inhabitants has been the unknown, necessary, and remote cause of the dissipation of morals.

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. . . But is there no law that can prevent the fatal effects of too great increase of inhabitants, and closely connect the interest of the representatives, with that of the represented? . . . But if there be forms of government more favorable to one than the other, to the union of the private with the public interest, there is no where this great moral and political problem has been perfectly solved. Now, till its complete solution, the increase of people must, in every government, produce a corruption of morals.

But if good government generated excessive population, this, in the eyes of Montesquieu, clearly was not the problem facing France in his day. The greater part of Book Twenty-Three, in *The Spirit of the Laws,* deals with the problems of depopulation in the Roman Empire, caused, he believed, by the overcentralization of power in Rome (later reinforced by Christian otherworldliness).

Montesquieu did not stress the shortcomings of the church, as Voltaire did, because for the Baron the Middle Ages was the heyday of effective (if not efficient) government, "when every village in France was a capitol" and "every part of the state was a center of power." He quotes Puffendorf to the effect that during the reign of Charles IX France had a population of twenty million. Later, Bourbon centralization of power had put France in the position of the Roman Empire when it was deeply troubled by an insufficient population. "The politics of this age called upon us to take proper means to increase ours."

While he believed that France could be "extremely well peopled" in the classical republican manner with small subsistence farms, he found that the unequal land distribution of contemporary France made this impossible. Therefore, since he was no revolutionist, he offered what would later develop into Voltaire's surplus population theory of servitude. Those who did not own land must labor for those who did to produce a surplus to support not only themselves and their masters, but also enough to trade with the manufacturing classes. "It is necessary, then, that the arts should be established, in order that the produce of the land may be consumed by the labourer and the artificer."

Quesnay, and later Turgot, disturbed perhaps by the curious cause-effect relationship suggested by Montesquieu (they did not share his propopulationist attitudes), revised this concept to develop a theory of population that became influential among the *philosophes.* They wanted to know who labored on the land and who employed others to labor on the land; what were their services and rewards? The economists reasoned, lacking historical evidence, that only the pressure of population could explain the division of society into those who own and those who labor. Their theoretical prehistory, accepted by most of the *philosophes,* was that in early times each man took as much land as he was able to till, and that this process continued until all the land was occupied. At this point any new members of the population in excess of the occupying population had to starve or labor on the lands of property owners. By this process a class of agricultural laborers was born. Further increases in the agricultural population beyond the needs of the land gave birth in turn to a class of artificers, and urban society was born. The fruition of this system arrived with the production of a leisured, "disposable" class, freed from economic work and at the disposal of the state.

The theory has many flaws of logic and history, but it became the dominant population and social theory of the age.

This is the uniquely French contribution to the science of demography, the idea that new economic methods and life styles, and new social classes were the result of a growing agricultural population without land. Social progress, according to this theory, is an act of desperation, an attempt to escape from starvation by finding ways to serve those who own the land by supplying services and processing the products of the soil.

Voltaire's concept of the effects of population growth follows a line of thought common to French economists and different from the English writers in that it stresses the formation of classes. In his essay, *Equality,* Voltaire wrote:

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A numerous family cultivates good soil; two small neighboring families till sterile and obstinate fields; the two poor families must either serve the opulent family or cut its collective throat; there is no problem about that. One of the two poor families offers its service to the rich one so it may have bread; the other attacks the rich family and is beaten. In the serving family we see the origin of domestics and laborers; in the beaten family, the origin of slaves.

Voltaire finds it inevitable that population pressure produces servitude. "It is impossible for men living in society not to be divided into two classes, one for the rich who command, the other the poor who serve."

This may not be Malthus' "vice, misery, and war," but in an age that idealized freedom, "servitude" and "slavery" were not very far from it. Voltaire was specific in rejecting hope that this condition could be changed. He would not fight against this aspect of nature.

This points up the complexity of the reasoning that lies behind the propopulationist and antipopulationist arguments, complexities that blur the meaning of these classifications. For instance, although Voltaire is usually viewed as "propopulationist," Malthus as "antipopulationist," still there is a certain harmony in their thinking. Voltaire said that population pressure led to servitude: the "surplus" people became servants. Malthus said that it usually led to vice and misery. Both agreed that population pressure was an agency of human progress: Voltaire, because it made more complex civilizations possible (servants made philosophers possible); Malthus, because the pressure of population put a survival premium upon the moral virtues (the vicious destroyed themselves by means of their own vices). Since Malthus said that population pressure, which created social tension, was essential to morality, he must in this sense be considered a propopulationist.

Who then was the antipopulationist? It depends upon some complex differences in social and moral values. For instance, the theory of "natural servitude," common to most writers of the age, including both Montesquieu and Voltaire, was rejected by the ex-servant Rousseau, who developed a radically different view of the social order. The difference between Rousseau and Voltaire would lead to the Marxian theory of class warfare; the difference between Malthus and Voltaire was more philosophical in nature, actually a revival of the quarrel between Voltaire and Liebnitz (Was this really the best of all possible worlds? Were private misfortunes truly a public good?). Voltaire's quarrel with Leibnitz concerned not the characteristics of nature (in this he was more pessimistic than Malthus), but whether men should try to live in harmony with a nature that was not always beneficent. Voltaire rejected the idea of harmony; he was for fighting back: "We must battle nature and fortune until the last moment, and never despair of anything." To Malthus, that fight itself was part of the larger harmony of nature, and death and defeat were the bass notes; in this he foreshadows important elements of the Romantic pessimism.

Jean Jacques Rousseau knew from experience that the thing that separated the servant from hunger was the whim of the master. The experience of those who lived without property, the hangers-on of society, Turgot's "unproductive class," had been his lot all his life. The anger or suspicion of a master could, and often did, send servants into the streets, where, as Adam Smith pointed out, they became one of the chief causes of rioting, vice and crime.

Rousseau's criticism of Voltaire's ideas on servitude are echoed by d'Amillaville in his article on population in the 1765 edition of the *Encyclopédie*:

It is luxury that employs for the use of one person only that crowd of people who languish and lose themselves in service, who throw themselves from boredom with their uselessness into all sorts of debaucheries and perversities as fatal to propagation as the pleasures of their masters. It goes to the heart of the countryside to ravish them from useful production and then devastate them.

Rousseau did not need a better reason to

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reject the "rentier" economic ideas shared by Voltaire, Quesnay and Montesquieu. He rejected the "servitude" concept with the same emotional fervor as later writers did when they condemned the "vice, misery, and war" of Malthus.

His problem was to find an alternative in which people like himself could live in dignity and security. He discovered it in the idealized subsistence-farming economy of Sparta and republican Rome. He was a classical, not a modern, demographer, drawing upon Aristotle, Plutarch and Plato. In his own visions he reversed the urbanizing trend of his time (which he identified with depopulation) and returned the decadent children of the age to the soil to be regenerated. (In this he went halfway, but only halfway, with Quesnay and the physiocrats.) Copying Plato, he developed an optimum population concept more static than that of Malthus. Thus, in *The Social Contract* he wrote:

> The men make the state, and the territory sustains the men; the right relation therefore is that the land should suffice for the maintenance of the inhabitants; and there should be as many inhabitants as the land can maintain.

But what happens when there are more than the land can maintain? He is very aware of this problem: "In proportion, as the human race grows more numerous, men's care increases."

In his *Discourse on Political Economy* he comes close to Malthus:

> In a word, the little family is destined to be extinguished and to resolve itself someday into several families of a similar nature; but the great family, being constituted to endure forever in the same condition, need not, like the small one, increase for the purpose of multiplying, but need only maintain itself and it can easily be proven that any increase does more harm than good.

At this point Rousseau becomes an anti-populationist in a more positive sense than Malthus. How do you prevent the increase beyond the prescribed limit? His solutions were still classical—population control by state measures, the colonization of surplus population for one. He would also adopt the Spartan eugenic practice of exposing defective children and complained that the law requiring the poor to raise all their children discourages them from raising any. (Denis Diderot expressed a similar attitude toward the incurably ill.)

In this matter of land economics the thought of Rousseau, the most radical of the *philosophes,* most closely parallels that of Montesquieu, the most conservative. Both men drew heavily upon classical experience: both men saw the city-state or small autonomous region as the ideal political unit, the polity that allowed the maximum human participation and civil involvement. Both agreed that such communities would support the maximum populations possible in a given environment. Montesquieu said that, when the local nobility controlled their own counties, France was more populous. Rousseau claimed that the French population could be increased many times by subsistence farming in the Roman republican manner.

These two are the propopulationists among the *philosophes,* but the reader has reason to wonder whether they really desired to increase the human population or merely decrease the population of Bourbons. Between them they agreed only that (1) large populations were the sign of good government, and that (2) the government of France was bad. It followed, therefore, that France must be underpopulated, since they agreed that it was badly governed.

Voltaire lampooned the Montesquieu-Rousseau methods of proving the contemporary world to be underpopulated by quoting the exaggerated population estimates of classical writers. "From such data, gentlemen of learning make absurd calculations and then base fallacious systems on no other footing." On the other hand, he found Europe adequately populated; America might support some increase in spite of its "vast marshes which render the air very unhealthy."

Taken all together, the propopulationist sentiment of the *philosophes,* where it existed, usually turns out to be another ex-

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ample of the Aesopean art of obliquely criticizing Bourbon rule.

Professor Gay may be right in viewing the *philosophes* as uniquely "the party of humanity," but he has not fully developed the implications of that statement, nor has he good reason to imply that Malthus' work represented a radical change of direction from those taken by such writers as Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau.

Gay states that the two great problems of the *philosophes* were God and the masses. They resolved the problem of God by retiring him as honored Engineer Emeritus, but the problems of shaping a mass-base society to replace the one founded on authority and privilege continued to plague them all. Their lack of theoretical solutions to the problems they foresaw is one of the recognized characteristics of that age. (Rousseau must be considered an exception to this generalization.) I suggest that the reason for this unwillingness to probe the future was that their auguries were often as disturbing as those of Malthus.

It detracts nothing from their stature to realize that, unconsciously, their attitudes anticipated many of the problems of the future mass-based societies. Rousseau's role in developing the concepts of modern nationalism and the totalitarian state has been explored and damned by many from Bukharin to J. L. Talmon, but this has not excluded him from the party of those who love humanity. Little has been said of the fact that Montesquieu offered the first fully developed theory of Nordic superiority, with all that it would portend for the future, but this does not bar him from membership in the party of humanity. Gay himself has explored Voltaire's strong anti-Semitism. Less has been said of his natural servitude theory of population, perhaps because this concept was the commonplace attitude of most of the *philosophes*.

Together these ideas anticipate some of the most intractable problems of the age that often claimed to follow their teachings. The *philosophes* did not choose to grapple with these problems, or attempt to develop the full possibilities that changes in their society might bring about. Malthus did. This, not the darkness of his vision, set him apart from other philosophers. When they troubled to glance to the future, they too were aware that the Age of Light cast some very long shadows into the future.

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In the Operating Room

MAURICE ENGLISH

Standing above
The patient on the table, with
His chest now finally
Cut open, ribs
Clamped wide apart,
The surgeon takes his scalpel and
Bends down, then stops and stares:

A thumbprint on the heart.

There, where it fills and empties,
Exactly centered, look:
A blue bruise
As though from someone's thumb,
Distinctly visible.

Doctors, nurses, all,
They stare at it, and then
At one another, then
At it, once more:
A blue bruise,
A thumbprint on the heart,
Distinctly visible.

How? When?

As though
There is any answer but the one we know.

✪ MAURICE ENGLISH's books include *Midnight in the Century* and *A Savaging of Roots,* which is scheduled for publication this year. He is director of Temple University Press.

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A Tale of Two Globes

GLENN LONEY

The great English actor David Garrick deserves the credit for launching in 1769 the first Shakespeare festival in a town called Stratford. Now, no less than three Stratfords—and a good many places with no Shakespearean-name associations—boast Bardic festivals. The idea of trying to re-create Shakespeare's playhouse, the Globe, in spirit or in fact, however, seems to be primarily an American mania.

Shakespeare's plays have been a staple of the British stage for nearly four centuries, but after the burning of the first Globe (1613) and the destruction of the second (1644), on the south bank of the Thames, there was not much agitation for a reconstruction, even in Garrick's time. In the late nineteenth century, however, when the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-Upon-Avon was erected, William Poel did advocate creating an Elizabethan theater. It remained for a Brooklyn-born lady to give London its first Globe Theatre since the seventeenth century. The lady was Sir Winston Churchill's mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, who was raised in New York as Jennie Jerome.

Her Globe was a purposely impermanent structure, part of an exhibition that she helped organize at Earl's Court. Called "Shakespeare's England," this 1912 show featured mock-up reconstructions of sixteenth-century London, including a Globe Theatre for Shakespeare's plays and a Fortune Playhouse for concerts. The distinguished architect, Sir Edward Luytens, was responsible for much of the planning and design, but America's Jennie Jerome seems to have been a driving force behind all this activity. As no one then knew with any certainty just what the Globe looked like, the re-creation of these two famed Elizabethan theaters must have been an act of faith.

Even today there is still a lively dispute about the actual appearance of the Globe. A great deal, however, is known about the nature of Elizabethan theaters, so it is not impossible to evoke the spirit, the quality, the functionalism, of the Globe. John Cranford Adams, an American Shakespeare scholar, has been bold enough to visualize his idea of the Globe, with the aid of Irwin Smith, a model-builder. Although Adams's conclusions—and some of the evidence on which they are based—have been vigorously attacked by Yale University's Alois Nagler and other scholars, the model of the Adams Globe remains on display in the Folger Library, in Washington, D.C. At least the stage portions can be seen life-sized at Hofstra University's Shakespeare Festival on Long Island.

In the 1930s, the American Globe Reconstruction Rash broke out at Chicago's "Century of Progress" fair, with a Globe Theatre that was later replicated for San Diego's California Pacific International

✪ With Pat MacKay, GLENN LONEY has written *The Shakespeare Complex*, a book about American and Canadian Shakespeare festivals. He also edited the *Royal Shakespeare Company/Peter Brook Production Book of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."* Mr. Loney is professor of theater at Brooklyn College and the City University Graduate Center.

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Fair. In 1935, America's first Shakespeare festival was launched in Ashland, Oregon, with a simple stage. This has been rebuilt twice with handsome open-air performance spaces described modestly as "Elizabethan" theaters. The Folger also has its own Elizabethan theater, along with Henry Clay Folger's fortune in Shakespeareana. Cedar City, in the shadow of Zion and Bryce National Parks, has its Globe Theatre, as have several other American communities. Most self-assured is Odessa, Texas, which boasts of "the world's most authentic replica" of the Globe.

All of these quasi Globes have either been built in America or at the instigation of Americans.

The passion for Elizabethan arenas for the production of Elizabethan plays has surfaced again in England. It has come full circle, because the project most in the public eye, London's Bankside Globe, is the dream and obsession of yet another American, the expatriate actor-director Sam Wanamaker. But Americans no longer have a patent on this aspect of Shakespeare mania. In Islington, some three miles from central London—and from the Bankside where Shakespeare's Globe once stood, a British actor, George Murcell, is vigorously working on his pet project, Saint George's Elizabethan Theatre. To be constructed in a vacant and derelict old church with a round sanctuary instead of the customary Church of England cruciform, it will be, says Murcell, "based on the ideal plan, Shakespeare's own playhouse, the Globe."

After centuries of British indifference to Elizabethan theater reconstruction—whether based on scholarship or imagination—the appearance of two such ambitious undertakings at approximately the same time in London is worthy of note. This is especially true for American Shakespeare devotées, because both operations will require large sums of money to achieve their goals. The not unsound assumption is that visiting Americans, hungering for Shakespeare productions in semiauthentic surroundings, will swell the two theater audiences, as well as the building-fund collection boxes.

In order to piece together the tale of these two Globes and their potential significance in London and even world theater life, I talked with both Wanamaker and Murcell, inspecting their premises and progress.

Sam Wanamaker's "Third Globe"

An impressive introduction to Wanamaker's plans was an elaborate and handsome presentation brochure, showing his new Globe, as well as a new "Bear Gardens" and Swan Theatre, situated among a very imposing array of modern offices, amenities and residences, as well as restored and enhanced historical edifices stretching along the south bank of the Thames from Blackfriars Railway Bridge to London Bridge. The area is neatly bounded by the Thames and Southwark Street. It has long been viewed as ideal for renewal, since it contains a number of important historical locales and structures, now more or less obscured by a warren of old warehouses and shops. Just up the Thames, the area has just been redeveloped for the new National Theatre and, earlier, for the Royal Festival Hall. Ideally, this seeming slum can provide much needed expansion for central London.

Wanamaker is quick to point out that neither the plan for redevelopment nor the idea of Globe Theatre reconstruction on the site is new. In fact, in 1935, when the Elizabethan theater fever was infecting some American cities, no less a personage than the ex-president, Herbert Clark Hoover, was instrumental in helping a group of Britons and Americans to found the Globe-Mermaid Association of England and America. The object was to rebuild both the Globe and the Mermaid Tavern on the redeveloped site, as the focal point of the "World's Central Shakespeare Memorial Foundation." It did not seem to matter that the Mermaid had originally stood *across* the Thames in the City. In any case, World War II destroyed these hopes and plans.

Wanamaker's fund-raising and operational entity is the Globe Playhouse Trust. The trust council is studded with illustri-

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ous names from the worlds of politics, finance, scholarship and the arts. The roster of consultant members is even more glittering and varied, a veritable *Who's Who,* at least in the arts section. The plan and master model that the trust has evolved for display and promotion do not necessarily represent the finished redevelopment. Those decisions must be made by authorities and planners from the Southwark Council and the Greater London Council. Wanamaker feels, however, that providing such a striking three-dimensional presentation helps people to visualize potential restoration, renovation and innovation.

In the spring of 1973, the Globe Playhouse Trust held its second annual Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations in Southwark Cathedral and other historic buildings and enclosures of the area. The richness and variety of the arts offerings—not to mention the talents represented—were indeed impressive. In the summer, thanks to the generous patronage of the John Players Organization, a second season of outdoor Elizabethan drama was provided on a vacant lot in Bankside. In the ten-week 1972 season, nine companies presented productions, including the Globe Trust's own *Hamlet,* featuring Keith Michell, new artistic director of the Chichester Festival.

It was a bit hectic, so Wanamaker programmed his second summer from 11 June to 1 September, with only four plays. The season began with Jonathan Miller's Nottingham Theatre production of John Marston's *The Malcontent,* which had the distinctive Miller directorial marks, including monochromatic makeup and costumes. It was not without life, especially during a rainstorm when Miller himself had to stop the actors until the drumming on the tent roof decreased enough to permit them to be heard again. Wanamaker raced around looking rather helplessly at the dripping leaks in the taut tent cover. Some of the audience, too, raced around, looking for dry seats. Considering London's famously wet weather, it was obvious that, unlike Shakespeare's original, Wanamaker's Third Globe would have to be roofed over, authenticity or no.

After *The Malcontent* came the Globe's own *Twelfth Night,* set for some curious reason in the 1920s, with flappers and Charlestons. Then, in association with the Belgrade Theatre Coventry, the London premiere of Ionesco's *Macbett* was offered. The season concluded with a startling, mod *Antony and Cleopatra,* starring Vanessa Redgrave, and directed by Tony Richardson. In addition, there were the second annual Shakespeare Film Festival at the Bankside Globe Cinema and Elizabethan exhibitions in the Bear Gardens Museum. Sundays found the provisional theater packed for such entertainers as Eartha Kitt, Spike Milligan and Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

Among the souvenirs on sale in the Bear Gardens are seven sheets detailing the historical wonders of the Bankside for determined Shakespearean hikers. Although a large plaque on the wall of the John Courage Brewery suggests that it is the site of the original Globe, the exact location still is a matter of debate. Fortunately for lovers of Courage Ale—"Take Courage!"—Wanamaker is not about to insist on building his Globe on the exact site, even if it can be determined. Instead, the trust will build where it acquires a suitable plot of land.

In its provisory appearance, the trust's idea seems a useful one, at least as regards productions, entertainments, museums and other amenities. The trust has nine announced goals: (1) to reclaim Bankside, (2) to propose a redevelopment plan, (3) to construct a third Globe, (4) to offer highly professional productions of Elizabethan plays, (5) to create a world center for Shakespeare studies, (6) to create a library-museum of Elizabethan theater materials, (7) to facilitate study and performance of fifteenth-to-seventeenth-century music, (8) to create a Shakespeare birthday fund to commission new works in honor of the Bard, and (9) to promote performances and exhibitions in London—and Southwark especially—relating to Shakespeare, the Elizabethan theater and English history.

Asked to discuss his project, Wanamaker eagerly agreed, although he was constantly interrupted by phone calls, requests to sign

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checks, and minor crises. Despite his good humor and friendliness, he was not so easy going on the details of operating the Globe Trust. Nothing escaped his notice, and he could be severe when he felt somebody might be trying to get around him, even on some small item. He pointed out that this was simply a matter of pounds-and-pence economizing. If he did not coordinate, an order might be placed for some lumber when ample supplies were already on hand. He even called a leading London paper to complain of its giving an entire page to some dreary New York street arts manifestations, when it had almost totally ignored both the trust's summer play program and the trust's street art exhibitions, several of which were rather impressive.

"We're putting on three out of the four summer productions," Wanamaker said. "But this puts a severe economic burden on us. We're trying to cope with that because we think we should create productions ourselves, although I like the idea of having a place for the major provincial rep companies to perform. They are doing very fine work, but they get the feeling they are a bit cut off, if they can't show what they're doing in London now and then—and face London critics. Now there's no such arrangement made to give them a showing. When we have our permanent theater, playing all year, we'd like to send our company or companies out during the summer so provincial theaters can see what we're doing and have West End quality work . . . . And they could have the Globe while we're out for the summer."

The Royal Shakespeare Company does the Bard's plays both in Stratford and London. How does the R.S.C. feel about a new London rival?

"Well, there is, in the hierarchy of the Arts Council and the R.S.C., I think, a certain sense of disquiet about us. . . and hostility, just beneath the surface. It's cramping their act a bit, they feel. But the fact remains that there are twenty thousand actors in this country, and most of the time, about seventeen thousand of them are unemployed. There is a tremendous demand for the theater, which is growing. . . . This past season some shows were killed in the provinces because there was no West End house open for them. So there's no need to be concerned about rivals.

"We wouldn't be a rival anyway. We'd be complementing what they're doing, but in a different way. The National is obligated to do classics other than Shakespeare, and international plays as well, so Shakespeare is only a small part of their repertory. The same is basically true of the R.S.C., which opened its London theater, the Aldwych, to do contemporary plays.

"The proof will be in the eating—whether ours will be a duplication, or too much Shakespeare. I don't think that will be the case. The significance of our projected theater is that it will be on a historic site in a historic area that is being redeveloped! This is going to be a new, marvelous amenity area in London, where thousands of people will want to come, because of the historic associations, because of the riverside location, because of the views, and because it's less congested than West End London. There's an enormous potential here. And, as the Arts Council helps to increase people's interest in the arts generally—and in theater in particular—there will be a need for theater and other cultural activities for the thousands who will come here to live and work. So there's no real basis for any fear.

"The principal and motivating rationale for the Globe is that it is of immense historic interest. . . to people all over the world who are interested in the English language and the theater!"

If that's so, why are Britons only *now* building the Third Globe?

"Well, they're not! They're being dragged into it by me! . . . They resent that, you see. . . . I think if an Englishman were doing it, there'd be less opposition. Oh, a lot of writers have said it already: 'What a *good* idea! But isn't it a pity that an *American* has to do it?' You see, this is *their* property. The English are very possessive about *their* culture and *their* history. Of course Shakespeare belongs not just to England, but to the whole world. But they don't want Americans telling

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them they should restore Shakespeare's Globe Theatre for this great historic area."

In an aside, Wanamaker ruefully notes that, after some twenty-three years residence in Britain, he is still considered a foreigner. "Often, people say to me: 'How long are you here for this time?' " he says. The chance to make films in Britain, and to act in Shakespeare productions were powerful magnets that drew him to live in England. Also, he says, he loved the atmosphere, the way of life, despite the occasional anti-American gibe.

Wanamaker's obsession with the Globe was not acquired in England. As he smilingly observes, "I began my professional career in the reconstructed Globe Theatre they built for the Chicago World's Fair. That was in the early 1930s, with B. Iden Payne and Thomas Wood Stevens. And that theater has been duplicated seven times, *seven times!* So when I came to this country, I expected to find a Globe here. And there wasn't one! I was so surprised and shocked. Oh, the idea isn't new. William Poel even had the matter raised in Parliament years and years ago. And, you know, the Memorial Theatre should have been here, not in Stratford.

"So, ever since I arrived in 1949, I've kept asking why someone doesn't rebuild the Globe. But it was only three years ago that I realized the area here was to be redeveloped. The opportune moment had arrived. If it wasn't seized, it would be completely bypassed. The area would be built over with office blocks. That's been happening all over London—where they've actually destroyed historical buildings and associations. . . and they don't even put up a plaque. I was looking for the original Mermaid in Bread Street. There isn't even a plaque to show where it stood. There's just awful, ugly, contemporary building!

"The whole environmental thing has finally caught up with Britain too. They've wakened to the fact that their heritage and culture is being gradually destroyed. And that this city will no longer have the attraction it now has for the rest of the world, because it will look like every other big city, hideous and crowded. If they let it go, it will look like *New York!* Look at the skyline already . . . ."

I asked Wanamaker if his Globe would be an attempt at reconstruction, pointing out that so little is really known—and that of course there would have to be a roof over the groundlings, which Shakespeare didn't have.

"We say we want to build the *Third* Globe. And that can take a number of different forms. It can be an attempt at reconstruction. There are few facts, it's true, but you can come close to some idea of the original . . . . But you wouldn't be certain that it was Elizabethan . . . . And you couldn't use it as a theater, owing to fire laws, building codes and all sorts of concerns today for riots and disasters. As C. Walter Hodges has stressed, it could only be used as a museum. Now that, in itself, is not a bad idea. A museum of a great theater, representing it in as great a detail as possible, would be of great interest to scholars and the public.

"But it wouldn't be a *living* theater. The ideal would be to build a museum-theater and a living theater next to it. We've already had conferences of architects, scholars, and theater people to discuss what we should build . . . . The sense of the conferences has been that we should build a 'contemporary impression' of the Globe, with the stage-audience relationships similar to those in Shakespeare's theater. I have a feeling that's what will be built, and not with a mock-Tudor exterior either. Rather, a genuine *contemporary* expression of what the theater looked like on the outside.

"It's conceivable that we could begin building in 1974. We'd like to, because then we would be able to open in 1976, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the opening of the first theater in London. That was Burbage's The Theatre, opened in 1576. Once we get the green light, we believe the money will be forthcoming fairly easily. There are lots of agencies and companies which have to make decisions. The government, through the Ministry of the Environment, has given its approval. We have approvals from the

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Greater London Council and the local authority. The exact site hasn't yet been approved, but the construction of the theater has, in principle. The site owners have to make their deal with the local authorities."

Among the design consultants for the Third Globe are most of the leading experts on Elizabethan theaters. Wanamaker suggests that, despite the scholarly disagreements they may have had in the past about the Globe, they now have to come to some agreement about what the Third Globe should be. Currently, the architectual advisors are Crosby, Fletcher and Forbes, recently renamed as Pentagram. Asked about George Murcell's project in Islington, Wanamaker is both regretful and reticent. He implies that Murcell was invited to work with the trust but preferred not to. The impression he leaves is that Murcell was the loser. Sam Wanamaker's confidence in the future of his projected Globe, his projected acting ensemble, and of the entire Bankside redevelopment is strong and infectious.

George Murcell at Saint George's

In contrast to Sam Wanamaker, who is wiry and intense, George Murcell is beefy and expansive. Unlike Wanamaker, who has as yet only summer scaffold stands and tent cover, Murcell already has his basic building, Saint George's Church, built in 1867 by George Truefitt. Outside and in, it appears in a rather dusty, dilapidated condition. Where the altar once was, an apron stage now juts out into the circular sanctuary with its non-Shakespearean church pews. At the back of the stage is a facade which seems to be a scaled-down version of the John Cranford Adams Globe. And, Murcell notes, that's just what it is. It was constructed for some educational TV films that Murcell made in his church-theater. The producers requested the Adams stage.

The day I visited Saint George's, Murcell was showing some local authorities around the property. He was solicitous, sincere and quite as visionary as Wanamaker. Considering the straggling grass and weeds in the churchyard, the sooty walls and the general air of neglect and decay about the building, a lot of vision is required. If and when the money is forthcoming, it will be easier and more economical for Murcell to convert his church into the attractive theater-space projected in models and drawings on display in the church rotunda, than it will be to construct the Third Globe.

Curiously, some of the best renderings of the future Saint George's Elizabethan Theatre have been made by none other than C. Walter Hodges, who has also advised Wanamaker. Possibly Hodges knows something Wanamaker does not. At any rate, Murcell's handsome brochure has this cautionary comment: "On grounds of cost, it has been decided to remodel an existing building whose form closely resembles that of the Elizabethan playhouse. At a later stage, we shall utilize our experience as a basis for the plans to rebuild 'The Globe' on Bankside."

Aside from the TV programs and a memorial program for Murcell's late board chairman, Sir Tyrone Guthrie, there has been no active summer program of Shakespeare as in Southwark. Murcell tends to talk about Dr. Guthrie rather regretfully, as though in dying, he had deserted Murcell and his fledgling project in its hour of need.

Murcell has no plans for a world center for Elizabethan studies, as such, but, like the Globe Trust, he does intend to have his projected Shakespeare ensemble tour during the summer, and he hopes to make the theater an arts center for the Islington area. There will also be educational tie-ins such as special performances for school children and facilities for British and overseas students of Elizabethan drama. Murcell's boards, directorial and advisory, have some eminent names, but are small compared to Wanamaker's.

Once a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Murcell has acted with Christopher Plummer, who graces his Advisory Board. His acting bent may account for the wording of one section of his brochure, which calls for £600,000 to effect the

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purchase, conversion, and operation of Saint George's. In the brochure, Murcell insists this will be an actors' theater.

> St. George's will be an *actors'* theatre in the sense that full scope will be given to the actor's personal interpretation of the text. The Elizabethan theatre *was* an actors' theatre; directorial and scenic dictatorship, unlike the modern theatre, was unknown. At St. George's, the actor and his interpretation of the text will be the paramount consideration in staging the plays. The English acting tradition stems from our Elizabethan roots, and it is essential that London possess at least one theatre which concentrates on the production of Shakespeare, as did the 'Old Vic' under Lilian Bayliss. . . .

Murcell makes it clear that his experience in the R.S.C. and some other groups, which were "modernizing" Shakespeare, convinced him that *that* was not the answer. Rather, as he says, one should return to an earlier, purer form of presentation. This return, he feels, was pioneered by Dr. Guthrie at the Edinburgh Festival—whose assembly hall he likens to his church sanctuary—and later at the Stratford Festival in Canada. Discussing his impressions of theater history, Murcell suggests that elaborate Stuart masques and Italianate scenes and machines helped eliminate the Elizabethan stage, which, he insists, was a stage primarily for ideas, not for visual effects. With the increasing popularity of scenic spectacle, this stage could not survive (just as films have hurt theater and television has hurt film).

"The four elements necessary for performance," stresses Murcell, "are text, players, audience and playing space. Everything else is secondary. Those elements are really what the drama is all about—always has been and always will be. Everything else is extraneous . . . . I suppose what we're looking for here is to go back to a basic simplicity. That's what we have at Saint George's—a building which could have been built for that purpose. You have a circular building about the size they think the theater was. The seats are here—almost the same seats as they probably had, timber seats. [On this and several other matters, Murcell's expertise is a bit shaky: Shakespeare's groundlings stood.] The stage is the same size and in the same place. And a facade will be put up to do office for the things the play requires—and no more. The background will not try to make a statement of its own."

Indicating the Cranford Adams-type Globe facade, Murcell neatly resolves some sharp controversies: "A lot of people think he's wrong. A lot of people think he's right. I think—and I've read all the theories—that they *all* have a great deal to offer. And that they all basically agree, in broad principle. They argue about detail, which to the academic mind is of paramount importance. To us in the professional theater, those differences are so small you can almost ignore them!"

Murcell observes that he had a confrontation with Alois Nagler on the question of inner stages in the stage facade. Nagler, noting the presence of Adams and Hodges on the board, apparently feared the worst. He was right; Murcell agrees with his advisers that there probably were inner stages. As Murcell says, "That's probably very true, and we shall find out all these things by using them. I think the thing to do is to get this thing built, use it, and see how the instructions in the text, in actual physical performance—by actors actually going through the motions that the text requires—within this space, show us how it was used."

Will Murcell install Elizabethan galleries, supported by the sturdy columns that now ring the inner circular sanctuary?

"At this stage, I think we'll just play it by ear. I hate to be too dogmatic and say I'm going to do this or I'm going to do that. We're not going to open with a finished theater anyway. In fact, we're opening with it as you see it now. Actually, we opened it with the memorial service for Tony Guthrie. What you see now—those were the elements. And it worked; it worked marvelously. We had actors, the platform, the text—mostly Shakespeare—and the audience. That's all you really need. Oh, if you've got a bit of money you can decorate it up a bit. But, if not, you can still do it minimally.

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"Lots of theaters today are overbuilt. I recently toured some American college campuses. They have all the technical equipment, everything you can imagine, but what they did didn't set me afire. . . . I think all that technical equipment is detrimental. To have a space like this, with practically nothing, would be better for those kids. You should say to them: Theater's what *you* make it. What are *you* going to bring to the theater?

"Even in the hands of skilled professionals, it's dubious and debatable whether so much technical equipment really does anything for a play. I've seen things here in London, done by reputable companies, ruined, run into the ground forever, by the indulgent use of such equipment. They think they've got to use it because it's there. That *that's* what play production is! That to make everything go up and down and sideways and inside out is doing something for William Shakespeare. Most of the time, it does nothing for him, and does murderous things to the actors."

It is good that Murcell feels so strongly about this, since his Elizabethan theater-to-be is devoid of such theatrical frills, except for a few lighting instruments. The Polish theorist-practitioner Jerzy Grotowski has spoken eloquently of a poor theater. Murcell's deliberate minimality may well qualify. As to potential rivalry with Bankside, he seems to feel secure in Islington, wanting no part of Wanamaker's operation. He even implies that, while a modern Globe will eventually be constructed in Bankside, it will not be under Wanamaker's supervision. Thus, this Tale of Two Globes has a while to run before its resolution, and one may hope that both Wanamaker and Murcell will be very careful to have something of value to show in their theaters. Good fences may make good neighbors, but good buildings don't guarantee good productions.

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New Books on China and Asia

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

NOTES FROM CHINA. *By Barbara W. Tuchman. Macmillan. $1.25.*
CHINA: BEHIND THE MASK. *By Warren Phillips and Robert Kealley. Dow Jones. $2.95.*
STRANGER IN CHINA. *By Colin McCullough. William Morris. $8.95.*
DIANYING—ELECTRIC SHADOWS. *By Jay Leyda. MIT. $12.95.*
MODERN BHUTAN. *By Ram Rahul. Vikas Publishing House: India.*
POLITICS OF CENTRAL ASIA. *By Ram Rahul. Vikas Publishing House: India.*

Barbara Tuchman, well known for her *Guns of August* and *Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-1945,* was one of the first to excite the renewed interest of Americans in China following the Nixon-Kissinger trip to Peking in 1971. She was one of the first Americans to receive a visa and a cordial welcome by the government of China.

She went about freely from town to town, factory to factory, commune to commune, and saw an old nation under new leadership achieving through authoritarian rule what thousands of years of authoritarian rule had failed to produce—food for everyone, medical care for all, and beyond all that a new *esprit de corps* at all levels, even at the bottom.

China's countryside is beautiful, and Ms. Tuchman describes it eloquently. China's rural life is hard, and Ms. Tuchman describes it faithfully. *Notes from China* is not a slanted book, playing to Western suspicion of communism or trying to put a sugar-coating on Marxism. She tells the story as she sees it, reserving judgment when the exterior may not reflect the truth. She explains the May 7th school for cadres; the street committee (Peking's organized contact with the masses); sex, religion, propaganda, and how and why Mao's revolution is ongoing, quite different from other revolutions.

The final part of the book is a moving, well-researched piece on the desire of Mao and Chou to see FDR in 1944. The American bête noir who spoiled the plan was General Patrick Hurley, an old friend of mine who was practically illiterate in world affairs. Thus our alienation from Peking lasted a quarter of a century.

China: Behind the Mask, by two prestigious reporters of the *Wall Street Journal,* is a person-to-person account of a recent visit to mainland China. They knocked on doors and talked with households. They visited factories, universities and farms, asking questions for hours on end. At a reporter's level, China is a much more open society than Russia.

What the meaning is of the events and talk they encountered is of course uncer-

✪ WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, who received his A. B. from Whitman College in 1920 and his L.L.B. from Columbia University School of Law in 1925, became a member of the New York State bar in 1926, and has been Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court since April 17, 1939.

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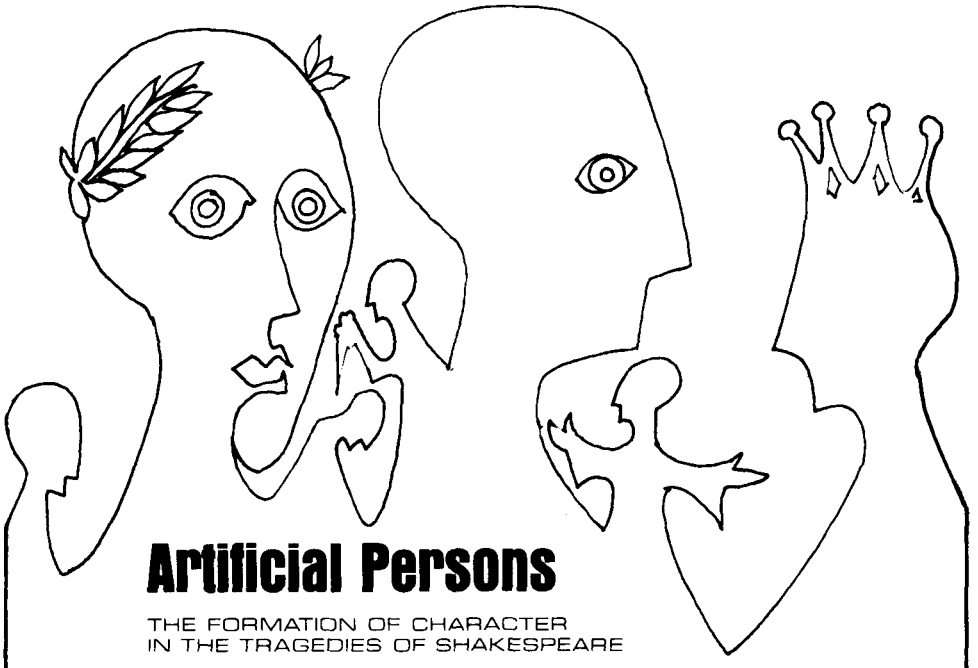
". . . to aver that Renaissance men did not think precisely in our terms is not necessarily to conclude that they did not think at all."
–from chapter 1



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tain. They give the reader their honest views—that Mao's carrot may be even more potent than Mao's stick. They found an *esprit de corps* among people at the bottom, a pride in current Chinese achievements, a confidence in their future.

These American reporters were taking a modified poll as they traveled, putting together odds and ends of attitudes, patterns of behavior, recent changes in relationships with foreigners, in order to "read" the Chinese mind. It is a faithful effort and, I believe, as faithful to fact as the recent ABC television show on China.

These reporters met with Chou En Lai and report an engaging conversation ranging over a wide variety of subjects including the future of Taiwan as part of China. The role of the Red Guards in the Cultural Revolution is astutely described; and they show how the caretakers of one historic showplace outwitted the Red Guards by whitewashing all paintings based on ancient Chinese tales that were deemed offensive in that Cultural Revolution. The decentralization that took place following that revolution is described and a new efficiency attributed to it.

Self-reliance is a motto in China, and the authors list the numerous things which that means, including the infusion of the work force with a revival meeting atmosphere.

The book contains one of the best accounts of the commune I have seen. It is a stirring story, showing how Mao hopes to make each self-sufficient, how his phrases or "thoughts" are geared to agricultural activities. This book also contains a good account of the army in China—the People's Liberation Army, its ascendancy in the Cultural Revolution, its role in the other years, and its role in relation to the civilian authority. China is not a military dictatorship. Many army or navy figures, however, are in civilian management positions, many in civilian clothes. But they are quite correct in saying that in the eyes of Chinese youth the P.L.A. represents the elite and the place for a youth to start his or her career. There is an interesting account of how the P.L.A. restored the order that disappeared during the Cultural Revolution.

With people participating at the policy-making level, disputes between them and the P.L.A. will probably mount, as for example when budget priorities are debated. China has a low military budget, perhaps as little as $8 billion. As that increases, the debate will be jets versus fertilizers. And who will win?

The book contains a fascinating chapter on trade with China—the techniques involved, the exports that are available, the imports that are desired. The channels of trade have not yet fully opened, but they are on their way. Those who expect to make fortunes by putting cotton shirts on the backs of 800 million people will be disappointed. China has the local industries to satisfy basic needs. The import China wants is technology; and the United States and western Europe (the imperialists) have a much better chance of getting those orders than the Russians (the revisionists.)

Colin McCullough is a Canadian who served as correspondent for the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in Peking for a year and a half starting in 1968. *Stranger in China* is a revealing book for its insight into the mysteries of Chinese bureaucracy. Those mysteries are compounded for the Westerner who is always a "foreigner" there, just as bewilderment would probably follow a Chinese who first tackled our monolithic regime.

The "foreigner" in Peking who has a job there leads a melancholy life mixing largely only with other "foreigners." Diplomats have time that hangs heavy. They employ makeshifts for the expenditure of energy. One schemed well and managed to put a live fish in the swimming pool of another ambassador; it took a day for the latter's staff to catch the fish and eject it.

The author describes the nitty-gritty of daily life—shopping at art or antique stores, buying food, shopping for meat, Chinese beer at ten cents a quart, Chinese scotch and the 160-proof mautai—distilled from sugar cane (not rice, as the author says). Foreigners who die are cremated and their ashes are put in a lovely lacquered box and presented to the nearest relative.

Christmas was never celebrated in China, nor was December 26th, Mao's birthday;

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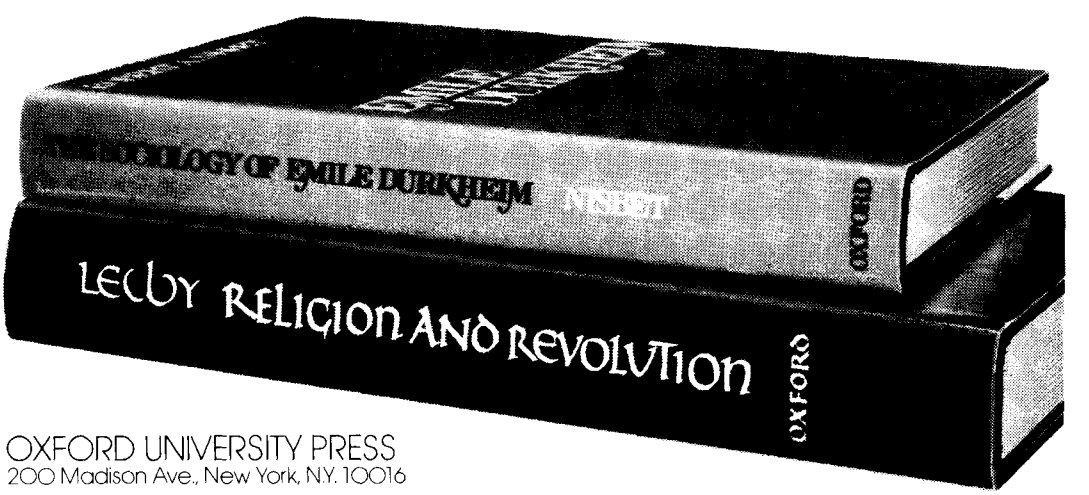

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and no building or place is named for Mao.

When Mao turned the Red Guards loose there was much disorder and some violence. Their teenagers traveled the whole country, swamping trains, boats and buses until Mao stopped them. It was as if one million youngsters had descended on New York City, with the police directed not to interfere with them. The model night-soil collector in Peking, who had received many honors, was denounced as a revisionist and driven through the streets wearing a dunce cap all because he had in his home a picture of Lui Shao-chi. One Red Guard who attacked an eastern European woman in a shop with a knife was tried in public and immediately sentenced and executed. But looting was not common; and urban damage nowhere equaled our Detroit or Watts episodes.

The author thinks that China suffered greatly from the Cultural Revolution—loss of credibility in the leadership marked by the disappearances or liquidation of numerous prominent leaders; loss of discipline marked by the return of spitting in public places; and a recurrence of waves of dishonesty, not against "foreigners," but against other Chinese. The details of life in the cities during the Cultural Revolution make fascinating copy. Some party newspapers were anti-Mao; so Mao and his followers used wall posters to denounce them and to carry the battle to the masses. The conflicts between the foreign press reporting these episodes and the central government were numerous. It is commonly assumed that foreign correspondents have their outgoing stories censored in China. Such is not the case. They are sent verbatim at an agreed price without editing, without delay. A copy of course goes to a government agency; and the foreign reporter may have to give account to that agency for stories dispatched. But there is no prior restraint, as we in the States would put it.

The British, although among the first to recognize the Peking regime, suffered perhaps the most. Part of the reason was Hong Kong and the ninety-nine-year lease Britain has that ends in 1997. Waves of the Cultural Revolution swept into Hong Kong and gave its residents a dreadful time for about six months. Russia fanned the flames of "anti-imperialism," marking Hong Kong as the conspicuous Asian example. Whatever may be the causes, great tensions existed—the Chinese kept one British correspondent under house arrest for over a year. The tensions broke in an ugly way when the Red Guards were on the loose and the British Office was burned. British diplomats were beaten up and female staff members were chased down the streets by Red Guards and cruelly attacked. British diplomats were not given exit visas and in the eyes of the British, Sir Donald Hopson, the chargé d'affaires in Peking became the reincarnation of proverbial British courage and perseverance.

The British correspondent was finally released from house detention when the Communist who had been arrested and convicted of rioting in Hong Kong was released. China supplies Hong Kong with food and water. China uses Hong Kong for exports and imports; it is indeed a great source of "hard currency."

The book gives moving accounts of the togetherness of the diplomatic corps in Peking during the troubled days. One of the most eloquent is the account of the way in which British personnel linked arms with Russians at the airport to protect departing Russian women from the assaults of the Red Guard. Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia had vast repercussions in China. The Yugolavs and Romanians were alienated from Russia. The Czech embassy—all seventy people—signed a protest against Russia's move into their country. Peking denounced Russia for its "surprise attack" on Czechoslovakia.

Sino-Soviet border clashes stirred the diplomatic corps. To the world China was made to appear to be the aggressor. But such was not the fact. In a seriously weakened position after the Cultural Revolution, China was in no condition to be aggressive. Russia had large stakes at issue—China's nuclear potential and the possibility of a Sino-American détente were all important.

The Russian embassy in Peking covers one hundred acres or more. It is surrounded by thick walls and adorned by rich gardens

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where birds sing. In this compound were warm and cordial parties attended by high-ranking Chinese prior to the split between Moscow and Peking in 1960. The Russians lived in kingly fashion and were given fabulous hunting privileges in Manchuria. But when the break came, Russians were left in solitary splendor. During the Cultural Revolution hordes of Red Guards picketed the Russian embassy but never invaded it. They did however come in waves to the gates, shaking their fists so that Chinese cameramen could record the scene. Mongolians, dressed as Chinese, daily obtained for the Russians copies of the *Peking Daily,* although it was barred from foreigners. The Russian embassy showed movies every week, flown in from Moscow; these were a treat to Chinese women who had married Russian men who had retained their Russian citizenship. But all Chinese were suspect to the Russians, especially the one hundred who worked at the embassy. In 1967 they struck for a day in protest against alleged Russian mistreatment of Chinese students in Moscow and the Russian embassy fired all of them, thus causing China to lose the benefit of many eyes and ears within the Russian zone. There are many interesting episodes in the book describing the handling of Sino-Soviet relations.

The final chapters deal with the Cultural Revolution. Mao apparently had lost control of the Party at the time, but he remained the revered leader. The author seeks to find the motivation for Mao's tactics by looking at the so-called "reforms" that followed the revolution. These "reforms" are in the area of medical care, education at the university level, agricultural improvements, dispersion of industry and decentralization of government. What do they suggest? Doubtless, they suggest mounting needs as the population increases by ten million a year—but also perhaps the preparation of China for a "people's war" should the Soviet threat materialize.

This book has the flavor of the intimate news accounts which the late Drew Pearson put in his *Merry-Go-Round.*

Dianying—Electric Shadows is probably the most informative and interesting of the current deluge of books on China. Jay Leyda gives us the complete account of movie films and movie audiences in China when movies first appeared in the late 1890s, down to the present. He was attached to the Chinese film industry in Peking from 1959 to 1964, so he knows much about script writers, directors, cameramen and actors in actual operation. His film knowledge prior to 1959 comes from a deep study of all films shown in China—whether produced there or imported—to the extent that they are still available. This researching took him into film libraries across the world including not only China's but those in Hong Kong, Moscow, Tokyo and Leipzig.

He shows the use of films by every political regime in China, starting with Sun Yat-sen. In the early years—indeed until 1960—the Chinese film industry was wholly or largely dependent upon foreign manufacturers for equipment and film stock. A classic Chinese film technique is to pile disaster on disaster in order to teach a moral lesson, for example, the evil of opium smoking. The format under Mao remains pretty much the same, except that the end is quite optimistic, for the last intended victim sees his revolutionary duty.

There are dramatic stories of American, Russian, German and Japanese influence in film making. We associate the Bolsheviks with subversion in Asia; but the Western brands of movies emulating crime and immorality probably played an even greater role, supplementing the daily demonstrations of American use of "slave labor" and British encouragement of the opium traffic. French demonstrations of human deprivation complete the scenario.

What the book supplies is one small peephole—the movie—into Chinese life, Chinese attitudes and Chinese politics; but through that tiny peephole one sees the whole panorama of the Western-Eastern conflict, Eastern feudalism, Western corruption, Eastern revolution, and the gradual but inevitable shift of political power to Mao Tse-tung and his group, as our Chinese experts (investigated, denounced, ridiculed and driven out of office) long predicted.

The story of the present is also here. It

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is not dished up in generalities or polemics or dissertations. The author sticks to films, giving their precise content and orientation. He gives—name by name, director by director, actor by actor—those that do nothing but dispense tranquilizers, those that are more subtle but end with the hero's final realization that the revolution marks the upward path, those that make fun of the awful dilemma facing government in the impossible bureaucracy that dominates it, movies that are sheer fun, those that use slapstick, the animated movies showing tadpoles engaged in hilarious conversations and finally those that have an artistic and creative but not an ideological thrust.

Those of the West who stay long in Russia or Poland or Hungary or China (or for that matter in Spain) tend to become bored with unanimity. The book has the great virtue of giving this feeling not through lectures but through detailed scenarios (by the dozens) of films produced or shown in China.

Those primarily interested in modernity will be most interested, I believe, in the description of movies made in China during the Great Leap Forward and later during the Cultural Revolution.

The Great Leap in 1956-1957 produced movies touching what are known as "three bad styles" (bureaucracy, sectarianism, subjectivism) and "five airs" (bureaucratic, lifeless, spendthrift, haughty or squeamish). Films depicting, criticizing, treating satirically those "bad styles" or "airs" came into the market; and watchful eyes attuned to censorship reported their dangers and the films were withdrawn, criticized or never completed. The "reading" of official attitudes at that time revealed by the attacks on these films is a significant comment on how "dangerous" even humor can become.

Films antagonistic to the party line are called "weeds." They are not Chinese films alone; they include Western films and Russian "revisionist" films. The Red Guards did not bring an end to Chinese films. What their character will be in the days ahead is not known. Madame Mao (Chiang Chin, notable actress) stands across the production line. How much tolerance, how much rigidity will emerge no one knows. But the cinema is an interesting and often accurate barometer of the breadth of the ideological spectrum, evidenced in nations without the tradition of the First Amendment.

The cultural strands in China are too subtle, too interwoven, too easily concealed, for the casual visitor to detect and understand. The influence of Confucius, although partially abated, is still strong. Buddha, although often derided, still has a degree of liberating influence, like John Brown in our own culture. Taoism endorses passivity. Leyda in *Dianying* says that passivity is the main characteristic of Chinese filmmakers—they wait and wait to find safe ways to do what they want to produce.

Some say that Taoism inculcates the old habit "outward conformity and inward alienation." Leyda notes this tendency. That philosophy is also expressed in *The Thought Revolution* by Tung Chi-ping and Humphrey Evans where a story reputedly taken from the lips of a defector is reported:

> The most important factor here was to avoid seeming clever; we knew how suspicious the Communists were of the "intellectuals." Hu said, therefore, that we should always make the effort to contribute to the discussion in these meetings, but we should not be the first to speak. We should not be the last either; a place in the middle was best. Also, we should not speak for too long a time, or for too short a time. Again a middle-course approach was best. Above all, we should never, under any circumstances, introduce a new idea. We should only repeat the ideas that had been expressed by those who had spoken first. We should not be original even in our phraseology; we should express the same ideas in the same words that had been used before.

Whether this is true or not, I do not know. Leyda indicates that an atmosphere of passivity does exist, that caution in repressing ideas is common—where there is a brake on ideas there is a tendency to mediocrity. I speak of course in the tradition of the First Amendment, a tradition that not many regimes in the world honor.

I also speak with feeling about Bhutan, for in 1953 Ram Rahul, author of *Modern*

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by Jean Hyppolite
translated by Samuel Cherniak and John Heckman

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Bhutan, and I planned a trek across that country, through Assam and into Burma, a trek that was blocked by my inability to obtain a visa.

Bhutan—lying between Tibet and Assam —derives from anta (the end) and Bhota (Tibet), the borderland of Tibet. It was a theocracy from 1616 to 1907 and since 1907 a hereditary monarchy.

Northern Bhutan rises to nearly twenty-five thousand feet; southern Bhutan is covered with forests and largely uninhabited. The central valleys are the fertile areas. Bhutan is agricultural—barley, millet, maize, peas, rice, wheat. Cattle and yaks are their livestock, which also includes sheep and goats.

Bhutanese were historically traders selling rice and other foods to Tibet and importing woolens and iron, copper and silver from India. Bhutanese women are renowned weavers.

Polygamy may be practiced with the consent of the first wife. Once there were polyandric marriages, but no more. Divorce is simple but expensive. The right of inheritance runs equally to sons and daughters.

Animism was there before Buddhism. Now they are mostly combined, although in some areas the people are wholly animistic—offering monkey flesh to the spirits to propitiate them.

Bhutan is not a world apart. It has been drawn into conflicts with Tibet, Sikkim, India, the British. But it remained a stoutly independent nation, with the distinction of never having been dominated by a foreign power. It did, however, agree to abide by British decisions on its foreign policies—a decision solemnized by a 1910 treaty. When the British left India in 1947, Bhutan was an independent country. Nehru continued the British policy vis-à-vis Bhutan. In the late 1950s China revised its territorial claim on Bhutan. Bhutan, however, became a member of the United Nations in 1971.

The political struggle—tripartite—between Bhutan, China and India presents the modern problem. Bhutan exists stoutly independent, but symbolically it is a pawn in international politics. Bhutan's industrial future is bright because of the enormous resource of untapped hydroelectric power from the rivers that run north to south out of the Himalayas.

Central Asia is often used to mean Soviet Central Asia. But as Rahul points out, in *Politics of Central Asia,* this area includes not only the southern border states of Russia but also Afghanistan, Outer Mongolia, Tibet, Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia. For years a struggle for primacy went on there with the British moving up from the south and Russia reacting in the north. China, protecting her western flank, also played a major role in shaping the destiny of the area. Buddhism and Islam were for a long time dominant in the politics and diplomacy of central Asia. India, gaining her independence in 1946, was a latecomer to the politics of the area, but inherited a critical boundary question with China. And China's present boundary questions with Russia have their origins in part in the history of the area.

The book relates the movements and intrigues of Russia against both England and China. It describes the use of Chinese power in Tibet and how it happened that the British recognized Chinese suzerainty over Tibet but not its sovereignty. Britain wanted an autonomous and friendly Tibet on India's two-thousand-mile frontier. Britain also wanted the arteries of trade kept open through Tibet. India inherited England's central Asian problems and in 1952 recognized that Tibet was an integral part of China.

The book goes deeply into China's boundary questions that now loom large. When Japan was in Manchuria, she too had border conflicts with Russia; and the Japanese-Soviet settlements now cast their shadow over the Sino-Soviet controversies. The treatment of China's borders includes not only Russia and India, but also Korea, Vietnam, Laos, Burma, Nepal and Afghanistan.

There are detailed and moving historical accounts of India's borders from Afghanistan to Burma, including Bhutan and Sikkim, and of British and Chinese intrigue among the tribes of the frontier area. Much of the maneuvering of the British was

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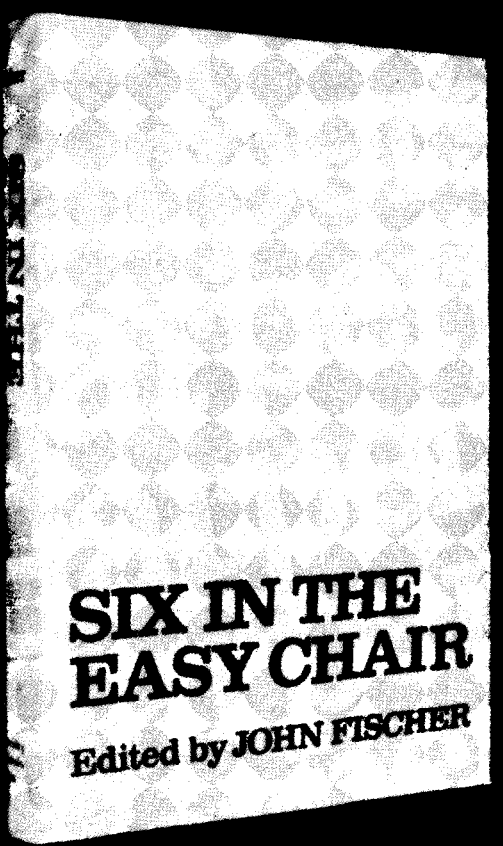

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planned to prevent or forestall Chinese plans. The historic account of Bhutan, Sikkim and Nepal as respects their ties to one of the Great Powers is brought up to date; Chinese power now extends south of the Himalayas. There are, to the west, little-known parts of Uttar Pradesh (an Indian state) and Kinnaur, the frontier district of Himachal Pradesh and Ladakh (which I described in my book *Beyond the High Himalayas)* that are bones of contention between India and China. India claims the watershed as the boundary line. China's claims are based on historic occupation or sovereignty and racial affinity while India's claims involve geography, traditional interdependence, cultural and political connections.

Russia has expanded southward in the last century and a half, raising boundary questions with Turkey that persist to this day, and, with Iran, questions that seemingly were settled in 1957. Russia's southward expansion also implicated Afghanistan; and a subtle and recent manifestation of that conflict appeared in 1973 when a coup d'état occurred in Kabul. There was vast Soviet support behind that debacle. The Russian-Afghanistan border presents serious problems, for there is no natural barrier; there is only a line drawn on the map across the smooth plains of central Asia. The author is quite correct in marking the Russian presence in Afghanistan as a matter of concern to China.

There are two chapters dealing with the religious-political infiltrations in this troubled area. One chapter deals with the lamas of Buddhism and how they helped to shape the political complexion of central Asia. The other chapter treats the like activities of Islam, operating through the mullahs.

China's historic interest in central Asia was primarily a defensive one—to keep the aggressive hordes in the west under control. But her active role largely ceased in the eighth century and did not reappear until the twentieth. Only two powers united central Asia under one sovereignty—the Mongols and the Turks, although the Turks never quite succeeded. The lines of succession have now put China and the Soviet Union in control. China largely controls eastern central Asia; Russia controls western central Asia. The ongoing border dispute between China and the Soviet Union is only an extension of the long, long struggle of the Great Powers to gain an ascendancy there for purposes of trade, security and defense.

The book contains an appendix that sets forth the texts of a dozen modern treaties that deal with aspects of central Asian problems, an appendix of great value to the student.

The book is, so far as I am aware, the first in-depth, historic treatment of the politics of central Asia. Ram Rahul is a dedicated Indian scholar. While an Indian bias naturally appears now and then, the scholarship has great integrity. The book will be a useful treatise even to those who are not concerned with history, but wish only to watch the gathering conflict between China and the Soviet Union.

China and India—the two large mass nations of Asia—are today opposed in several ways. Their armies face each other in a boundary dispute that remains unsettled. The two nations are at opposite poles ideologically—China, authoritarian; India, democratic overlaid on ancient Hinduism. They are not competitive in any active sense. But their opposed stance makes Rahul's *Central Asia,* in particular, a book for the entire world to read.

An Energetic Guide

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY. *By Karl Malkoff. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $10.*

Reviewed by IRVING MALIN

We skeptical readers may approach this "handbook" of contemporary American poetry with misgivings. How can such a reference guide be more than a collection of

✪ IRVING MALIN is professor of English at the City College of New York. His most recent books are *Isaac Bashevis Singer, Nathanael West's Novels* and *Contemporary American-Jewish Literature.*

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snap-judgments? But if we read only a few pages, we soon recognize that Karl Malkoff is a shrewd critic who miraculously captures the twisting patterns of an important body of literature.

In his preface Malkoff asserts that he is not interested in merely compiling facts—there are, after all, other books in which we can find the titles of Anne Sexton, the birthdate of Karl Shapiro, or the "best" articles on Sylvia Plath. He is after bigger game; he wants to engage us in "the actual process of reading contemporary American poetry, a body of work that presents special problems even for the student of literature." He hopes to give us "bearings," confrontations, explications. Although he offers a "short history" as his introduction—a wonderfully concise, sharp piece of work—he recognizes (and makes us recognize) that "each poet has his own vision of reality. . . ." His seventy essays, ranging from one page to more than twenty, form the core of this special handbook.

I want to look at his introduction before turning to two of my favorite essays. Malkoff first studies "contexts." He stresses the fact that by 1945 American poets were understandably nervous about the "quest for order"—that quest which led to a secret love-hate relationship with fascism on the part of Pound, Eliot and Yeats. After the war our poets equated order with suppression of freedom, totalitarian states, stifling bureaucracies. "Order was the concentration camps." Of course, Malkoff simplifies complex psychological reactions—he realizes that he does so—but he is surely correct in his underlying premise. Contemporary American poetry believes in order—as all poetry must—but it also suggests that "faith in the solidity of the material world has finally been shaken; commonsense reality no longer has firm claims on us."

Malkoff uses these assertions as his starting points. He views imagism, projectivism, beat poetry, confessional poetry—the significant movements, schools, trends and "orders" of poetry—as attempts to "reinterpret the relation of man's inner world to the perceptual universe." Their radical shifts, dislocations and tensions betray deep anxiety about subjects *and* objects. I do not have the space here to discuss Malkoff's provocative, close readings of the various movements, but I am impressed by his explications of such crucial documents as Pound's "A Retrospect" and Olsen's "Projective Verse." He reads these well, firmly establishing their relationships—the idea of "composition by field" is a good example—and proving, at least to me, that the idea (or image?) of electricity unites them. The emphasis upon progressive energy is valuable; such energy, in its metaphorical variations, helps us to see how monolithic order has yielded to relativity, indeterminancy, "built-in limitations to the knowable universe." Especially helpful is Malkoff's reading of section 9 of "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird": "When the blackbird flew out of sight,/It marked the edge/Of one of many circles." The section, he tells us,

> . . . seems analogous in some respects to attempts to measure, position, mass or velocity of electrons indirectly; it is the point of the bird's disappearance, not its presence, that marks the edge of the circle. Further, the circle is not only the path of the bird, but the horizon beyond which it descends. What is striking about the image is its potentiality. There are many circles—many paths the blackbird could take, many positions of the horizon of the rotating earth.

Not only do we grasp Stevens's intention and achievement but we also note its relevance to the energy-principle that Malkoff has already underlined.

When we turn to the essays (arranged alphabetically), we perceive that Malkoff does not merely offer the usual ones on such poets as Roethke, Berryman and Lowell; he ranges widely, including criticism of Rich, Swenson, Logan, Brooks. And each essay subtly contributes to the patterns established in the introduction.

I want to single out two essays. I find that his treatment of Karl Shapiro is very fine. In less than five pages he elucidates the "figures in the carpet" of this exciting, troublesome poet. His reading of *The Bourgeois Poet* makes me return to that mad, frustrating volume and see clearly

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now the reasons why "non sequiturs abound, images are placed in montage, the reader is presented with a world that must be understood intuitively. . . ."

The other essay on Anne Sexton shares similar virtues. Malkoff recognizes her emotional currents and role-playing—the energies of transformation (or vice versa)—and places them in poetic contexts. But he does not kill individual lines, images, puns. He even manages to demonstrate the importance of her epigraphs from Bellow and Schopenhauer.

Malkoff's "handbook" is, thus, an energetic, accomplished and useful guide which does justice to the excitement and diversity of contemporary American poetry.

A Fling at the Future

THE COMING OF POST-INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY: A Venture in Social Forecasting. *By Daniel Bell. Basic Books. $12.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT NISBET

Daniel Bell, who is professor of sociology at Harvard and one of our renowned intellectuals, begins this, his latest book, on a note of evasion and concludes it in a spirit of almost classical resignation. In between are some very rich pages of social analysis, oriented toward a subject that is by now almost a part of its author's name.

The evasion lies in Bell's coyness about accepting his enterprise for what it is: a fling at the future, call it what we will, forecasting, predicting or prophesying. He disclaims predictions or prophecies, settling for the word forecasts, about which he writes: "Though they cannot predict results, they can specify *constraints,* or limits, within which policy decisions can be effective." He tells us the future is an empty abstraction, a mere metaphor, product of reification. Now, this simply isn't up to Professor Bell. After all, he is chairman of the American Academy's Commission on the Year 2000. I much prefer what he wrote in a recently printed lecture: "I'm interested in social forecasting. I don't believe that the future is a point somewhere abstractly out there in time. The future unfolds from structural tendencies in the present." Actually, the future doesn't, being the product of much more than is in the present, but that doesn't prevent the statement from being a good preface to this book.

As to the ending: no doubt the chilling Lucretian *Concede: Necessest* would be foreign even today to Professor Bell's mind, but he does refer to the "modern *hubris*" that has made modern man seek "to embody the ideal in the real," and he does advise "return to the classic conception." I too would be delighted to see something of the classical-philosophical mind in our politics, although no more of the mind of post-Peloponnesian Athens than we have right now, thank you. But it is easy to see why some of Bell's radical critics writhe at the thought of such counsel. No doubt their distress is heightened by the fact that Bell has lost none of his understanding of the intellectual-historical grounds of radicalism in the West and has acquired a keen sense of their almost total irrelevance to the present situation.

The content and thrust of this book must by now be well known to nearly all readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It has been widely reviewed in the weeklies and is the product of successive developments of the central theme that the author has published over the past decade or more. I shall be brief accordingly. In Bell's view, contemporary Western society is best to be seen in three major divisions: social structure (which includes economy, technology, stratification and occupational patterns), polity and culture. The first, social structure, by virtue of its inevitable specializations of role and status, tends to create a substantial degree of inequality in the social order that the second, polity, is today increasingly at war with, given the increasingly egalitarian nature of politics at the present time.

ROBERT NISBET'S most recent books are *The Social Philosophers* and *The Sociology of Emile Durkheim.* Beginning July, 1974, he will be Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at Columbia University.

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And, to give further instability to social structure, our culture, especially literary culture, constantly enlarges its adversary position, with emphasis spreading on the varied forms of self-realization, that is, of subjectivism.

What Bell stresses, and brilliantly and learnedly, is the whole complex pattern of conflicts that result from the coexistence of these three divisions in society. The superiority of his treatment of the social order over those of our latter-day Marxists seems to me immense. To accuse him of any form of harmonism is absurd; it is impossible to read any part of the book without being made aware of the elements of conflict that are bound to exist within each of the divisions of society and among them.

The book is best in its analysis of social structure. After all, it was with respect to this structure that the concept of postindustrial society was adduced in the first place by Bell. What we have here is a kind of sociological fleshing-out of the economic outlines of a service-oriented economy that Colin Clark gave us many years ago. It would be absurd to dismiss the great importance of this sphere in its own right, although Marxist critics appear willing to do just that. That loyalties, incentives, coercions and motivations should arise within the technostructure, distinguishable if not actually separable from those of the productive sphere, seems no more than elementary sociology. And that conflicts between that whole "post-industrial" sphere and the productive sector— not to mention conflicts with other divisions of society— should become generated also seems within the reach of ordinary reason. But our contemporary radical critics, fingering Marxist rosaries, will have it otherwise. Power in society either flows directly from the producers, from the "capitalist class" or it isn't power, only a mirage.

I myself see few signs in this book of any ignoring of the role of the business corporation, which Bell specifically declares will remain a major center of influence and power through the rest of the century at the very least.

What of the political sphere? In an excellent, if all too brief, section titled "The Political Cockpit," Bell sees, much as Veblen did many years ago, a built-in conflict between the "technocratic mind-view" and the conventional political process. He does not—again *pace* radical critics—suppose this will be inexorably resolved in the future by accession to ultimate power of technocrats, but there is much in the book to give the thought at least to the reader's mind. What exacerbates the problem is the changed character of politics in our time, manifest in the spread of participatory democracy, of egalitarianism. By no stretch of the imagination can there be enough consumer goods (using that phrase in its widest sense), no matter how prodigious our economy and technostructure may be in their efforts, to go around. The deadly, built-in mechanism of rising expectations and what Kenneth Arrow has called the "impossibility theorem" make that clear—assuming, of course, continuation of present drives and incentives.

There lies the rub. History has a way of obliterating political and social paradoxes rather than meeting or resolving them. There is a fascinating game one can play if he reads a good deal of history. He can imagine himself a Roman citizen of the third century, assuming, as our citizen must, the eternal or at least very long-range existence ahead of the Pax Romana, aware of built-in conflicts and of "structural tendencies" in imperial Rome, seeking, with all means available, to forecast the future. Question: Can our imaginary citizen, without cheating by looking ahead, reach the form of society that historians used to call the Dark Ages? Or he can put himself in the role of some fifteenth-century prelate at Rome, pondering the very evident conflicts and tendencies of that time (probably paying no attention at all to God's will!), speculating and calculating, with the unity of Christendom taken for granted, of course. Question: Can the utter disintegration of Christendom, its fragmentation into warring sects and its loss of decisive power to the then-insignificant political state be forecast? Again, without cheating.

I can think of two real possibilities of

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obliteration of the kinds of structural tendencies and conflicts Professor Bell describes so fascinatingly in this book. One is military, the rise of the war state with its distinctive symbols and disciplines. Bell deals briefly and inadequately, as it seems to me, with the role of the military in our society. War and the war state have dissolved many a tension in the history of the West. The other possibility is that which lies in the present revolt against affluence, reason, knowledge and science, and in the possibly emerging currents of radical opposition to the political community in the name of anyone of a number of values—drugs, occultism, demonism, astrology, even revivals of ethnic, kinship and communal primitivisms. I am not sure that I am even trying to forecast here, much less predict or prophesy, but I do think, on present evidences, that the possibilities are greater than what can be drawn from Professor Bell's tripartite division of society. Such an observation, however, takes nothing away from a book that is original, bold, learned and fascinatingly written.

The Test of Political Struggle

THE RISE OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY. The Autobiography of Chang Kuo-t'ao. Volume 1, 1921-1927; Volume 2, 1928-1938. *University of Kansas Press.* $25.

Reviewed by TANG TSOU

It was a time of despair and a time of hope, a time of brutal, self-defeating *Realpolitik* and a time of noble, boundless idealism, a time of egoism and a time of selfless dedication to a noble cause. Out of despair, hope sprang eternal. From the brutality of *Realpolitik*, man sought escape in idealism. To transcend egoism, the actor sublimated his selfishness in dedication to a noble cause. Yet hope, idealism and dedication were once more frustrated and displaced by the brutality and complexity of *Realpolitik* in a society in revolution and a nation subject to the manipulation and open aggression of foreign powers. Only extraordinary men with an unusual combination of idealism and realism will continue the political struggle to the bitter end as leaders seeking the victory of their cause while taking the risk of being devoured by the revolution. Man's fate in twentieth-century China is an unfolding of political triumphs and personal tragedies, glorious deeds and ignominious behavior, uncanny wisdom and the blind folly of human beings. It is a history written with the blood and tears of myriad individuals—illiterate soldiers fighting for a cause or merely for their daily ration, ruthless politicians and far-sighted statesmen, martyrs and renegades, the victors and the vanquished, who were separated only by a thin, unpredictable and imperceptible line of personal fortunes, momentary decisions and historical accidents.

These are the poignant feelings partly reflected in the two volumes of Chang Kuo-t'ao's autobiographical account of the rise of the Chinese Communist Party, 1921-1938. A youthful idealist and a leader of the May Fourth Movement, Chang soon became one of the fifty-nine founders of the Chinese Communist Party (C.C.P.) and one of the three survivors of the thirteen delegates attending the Fifth Congress in 1921—the other two being Mao Tse-tung and Tung Pi-wu. A totally defeated and disillusioned man seventeen years later, he left the Party and sought the protection of the Nationalist government in April, 1938, at a time when the prestige of the Kuomintang was at its highest point since 1927 and the future of the C.C.P. was uncertain. Thereafter he made his living by accepting minor, nominal positions in the Nationalist government while he watched the rapid expansion of the C.C.P. during the long years of the Sino-Japanese war, the gradual decline of the Kuomintang, the postwar political maneuvers, the renewal of the civil war, and the ultimate victory of the C.C.P.

TANG TSOU, professor in the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago, is author of *America's Failure in China* and co-author and co-editor of *China in Crisis.*

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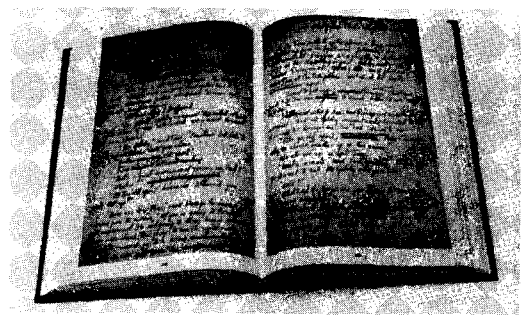
under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung, his archenemy in the Party. After 1949, he lived quietly and simply in Hong Kong. In 1968, he emigrated to Canada where, in the words of his wife, he "is content with a poor but happy life."

In a brief review of these two massive volumes of almost fifteen hundred pages, it would be impossible to examine Chang's account in its details and to assess their accuracy in the light of our knowledge. What needs to be noted is that it confirms the major outline of the history of this period as presented by John K. Fairbank, Benjamin Schwartz, Conrad Brandt, Martin Wilbur, Robert North (whose account was partly based on interviews with Chang), Charles McLane, Stuart Schram, Jerome Ch'en, Warren Kuo and Wang Chien-min. It adds a human and personal dimension to a story that serves to underscore the stupidity of the Comintern's policies in China, the arrogance of its representatives, and the submissiveness of the Chinese Communist leaders due to both idealistic reasons and hope for Soviet aid. It gives new, vivid details of the life of Chinese Communist leaders in their enforced sojourn in the Soviet Union and some colorful stories of Party work in "white areas" in 1931.

Perhaps the most valuable addition to our knowledge is Chang's detailed account of his work in building up the Oyüwan (Hupeh-Honan-Anhwei) base area and the Fourth Front Army, the defeat suffered at the hands of the Kuomintang forces, the mini-Long March to the North Szechwan area, the union with Mao Tse-tung's forces, and the fateful split after the Mao-erh-kai Conference when Chang established a Provisional Central Committee in opposition to Mao's leadership. This account is given from the personal perspective of the major figure involved. As such, it deserves a respectful hearing but at the same time it cannot be accepted without reservation and further study.

It is clear from this autobiographical account that the crucial turning point in Chang's career was his five months in prison from May to October, 1924, when he

a facsimile of the original manuscript



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nearly lost his life but was unexpectedly released. It was then that he began to lose faith in the revolution. He writes: "I no longer held a superstitious belief in the revolution, as I had in the past. I had come to believe that revolution was an extraordinary means, but that it could not solve all the innumerable social problems. Furthermore, revolution could bring along with it undesirable by-products." He also found it slightly strange and uncomfortable that "I—a young patriot who originally wanted to study natural science—should turn out to be an important Communist."

Perhaps without fully realizing it then or even when he composed his autobiography, he also began to doubt the applicability of communism to China and thus indirectly raised the question of his own commitment to it. As he writes, "for in all the time in prison I could not think of a plan for the realization of communism in China." As he admits, "These thoughts of mine were reflected later in my words and actions after my release from prison." These doubts and questions were quite appropriate for a detached scholar to raise but were fatal to a political leader in a revolutionary movement.

Thus, when he took charge of the Party, the army and the government in the Oyüwan Soviet area, he entertained serious doubts about all the major policies of the C.C.P.

> As far as I am concerned, the C.C.P.'s land policy had its fundamental shortcomings. We could not depend on it to arouse mass struggles from the grass roots up. Moreover, the policy of developing the Red Army through guerrilla warfare also failed to bring about quick results due to various unfavorable conditions. Also, the Soviet government was built on too narrow a foundation. This regime was confined to the scope of land revolution on some small tracts of land, and it was hard to win the understanding and sympathy of the broad masses of workers and peasants. Moreover, it had little, if any, appeal to the intellectuals and petty bourgeoisie of the country, and it failed to establish proper connections with the anti-imperialist movement centering in the cities.

Chang's assessment of the inadequacy of the land revolution as a basis for mobilizing popular support and his emphasis on the importance of anti-Japanese nationalism recalls Chalmers Johnson's thesis in *Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power*. His remark on the significance of the anti-imperialist movement centering in the cities points to the thesis expounded by Tetsuya Kataoka in his book *Resistance and Revolution: the C.C.P. in the Second United Front,* to be published soon by the University of California Press. These assessments by Chang will become the subject of continuing debate among scholars in the West.

In any event, the defeat of the Fourth Front Army by the Nationalist forces and the forced evacuation of the Oyüwan area strengthened Chang's conviction about the defects in the program of the C.C.P. Thereafter, he advocated the abandonment of the notion of setting up Soviet government and adjustment in land policies to gain broader support. A dispute over military strategy and a sense of being discriminated against by the Central Committee dominated by Mao Tse-tung and Chang Wen-t'ien led Chang to establish a rival Provisional Central Committee at a time when the military forces under his control were vastly superior to those commanded by Mao.

This was a most serious action threatening to split the Party wide apart. Fortunately for the C.C.P. and unfortunately for Chang, the larger part of his forces was decimated by the armies and cavalry units of the Nationalist government and the warlords. He and a small contingent of his troops finally joined forces with Mao in Northern Shensi. He retained all his positions in the Party and was given a nominally high position in the government in the base area. But his "opportunist" policies were sharply criticized and he was no longer a major political force. His loss of faith in the revolution and in communism finally led him to overestimate the power of the Kuomintang and to place unwarranted trust in its benevolent intentions. Instead of supporting Mao's policy of maintaining the autonomy and indepen-

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dence of the C.C.P. and of simultaneously struggling against and uniting with the Kuomintang, he advocated a policy of unconditional cooperation. His final decision to defect was triggered by a fear that Wang Ming, a henchman of Stalin, would conduct a purge of "Trotskyites" and would in the process implicate him. Chinese history finally passed him by as a political leader who misjudged the political situation and who could not stand the test of brutal and complex political struggle. From Chang's life history one can get a glimpse of the hope and despair, idealism and cynicism, egoism and selfless dedication of many Chinese swept up in the storm of revolutionary China in the twentieth century.

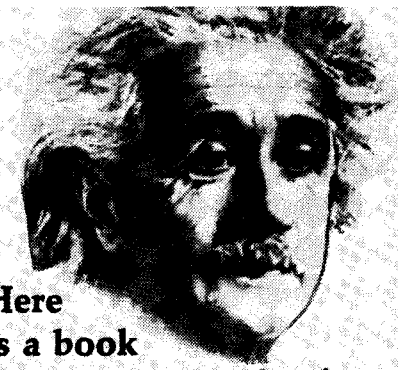
Faulkner Complete

FAULKNER: A BIOGRAPHY. *By Joseph Blotner. 2 volumes. Random House. $25 the set.*

Reviewed by CHARLES R. LARSON

Joseph Blotner, a professor of English at the University of Michigan, has written the official biography of William Cuthbert Faulkner. It is 1,846 pages long, excluding the notes that run for another 269 pages. Few people, I suspect, will want to read all of this two-volume work, and even the most ardent Faulkner enthusiast will find the going difficult much of the time. There are simply too many things here that could have been condensed—or left out completely—but American literary biographers these days seem determined to justify the greatness of their subjects by stretching their lives out for volume after volume. Henry James is our greatest nineteenth-century novelist because it took Leon Edel four volumes to get all of his life down on paper. Faulkner is our most important twentieth-century novelist, so his bio-

✪ CHARLES R. LARSON, associate professor of literature at American University, is completing a book to be called *The Novel in the Third World.*



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graphy has to run at least twice the length of anyone else's. And so on. (Faulkner isn't even born until the ninth chapter of Blotner's biography.) Blotner may have felt he was writing a Victorian novel.

The chapters Blotner devotes to Faulkner's ancestors and his life before he became a writer, however, are not what I find objectionable. In some ways they are much more fascinating than later sections of the biography devoted to analyzing each and every little scrap of writing Faulkner ever produced—including short stories he wrote for the children of his friends. These early chapters are valuable because they illustrate how closely Faulkner drew upon his ancestral resources. Anyone who knows Faulkner's work well will find the long introduction invaluable for locating the sources of his later writing. The tombstone on Sallie Murray Faulkner's grave, for example, reads as follows: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. Her children arise and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her." She died in 1906. When Faulkner published *The Town* in 1957, he used part of this inscription for Eula Varner Snopes's tombstone: "A Virtuous Wife Is a Crown to Her Husband. Her Children Rise and Call Her Blessed." The extensive background chapters, then, show us that Faulkner drew on his heritage even more extensively than most readers and critics have heretofore suspected.

Besides writing works that are excessively verbose, in recent years American literary biographers have also permitted the reader to play the role of the voyeur. The reading public anxiously awaits publishers' announcements of the latest biography that dares to tell it all—all the sordid details. (The Gelb biography of Eugene O'Neill has just been published in a revised edition that the publishers boast "includes new material—previously unavailable information on the playwright's last years that could not be published until after the death of his widow. . . .") For the most part, Blotner's *Faulkner* does not exploit the life of its subject in this way. It is remarkably reticent, given the years Faulkner spent as a dapper bachelor, sowing his wild oats, and the relatively tame affair he had with Jean Stein in his late years. Although there are few real surprises here, there are a number of important incidents in Faulkner's life that Blotner clarifies for the record. Faulkner did not fight in World War I, as so many of the brief biographical accounts of his life tell us; the war was over before his training in the Royal Air Force was completed. Nevertheless, he walked with a cane for some years after the war and frequently spoke of a metal plate in his head. (Students at the University of Mississippi called him "The Count" or "Count No Count.") Faulkner was a bit of a liar; his storytelling often extended to the things he said about himself.

For a biography of this length, it is perhaps surprising to suggest that there are places where Blotner could have told us more about his subject than he did. This is certainly true about Faulkner's relationship with his wife, Estelle, his childhood sweetheart. Estelle's parents would not let her marry him because they thought he would never amount to anything. She married Cornell Franklin instead, and after that ended in divorce (and two children) some years later, Faulkner married her. He was thirty-two years old. Their only child, Jill, was born a few years later. Thereafter Blotner does not tell us much about their relationship, although we are led to conclude that it quickly evolved into a marriage of convenience. Blotner gives the impression that Estelle was more interested in security than in her husband and his life's work.

Of Faulkner's feelings toward the other members of his family we learn a great deal more—especially of his fondness for children. A major reason why he always needed money (until the last half dozen of his sixty-five years) was the number of people in his extended family he always had to support. In part these financial difficulties may have contributed to his drinking (and there is much about that in the biography) but Blotner shows that Faulkner was an alcoholic by the time he

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had reached his early thirties. Financial difficulties also led to Faulkner's "bondage" to Hollywood, especially during the 1930s and 1940s, where he frequently returned to get himself out of debt. That, and short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post* which Faulkner considered hack work, permitted him to write the novels that rarely brought him anything but limited financial returns. (The combined royalties from all of his works in 1942, for example, amounted to three hundred dollars.)

There are many things here to give inspiration to young writers struggling to make a beginning today. It is difficult to look at Faulkner's life and regard it as a success story in the usual American way—as we can do with Fitzgerald's, for example. Even after he became critically famous, Faulkner had trouble getting his writing published. He was constantly rewriting stories—even quite late in his career—to get them accepted by magazine editors. He had more than his share of rejection slips. It was not until 1948, two years before he was awarded the Nobel Prize, that a novel of his sold more than a few thousand copies. In that year, *Intruder in the Dust* sold a whopping fifteen thousand. By that time, too, his work was beginning to deteriorate; writing came more slowly. After the Nobel Prize, he rarely had the privacy he needed to continue his work the way he wanted. Increasingly, he tended to construct his novels piecemeal out of leftover writings and previously published short stories.

Joseph Blotner's *Faulkner,* then, is far from the usual story of success and the American dream. Rather, Faulkner's life story is the account of an endurance test—of an indomitable man, determined to write what he wanted no matter what obstacles editors, publishers and readers placed in his way. If Blotner has told us more about Faulkner's work than he has told us about the man himself, we only need remember that for Faulkner, life was his work. No American writer ever worked harder to achieve the objectives of his work than did William Faulkner.

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Outstanding Books from the University Presses

University press books in this country range from the highly specialized and regional to the general and international. The SCHOLAR *here presents a list of 1973 and early 1974 university press publications especially selected for the intelligent, nonspecialized reader. Observations by various scholars and writers precede the list, and their initials following the titles indicate particular recommendations.*

The list of 336 books shows the unexpected health of scholarly publishing by the university presses in the midst of fiscal crisis. It would surely be difficult to amass as various and distinguished a list from the equivalent number of commercial publishing houses. What we are seeing perhaps, through this focus on the university presses, is the advantage of decentralization. These presses do not operate out of a few major cities, and their staffs, as well as the boards of professors advising them, seem relatively free from pressures of modishness. There has been, of course, some tendency to compromise: a few university presses, in order to make ends meet, are courting an occasional best-seller or a work of purely popular and transient interest. But I suspect that the problem of keeping this title before the public through a large marketing and advertising outlay may render such opportunism counterproductive. The survey also leads one to reflect that in the last ten years or so university press publishing has become, if anything, healthier, because of the somewhat less central place of the prestige university presses and the more creative publishing practices of the smaller or less noted publishing houses. I only hope that the many interesting books coming from these newly strengthened houses will be able to receive proper attention from reviewers and the news media.

My checklist, I should add, includes only books that would interest the cultured reader who might turn to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It omits certain very impressive books such as the biographical study of Moses Mendelssohn, by Alexander Altmann—a highly specialized historical study—published by the University of Alabama Press. This leads me to the one criticism I would be tempted to make: that, unlike Altmann's biography, many books in literature or intellectual history are being published which are part critical and part historical, a little bit of this and a little bit of that, instead of having a cogent and comprehensive focus. There is a tendency, surely dangerous in the long run, to encourage half-books. I mean works that are deemed marketable because they are of moderate length and sometimes moderate ambition.

GEOFFREY HARTMAN

* * *

I've checked the book titles that would seem to have interest for readers of the SCHOLAR, but since the title alone often gives little idea of the book's contents, I may have neglected some items that deserved to be checked. As for the impression I receive of university press publishing today: the university presses now seem to publish many more books of general—that is, not purely scholarly or academic—interest than they did in the past, and that is about all I can find to say about the matter.

PEARL K. BELL

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There are many intriguing books on the university press list. But I wish to examine a sad omission, and propose a remedy.

Would anyone perusing the 336 titles chosen for their appeal to "intelligent . . . nonspecialized" readers even guess that three of these presses—Columbia, Pittsburgh and Yale—sponsor annual contests for the most distinguished first books of poetry? True, there is a Pittsburgh poetry book—by Abba Kovner, an Israeli poet, in translation—as though the October War makes viable any book from or about Israel. But nothing seems to make contemporary American poetry viable.

Makes you wonder for whom poets write, and to whom their publishers expect to sell their books.

How about an audience of intelligent, nonspecialized college graduates? I know a lot of poets who hope their books will somehow be seen by such people. But university presses don't, on the whole, give our poets much help.

First, however, honor to those that do. Wesleyan, with one of the strongest poetry lists, whether university or trade, has published books by Kenneth O. Hansen and Charles Wright. From Louisiana State University Press, with another good poetry list, comes *Angel Fire*—recommended perhaps in the certainty that its author, Joyce Carol Oates, will already be known in other connections. And Utah lists *The Old One and the Wind,* by Clarice Short, a poet new to me; I must get her book.

Someone of course will ask, why should a university press concern itself with poetry? All right, everything is a matter of priorities. Let us have the best work available that has been thought and said. We can never know enough about Shakespeare or Whitman, but does anyone query the need for university presses to bring out an edition of the early writings (1908-1912) in prose and verse of Raymond Chandler, or *Three Burlesque Plays of Thomas Duffett,* or a work on *John Masefield's England?* Living poetry can fend for itself, but the literature of the past—no matter its insignificance—is the subject of study and a university can properly publish the scholarship —or the text, if a professor has busied himself to annotate it.

Am I being unfair? A few years ago we had poetry lists of some merit from Cornell, Indiana and North Carolina—these are all in desuetude. Missouri is still trying. Other presses have had a brief flier at poetry but gave it up, some after publishing their local bard. The stuff won't sell and you're as damned if you do as if you don't.

Why wouldn't this be so? The editorial board of a university press is usually an interdisciplinary committee. Expect them to choose a Pegasus, and don't be surprised if we get a camel floundering in sand. A press needs expert judgment in selecting poetry manuscripts, and the best place to find it may not be on the faculty—how many in the English department are really knowledgeable about the literature of the 1970s? Poetry manuscripts should be screened by a committee of three poets of indisputable accomplishment. Let them be of different generations and poetic schools, and rotate membership in the interest of variety consonant with quality. Such a committee deserves editorial fees for its work, and any university press establishing a poetry board can apply, with some hope of success, for a subvention for this purpose from the National Endowment for the Arts. Its literature division is established to offer just such informed support for poetry.

Our reliance in the past upon trade publication of poetry is now endangered. The inflationary economy and the subservience of editorial judgment in formerly independent publishing houses to the demands of conglomerate ownership for immediate profits have had an adverse effect on all quality publishing. The book that, however meritorious its content, will sell only a couple of thousand copies is a casualty now. If alternatives to trade publication such as that suggested above are not quickly put into effect, the health of our literary culture is in jeopardy.

The university press that adopts such a plan will find that strength draws strength; a prestigious poetry board will attract strong manuscripts from established as well as from unpublished poets. A good list

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generates its own momentum. Such books will attract readers, and such readers will participate in the cultural experience of our own generation.

To make such experience possible seems an appropriate aim for the press of a university.

DANIEL HOFFMAN

* * *

I do not know enough about the books listed in the university press survey; I have, therefore, no way of recommending them. I should think, rather, that they would recommend themselves to people interested in the given subject.

Isn't that the nature of university press publication? I am assuming that the books are not only well researched but well thought and well written. There was a time when university presses paid small attention to the quality of the writing. There are still occasions that catch the press director in an academic squeeze and force him to publish a plodding academic treatise. In general, however, the press books I have come on are well written and well organized. They tend to be on subjects that would not attract enough buyers to support the book as a commercial venture. Conversely, they provide for specialists and for scholarly general readers exactly the sort of books commercial presses cannot afford to publish.

My eye falls at random on *Shaker Music*, by Harold Cook. I will assume that it is informative, interesting, and well written. Because it will interest only a few—and because those few will want and need it—it is a university press book.

Now suppose—a wild hypothetical—that Bob Dylan "went ape" for Shaker music, made it the basis of his next style and next concert series, and so "turned on" the young and rabid. They would then be clamoring for anything on Shaker music and the book would be a commercial hardback with a widely distributed paperback edition.

The university press has traditionally been the scholar's way around the numbers game of commercial publication. It is rapidly becoming the literate person's way around that game. For although this list does not testify to the fact, university presses have increasingly been the publishers of poets who could not find a commercial imprint. In the 1950s I began publishing my poetry with Rutgers University Press. Since then Rutgers has published eight or nine of my books, and although I have had chances to change to a commercial house, I have wanted to stay with Rutgers because (among other reasons) I did not think the commercial houses could do as well for me.

I may have had an unusual experience, but as a simple recital of fact, I can report that Rutgers Press has never sold less than five thousand copies of my poetry—of any title—and I do not believe most commercial presses can match that. One reason, of course, is that a university press can afford to keep titles in print when a commercial house might have to remainder.

JOHN CIARDI

* * *

The immediate impression is of course of diversity, particularly since each press is represented by one book from each of the major categories of scholarly publishing. From that point of view the categories are interesting as a kind of "deep structure" picture of what university presses think scholarship is (or at least what scholarship outside the sciences is) right now. Some major pigeonholes do emerge. Biographies of scholars or artists—but less of political figures, although these too appear with some frequency—seem still to be a major genre, if not actually a growing one. Letters and fugitive papers of the same sorts of people also seem prominent, adding to the general sense that scholarship—or the press's view of scholarship—is rather "personality-oriented." History, criticism and social science all seem to flow in this channel more than I would expect; certainly more than I like.

Thus, the overall impression is one of a scholarly community more at home in hanging whatever ideas it has onto individual persons rather than places, types of societies, historical periods, theoretical

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frameworks, or philosophical perspectives, something I think does not reflect altogether well on us. There are other ways to approach England than through Masefield, religion than through de Chardin, socialism than through Tawney, or the federal judiciary than through Learned Hand. They seem at the moment, unfortunately, rather less favored.

CLIFFORD GEERTZ

* * *

The range of titles boggles the mind, and I'm loathe (a) to comment way outside my own field and (b) even more to comment about books I've not read. The list does seem incontestably larger than are the available talents in the nation. A case of overpublishing.

JOHN M. BLUM

* * *

In his autobiography S. N. Behrman tells how, when a little boy, he used to sit in the study of his uncle, a learned rabbi, who was often consulted on points of Jewish law. He would hear the rabbi answer the telephone, listen for a while, and then say, "Madam, I am sorry, but I cannot examine a chicken over the telephone." This is my position with regard to this list of books. It contains some interesting titles and some good names, but that is not nearly enough to tell me whether the books under those titles or written by the men bearing those names will be worth reading. I should myself go for Gerald Brenan on Saint John of the Cross, because I admire Saint John and have read some beguiling books by Mr. Brenan; and for Mario Praz on conversation pieces, since he is sensitive and original. But the books themselves might turn out to be disappointments. Whether they will or not I could not possibly tell before reading them.

I should say, though, that the whole list produces the same impression on me as reading the specialist periodicals in my own field (Greek and Roman philology): that there is a great deal of virtually useless and only remotely interesting research and publication being done both in the United States and elsewhere. I wonder what possible purpose can be served by publishing the early prose and poetry of Raymond Chandler, for example; or yet another book about William Dean Howells; or, in the United States, a two-volume work on British wild flowers.

GILBERT HIGHET

* * *

One of the great challenges facing literature in contemporary society is the need to criticize the institutions responsible for dealing with the problems facing society. Daily journalism cannot treat the slow, secular change processes through which institutions adapt to new problems and social concerns. This is a task to which books and reviews are well suited because of their capacity to marshall details and fathom complex realities. Literature is democratic in the best sense, open to all seeking to present views or reduce them to practice in their professions or in everyday life. University presses have made a lively contribution to a literature of social change. Social criticism, like criticism in the arts, can only flourish when worthwhile books and reviews find the audience to which they are entitled. Here is a necessary literary enterprise for our times.

PHILIP C. RITTERBUSH

* * *

I have dutifully checked books which caught my attention by title or subject or author and some few by virtue of the fact I had read them. As to writing a paragraph in response, I did that some four years ago when a distinguished quarterly sent me for review six university press books covering a wide range of subjects on the premise that they "would open up an interesting avenue of approach." The review I wrote was entitled "Doom," and my conclusions after surveying this gathering of representative university press books are as melancholy as ever. This list is a selected list including only those books that have been picked out as having the most meaning and interest to

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intelligent and—in general—nonspecialized readers. Surely these like the ones I read before must be representative of some portion of the best which man is currently thinking. "And yet," I wrote then, "these reasonable books, end products of man's formally organized, widely promulgated, trained, honed, and refined *reason,* a handful among hundreds which appear each year, simply and sadly say to me, 'The game's up'."

KENNETH E. EBLE

* * *

No absolute dividing line for subject matter seems to separate the areas of American university and commercial publishing: from time to time the commercial publishers bring out scholarly works, and the university presses do publish some trade and text books that sell rather widely. Such events, however, are the exceptions, and in the last analysis the scholarly world looks to the university presses for the dissemination of the knowledge resulting from research. Thus I would think that one of the happier recent events in the scholarly world was the awarding by the Mellon Foundation of sizeable grants to the university presses. In this time of sharply rising costs, a real financial threat to the continuation of such presses exists, and the Mellon grants represent great help against that threat.

ROBERT M. LUMIANSKY

* * *

My criticism has to do with the prevalence of tired subject matter. One gets the feeling that far too many of these books represent the heart breaking attempt on the part of an aspirant for a Ph.D. to work over some all-too-well-worked-over material still considered acceptable in the circles of academe. I'll cite only a few. Is it conceivable that there is a public panting for a study of the "national themes" in the work of that essentially second-rate British poet, John Masefield? Is *The Diary of James A. Garfield* an important contribution? Can a study of "fighters and lovers" in the novels

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of John Updike or the films made of the fiction of Graham Green be of more than monographic interest? Is there an eager audience waiting for *The Sunny Side of F.D.R.* or more about *Hemingway in Our Time,* or *Some Words of Jane Austen?* And what about a further picking over of the old bones of Shakespeare as in *The Significance of the Dumb Show in Hamlet* or *The Weak King Dilemma in the Shakespearean History Play?* And who, one can only wonder, paid for books like *The Great Gamble: The Boeing 747* or *Mr. Piper and His Cubs?* And who, may I ask in all humility, is W.O. Tuggle, whose papers are being published by the University of Georgia Press under the title of *Shem, Ham and Japeth* (at $12.50) or, for that matter, who is Harry Ferguson whose life story can be had for $10 from Ohio University Press under the title *Tractor Pioneer?* With titles like these last few it is impossible to avoid the feeling that there was private subsidy involved, and although one cannot blame the financially pressed universities for accepting "vanity" or "special interest" funds, it does lower the general standard of the presses involved.

I might say that I was struck, in passing, with the number of books devoted to Africa, or the blacks in America, as compared to titles dealing with Asian subjects, in particular Asian philosophy and aesthetics, subjects in which so many people in this country (the young in particular) are today taking such a keen interest. At the end of our third war against Asians surely intercultural exchange between the Asians and ourselves is of vital import! I was pleased to see a number of books devoted to the American Indians.

As for the titles that would conceivably interest me or lead to possible recommendation on my part, I can, of course, only mark those that relate to personal interests —interests that would be shared by my specific circle of acquaintances and friends. Listed alphabetically, subjects of interest to me would include books on anthropology, art, Asian philosophy, Indians (American), literature and religion.

NANCY WILSON ROSS

Art Alliance Press

PHILADELPHIA ARCHITECTURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Edited by Theo B. White. $10.*

PAUL PHILIPPE CRET: Architect and Teacher. *By Theo B. White. $10.*

THE ART OF THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT. *By David M. Robb. $30.* (RML, PKB)

Brigham Young University Press

MODERNIZATION IN BRAZIL. *By F. LaMond Tullis. $2.* (PKB)

INA COOLBRITH: Librarian and Laureate of California. *By Josephine D. Rhodehamel and Raymund F. Wood. $11.95.*

DISCOVERING THE WORLD OF THE BIBLE. *By LaMar C. Berrett. $14.95; paper, $10.95.* (RML)

CONFRONTATION AT WORMS. *By DeLamar Jensen. $10.50.*

MAYNARD DIXON, WESTERN ARTIST. *By Wesley M. Burnside. $28.95.*

Brown University Press

THE NEW INFLATION: Causes, Effects, Cures. *By G. L. Bach. $6.* (PKB)

A VIEW OF GREEK ART. *By R. Ross Holloway. $15.* (RML, PKB)

Bucknell University

LADY GREGORY. *By Hazard Adams. $4.50; paper, $1.95.* (RML, GH)

SHAKER MUSIC. *By Harold Cook. $18.*

THE FULBRIGHT PREMISE: Senator J. William Fulbright's Views on Presidential Power. *By Naomi Lynn and Arthur McClure. $12.* (PKB)

NEGLECTED ALTERNATIVES: Critical Essays by Roy Wood Sellars. *Edited by W. Preston Warren. $15.*

THE PREDATORY BEHAVIOR OF WILD CHIMPANZEES. *By Geza Teleki. $15.*

Cambridge University Press

MANDELSTAM. *By Clarence Brown. $13.95.* (PKB, GH)

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The University of Utah Press

Bright Essence: Studies in Milton's Theology, by W. B. Hunter, C. A. Patrides, and J. H. Adamson — Cloth, $8.50

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The Old One and the Wind. Poems, by Clarice Short — Cloth, $6.00

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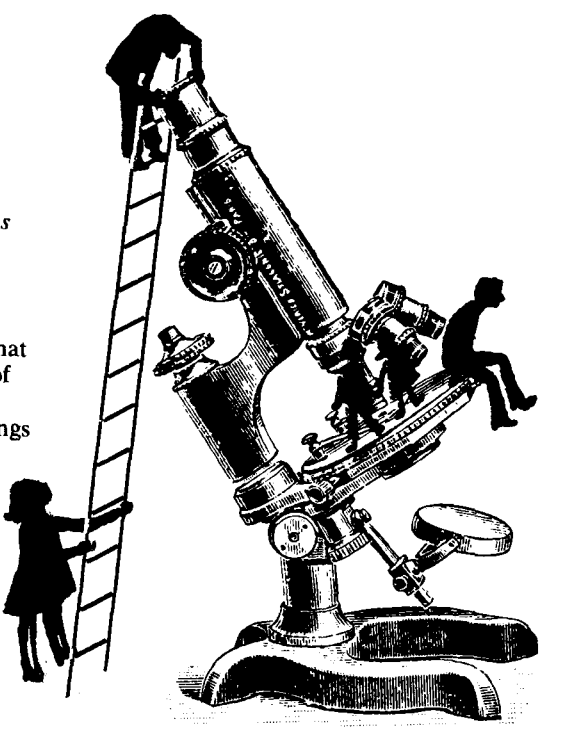

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The Reader Replies

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—EDITOR

Wilhelmina Van Ness's "The Tragic Dilemma of Modern Art" in the Spring issue of the SCHOLAR is surely one of the most extraordinary assaults on reason and common sense ever to insinuate its way into the pages of a respectable magazine. My only explanation for its appearance is that the staff of the SCHOLAR was in shock after the death of Hiram Haydn, its distinguished editor, last December, and did not know what it was setting into type. I certainly did not see the piece until after it appeared in print, and then it was, of course, too late. Advice of counsel prevents me from characterizing fully and fairly its peculiar qualities and what must be the mind behind it. I expect that readers will have already seen through its irresponsible slanders, its wild connections, and its total heartlessness. I suppose that they have not been taken in by the nonsense about the "totalitarianism" of the Bauhaus, or the "responsibility" of Freud, Weber, Tillich, Gropius and others for the "widespread crisis of human identity and the loss of art" in our time. But I cannot pass by in silence the comments about "elitist refugees" whose immigration to America had "sordid and/or dismaying side effects." I find it sickening to read in the SCHOLAR the statement that "Enormous numbers of artists, scientists, teachers, entertainers and intellectuals-at-large came to America in the thirties to have the freedom to continue to practice a culture that had, in some instances, contributed to and exploited the terrible conditions that the *emigrés* had fled." Or, for that matter, "The morality of the idea of flight from one's culture or one's country in time of trouble, is probably always questionable; at least a few of those who remained—like Dietrich Bonhoeffer—seem, in retrospect, to have behaved with more enduring human dignity than some of those who left." The apparent caution of "in some instances" or "some of those," does not rescue such observations from being either pitiful in their ignorance or monstrous in their beastliness. I can only hope that such writing simply refutes itself.

PETER GAY
Acting Editor

Although I basically agree with Vermont Royster's thesis in his article, "The Public Morality: Afterthoughts on Watergate," (Spring, 1974) that the public attitudes set the climate for the Watergate atrocities, I must take exception first with some of Mr. Royster's logical conclusions and second, with his moral judgments. I shall address myself first to his mistakes in logic, which although minor, are nonetheless worth noting. In an attempt to support his thesis that the prevalence of a behavior tends to make people excuse that behavior, Mr. Royster makes the claim that the Kinsey report, or the knowledge that "everyone else is doing it" in a sense "caused" the sexual revolution. Mr. Royster states, "From this [knowledge

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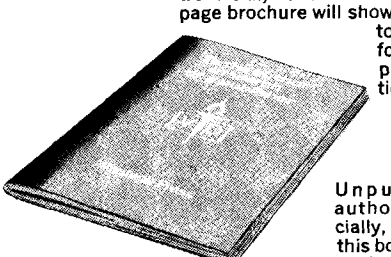

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of how actual behavior differed from the moral adjurations] came the view that since everybody's private actions transgressed the professed morality, then there was no reason to uphold the morality." I take exception to this logic because in social science there is no way, except through controlled experimentation, that any event or social attitude can be said to be caused by any other factor. There are a multitude of factors which could have "caused" the sexual revolution, including such an unlikely suspect as the automobile. In all likelihood, many factors contributed to the change of attitude we call the "sexual revolution," but it is pure speculation as to the contributors, let alone the cause.

In another statement, Mr. Royster concludes, "the new morality says that because people do not live up to them [ideal standards], the standards have no value." This is certainly an unjustified logical jump. He has no evidence with which to support this conclusion, except his aforementioned, unwarranted conclusion about the sexual revolution. To be sure, the new morality is a rejection of conventional morality, but does not necessarily rest on the premise that "since no one else is living up to conventional values, why should I?"

This brings me to the main part of my criticism of Mr. Royster, his moral judgments. In attacking the ends justify the means logic of Messrs. Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman et al., Mr. Royster claims that the question should be restated as follows: "Does a worthy end justify any means? Can an action, no matter what, be justified by saying it was done for a worthy aim?" Mr. Royster's answer to these questions seems to be that the ends never justify the means; that stealing, lying, adultery, et cetera are always wrong regardless of circumstances. He seems surely to believe in fixed, permanent moral values.

I would restate the question to be, "What ends justify what means?" In order to answer this question, we must establish a hierarchy of values, a hierarchy of moral goods, so to speak. We cannot merely rely on a set of permanent values because these values can, and many times do, conflict. For instance, take the case of whether a poor man should steal an outrageously priced drug to save a life. If we accept what seems to be Mr. Royster's thesis, that is, that ends never justify the means, we are forced to conclude that one should not steal in this or any other case. I submit that *not* stealing the drug would be wrong. In a hierarchy of values, the value of life should most certainly outweigh the value of property; the right to life should most certainly take precedence over the right to property. The value of property is derived from the value of life and not vice versa.

My argument does not rest on the rationalization that ends justify means when the motives are good. To be sure, I agree with Mr. Royster that good motives do not define right and wrong. My argument is that the moral problem Mr. Royster attacks is much more complex than he seems to think. Answers cannot be had simply by going back to a set of fixed, permanent moral values.

By the way, I think that Ellsberg was right and Messrs. Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell were wrong. I challenge Mr. Royster to figure out why!

BETSY SPEICHER
Laboratory of Human Development
Harvard University

MR. ROYSTER replies: I am grateful that Ms. Speicher finds my mistakes in logic only minor. I am disappointed in myself that I write so badly she should think I said things I did not say.

I did not say, "ends never justify means." On the contrary, I said only the ends sought can justify the means used. And I specifically cited the case where protecting one's family might justify killing an intruder. At any rate, I should do so without hesitation, just as I would steal in the case she cites. But in doing so I would not claim that this abolished the permanent moral values in the injunctions "Thou shalt not kill," or "Thou shalt not steal." One can believe that murder is a transgression of a moral principle even while transgressing it.

Indeed, I think Ms. Speicher put the question well when she phrased it, "What ends justify what means?" With that question, as I said, we plunge into a metaphysical thicket. The burden of my lament is that in the name of worthy ends we too often too casually embrace unworthy means, and that in so doing, as she puts it, we "set the climate for the Watergate atrocities."

* * *

Thank you for publishing Dr. Penfield's provocative article concerning the mind of man in the Spring issue. In years past, I have read of his brain research in scientific journals and was thus delighted to learn that he majored

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in philosophy as an undergraduate. When college budgets are reviewed, it would be well to note that philosophy can lead to practical endeavors, besides being an enjoyable area of study which incidently lubricates man's mind.

REBECCA KAUFMAN
East Norwich, New York

* * *

Phi Beta Kappa. Fie! (or is it phi?). For shame. The Spring 1974 issue, Volume 43, Number 2, page 293, left column, three times!: "stimulae." Now really. I realize Latin is a dead language and most university graduates these days can hardly tell the difference between it and literary English; still, do not the editors of this august journal make use of, say, *Webster's Third?* Maybe you need a stimulus or perhaps several stimuli? I have even seen stimuluses in print but stimul*ae* is too much even for this supporter of women's liberation!

OTTO H. ULRICH, JR.
Washington, D.C.

* * *

The article by Wilhelmina Van Ness ("The Tragic Dilemma of Modern Art") in your Spring 1974 issue has been read by me not fewer than three times.

I would appreciate an English translation in some future issue.

JAMES K. HUNTER, JR.
Columbus, Ohio

* * *

I have been reading the Winter 1973/74 issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR with great interest. May I mention one glaring (to us Carmelites) error in the article by Professor Hitchcock. After discussing the case of Father Nicholas Riddell, who is a member of our order (that is, a Discalced Carmelite), he suddenly mentions "the new general of the Carmelites, the Dutchman Falco Thuis . . ." Father Falco is, in fact, the General of the Calced Carmelite Order, which is quite distinct from the Discalced Carmelites. In other words, the implied connection between Father Riddell and Father Falco does not exist, since they are members of different orders. Professor Hitchcock's thesis may well be valid, but his example does not support it. The new general of the Discalced Carmelites is not a Dutchman but an Irishman, whose public statements about "supporting revolutionary priests" have been noticeable only by their absence.

The above is not offered in a critical spirit. I am an editor myself and have the deepest sympathy for those who write and those who publish articles.

CHRISTOPHER LATIMER
Discalced Carmelites
Washington, D.C.

* * *

A theme, as I understand it, of S. Jay Walker's article "Black Studies: Phase Two" (Autumn, 1973) is that in the past black scholarship has frequently been ignored by those who ought to have known better. I feel this is true: I have said as much on a number of occasions. I was baffled by Professor Walker's evocation of this condition during his eight years of college and graduate school. "For sociologists the black family was whatever Daniel Moynihan chose to say it was and black beliefs were whatever Nathan Glazer chose to say *they* were."

This seems to me confused. In my few writings on urban family structure (a 1965 article in *Daedalus,* a 1967 paper in the *Annals)* I could scarcely have been more explicit in stating that I was reporting evidence that tended to confirm the analysis and forecasts of the great Negro sociologist E. Franklin Frazier, whose work is associated with the University of Chicago and, later, Howard University. Subsequently, I came to feel that Frazier had been more influenced in his studies by earlier works of W. E. B. Dubois than was generally acknowledged. I persuaded the M.I.T. Press to reprint one of his books on this subject, issued in the Atlanta University series. A negro sociologist and I each contributed introductions to this reprint.

For our joint work *Beyond the Melting Pot,* of which he was much the major author, we received the 1963 Anisfield-Wolf Award in Race Relations. I thought then and I continue to think that one reason our work was well received was that it assiduously sought to introduce students of different ethnic groups not only to parts of their past, but to writers and scholars from that past.

Of course, if one does not read, such an effort can escape notice.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
United States Ambassador To India

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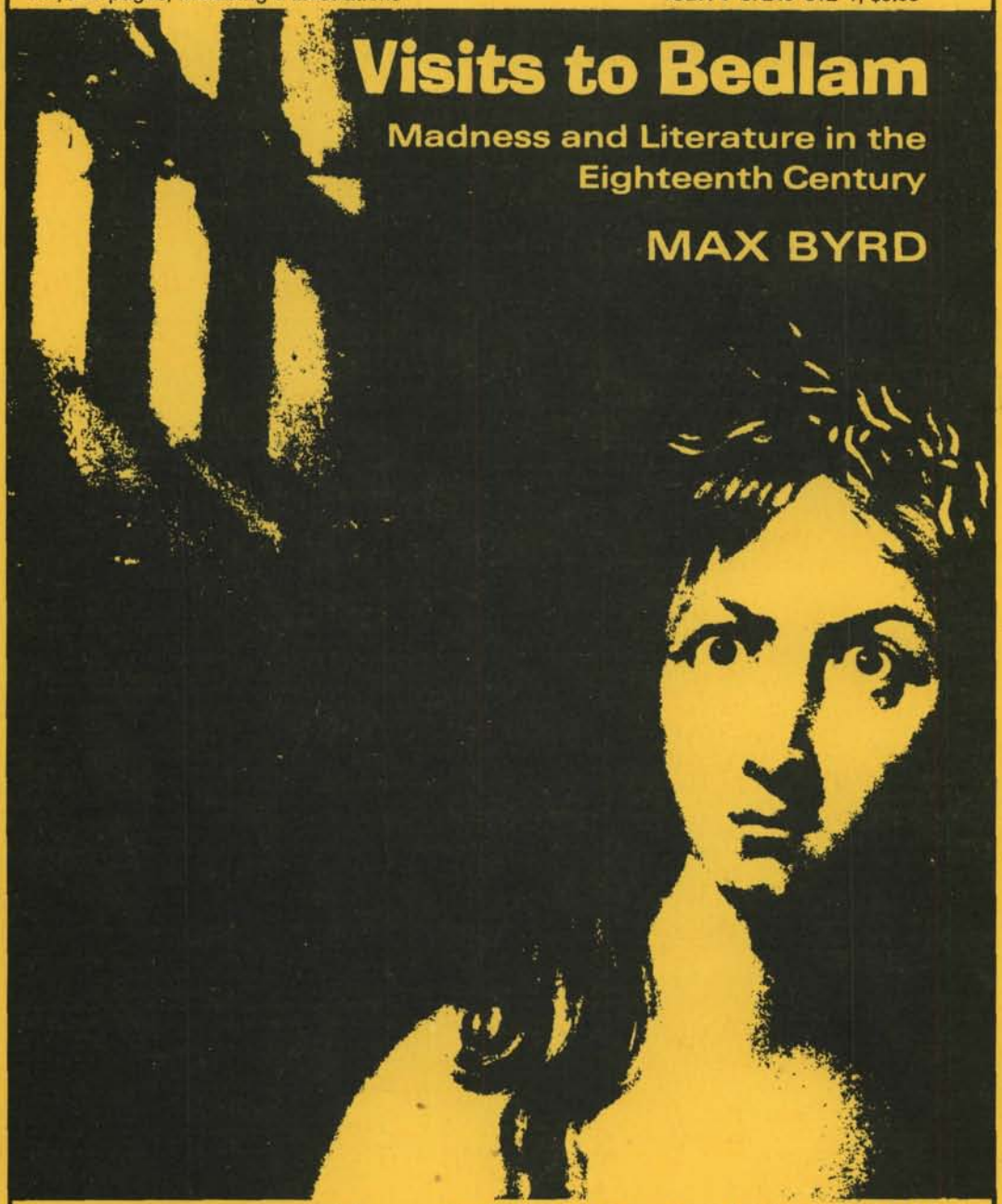

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